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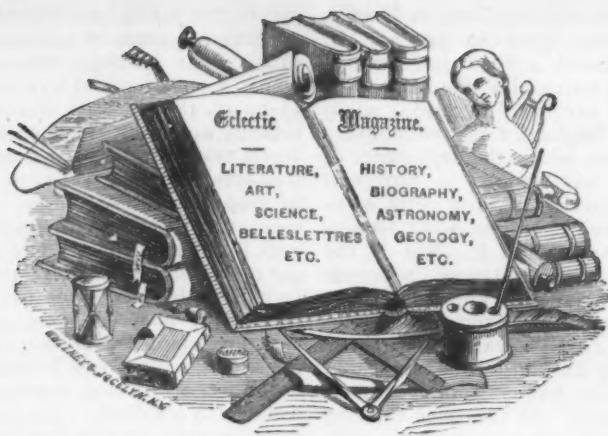
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### PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

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Mr. J. Wallace Ainger, our general Southern Agent for the *ECLECTIC*, will continue his connection with us.



# Eclectic Magazine

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

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plete in 63 vols.

LIFE AND WRITINGS OF SAINTE-BEUVE.\*

'TO-MORROW,' exclaims Mr. Phœbus to Lothair, 'to-morrow the critics will commence. You know who the critics are. The men who have failed in literature and art.' This is certainly not true of the literary critics of our time, who comprise an absolute majority of the most successful authors, *e.g.*, Scott, Southey, Moore, Hallam, Sydney Smith, Gifford, Brougham, Milman, Lockhart, Lord Stanhope, Lord Houghton, Mill, Carlyle, Froude, Macaulay, Lytton. Moreover, success in criticism, like that of Jeffrey or Sainte-Beuve, is success in literature; but one of these, Sainte-

Beuve, might be cited as giving the semblance of plausibility to the paradox; for, if he did not actually fail in literature, his reputation derives comparatively little lustre from his original compositions in prose or verse. The 'Cause-ries du Lundi' have thrown 'Joseph Delorme' and 'Volupté' into the shade, and it is pre-eminently as a critic that we feel bound to reconsider his claim to the high place amongst the classics of his tongue which the general voice of his countrymen has gradually and reluctantly, compulsively rather than impulsively, assigned to him.

'To praise the talent of Sainte-Beuve,' observes a far from partial biographer, 'would be a superfluous work: public opinion has slowly got accustomed to consider him as the first critic of our time, and my modest suffrage is not necessary to maintain him in that rank.' His influence and renown in that capa-

\* 1. C. A. Sainte-Beuve. *Sa Vie et ses Œuvres*. Par le Vte. D'Haussonville, Député à l'Assemblée Nationale. (M. L.) Paris, 1875.

2. *Souvenirs et Indiscrétions. Le Dîner du Vendredi-Saint*. Par C. A. Sainte-Beuve, de l'Académie française. Publiés par son dernier Secrétaire. Paris, 1872.

city have not been confined to France. Without going quite so far as Mr. Matthew Arnold, a bold and original thinker, who terms him 'the finest critical spirit of our time,' we readily admit that we, in England, rarely undertake a subject, falling within the department of letters, that has attained to European interest within the last forty years, without first turning to see what Sainte-Beuve has said about it. Nor in the great majority of instances, whatever the extent of our prior knowledge, have we failed to meet with something useful or valuable, if only a trait of character, an anecdote, an illustration, or haply the key to an unknown or neglected train of thought. At the same time we have been repeatedly struck by the want of breadth and elevation of view, as well as by the entire absence of settled convictions that led him into so many startling inconsistencies: that caused him to be more admired than esteemed by the most illustrious of his compeers and colleagues in the Senate and the Academy.

'I was once,' relates M. d'Haussonville, 'accidentally present at an animated discussion between persons who were comparing Sainte-Beuve with Mérimée from the point of view of moral value. The controversy was warm; some stood out for Mérimée, others for Sainte-Beuve. All of a sudden one of the company who had hitherto, contrary to his habits, preserved a deep silence, exclaimed, as he began pacing up and down the room: "Do you know the veritable superiority of Mérimée over Sainte-Beuve? I will tell you. Mérimée is a gentleman; Sainte-Beuve is not." (*Mérimée est gentilhomme; Sainte-Beuve n'est pas gentilhomme.*)'

'I should never,' adds M. d'Haussonville, 'have dared to translate my thoughts under so aristocratic a form if I had not heard this judgment fall from the mouth of M. Cousin.' But Sainte-Beuve and M. Cousin were declared rivals, almost open enemies, and we should say that Mérimée's superiority was conventional rather than moral: that it lay more in birth, breeding and manners, than in mind. This probably is all M. Cousin meant; for a man may be what we understand by 'gentleman' without being *gentilhomme* in France.

This very conflict of opinion touching Sainte-Beuve makes him a moral problem to be solved, an intellectual anomaly to be investigated, a psychological phenome-

non to be classified, and we are now in a condition to consider him and his works in all their bearings without reserve, which, when we risked a review of them (January, 1866) in his lifetime, we confessedly were not. We then owned with regret that the required fulness of detail was wanting; that we were compelled to grope in semi-darkness, where our successors or ourselves might live to walk in full sunlight. There is no longer room for such regret; the full sunlight has broken upon us; the most trustworthy materials were poured out with unexampled profusion so soon as the seal of secrecy was broken and the restraints of private confidence were removed by his death. We have now an autobiography concise but complete as to dates and facts, a long autobiographical letter, a volume of reminiscences entitled '*Souvenirs et Indiscretions*' by a private secretary; and (above all) the '*Life and Works*,' by the Vicomte d'Haussonville; a biography which leaves nothing to be desired in the way of information, illustration, or appreciation. It is Sainte-Beuve drawn from close observation and study, and judged as well by his personal qualities as by his works. Corrected editions of his principal writings, with notes by himself or his secretary, have been multiplied since his death, and it is an additional reason for the resumption of our task that some of the most remarkable passages of his career occurred within a few years of its end. To save the trouble of reference, we will briefly recapitulate the details of his birth, education, early youth, and hesitation in the choice of a calling till his destination became irrevocably fixed.

Charles Augustin Sainte-Beuve was born on the 23rd of December, 1804, at Boulogne-sur-Mer. His father was an *employé* in the department of taxes; the mother, of a respectable family in the same town who delayed their union till he was named comptroller. This event did not come to pass till he was fifty-two, and she past forty. He died within a few months of the marriage, leaving her with child of Charles Augustin, who, although he never saw the paternal face or heard the paternal voice, was still thought to have been indebted more for his distinctive tenden-



cies to the father than to the mother, who watched over him from infancy and was domesticated with him till her death at the advanced age of eighty-six. He seems to have shared and encouraged this theory; for when it was the fashion to celebrate mothers, when Victor Hugo and Lamartine were emulously eloquent about *theirs*, the combined inspiration of filial gratitude and example could only extort from Sainte-Beuve a meagre and solitary tribute to *his*. Coupling her with an old aunt whom he had just seen laid in her coffin, he exclaims:

'Elle m'aimait pourtant—et ma mère aussi m'aime,  
Et ma mère à son tour mourra.'

This contrasts strangely with the lines in which he refers to his father:

'Mon père ainsi sentait. Si, né dans sa mort même,  
Ma mémoire n'eut pas son image suprême,  
Il m'a laissé du moins son âme et son esprit,  
Et son goût tout entier, à chaque marge écrit.'

The father was a man of cultivated taste and (for his means) a liberal purchaser of books; two or three of which he left covered with marginal notes, showing discrimination and research. His memory reflected honor on his descendant, and he was no longer present in the flesh with those outward and visible marks of straitened circumstances which are trying to fastidiousness or wounding to self-love. The mother, on the other hand, was simply a warm-hearted, homely, affectionate creature, who was hard pressed to provide for his material wants. 'He is always without socks,' was her recorded exclamation to a female friend. As he grew to man's estate, she was sorely disquieted by his more ambitious yearnings. She regarded literature as a precarious and unprofitable trade, and never felt confident of his position till he was elected of the Academy. Instead of consulting her, as Molière consulted his old woman, he was wont to treat superciliously any opinion she ventured to express on topics not lying within her peculiar province as housekeeper.

In more than one official document, his father is inscribed as *de* Sainte-Beuve, but there is no proof that the noble prefix was otherwise adopted by him; it was clearly never used by the mother,

and Sainte-Beuve, although naturally anxious to prove a connection with the Doctor Jacques de Sainte-Beuve who figures in his 'Port Royal,' failed in carrying his pedigree higher up than his grandfather, a comptroller of taxes at Aix. He therefore took his part bravely, and openly repudiated the pretension he was unable to make good. 'Not being noble,' he writes, 'I did not choose to give myself the air of being so.' Just so Béranger:

'Hé quoi! J'apprends que l'on critique  
Le *de* qui précède mon nom.  
Etes-vous de noblesse antique?  
Moi, noble? Oh! vraiment, messieurs, non.'

Je suis vilain, et très-vilain.'

To adopt Sainte-Beuve's own account in his Autobiography:—

'My mother without fortune, and a sister of my father, who joined her, brought me up. I followed my studies at the pension of M. Bleriot, at Boulogne. I had terminated the entire course, including my rhetoric, at thirteen and a-half. But I well knew all that was wanting in me, and I desired my mother to send me to Paris, although this was a great sacrifice on account of her small means.

'I came to Paris for the first time in September, 1818, and since this time, saving rare absences, I have never ceased to inhabit it. I was put to board with M. Landry, Rue de la Cerisaie. M. Landry, formerly professor of Louis-le-Grand, mathematician and philosopher, was a freethinker. I dined at his table, and met at it from the first his favorite friends, the academicians Picard amongst others. I was treated as a big boy, as a little man.'

During his first year at this boarding house he was a student at the Collège Charlemagne, where he gained the first prize for history: during the second, he completed his second course of rhetoric at the Collège Bourbon, where he gained the first prize for Latin verse.

'But I was already emancipated. In doing my philosophy under M. Damiron, I hardly believed in it. Enjoying full liberty at my pension, because I did not abuse it, I went every evening to the Athénée, Rue de Valois, at the Palais Royal, from seven to eight, to follow the courses of physiology, chemistry, and natural history, of MM. Magendie, Robiquet, de Blainville, and hear literary lectures, &c. I was there presented to M. de Tracy. I had a decided taste for the study of medicine. My mother came then to settle in Paris, and, lodging with her, I followed the course of the School (of Medicine).'

This was in June, 1823. Besides attending medical lectures, he (in English

phrase) walked the hospitals for nearly three years; and there can be no doubt that his anatomical studies strengthened, if they did not found or form, the marked leaning towards materialism which he subsequently avowed. 'I began frankly and bluntly by the most advanced eighteenth century, by Tracy, Daunon, Lamarck, and the physiology; there is my veritable ground (*fonds*).'<sup>\*</sup> It was said of Tracy that he blushed to believe, and cared only to know; and the apostrophe placed in the mouth of the old savant by M. Octave Feuillet (in 'Redemption') breathed the true spirit of the school: 'How should I help believing in the immortal soul? I have touched it with my finger.' We agree with M. d'Haussonville, that it was almost a matter of course that a disposition like Sainte-Beuve's should be warped by such pursuits. 'One must have the soul and the intellect singularly inclined to spiritualism not to feel an involuntary trouble in presence of the mysterious phenomena that physiological science reveals to our researches. When we see, palpitating under the dissecting-knife, the organs in which life appears to be concentrated, we may sometimes be tempted to forget that the principle and the source of life are elsewhere.' There is ample proof, however, that Sainte-Beuve had too much spiritualism or poetry in his nature to adopt implicitly the hard cold doctrine of the Tracy school. At the Landry boarding-house he had formed a life-long friendship with Eustache Barbe, afterwards the Abbé Barbe, with whom he kept up an uninterrupted correspondence of the most confidential kind, exhibiting all the oscillations of his mind on religious subjects. In a letter to this friend, about the time when he spoke of the eighteenth century as his *fonds*, he writes:—'You tell me that the Government is a power exercised by Ministers, which is very true; and you add, Power emanating from God alone. Undoubtedly this power comes from God in the sense that all comes from Him, and that He is the source of all; but I believe'—and he then proceeds to show why he does *not* believe in Right Divine.

Contemporaneous with this mental struggle between faith and reason, was another intimately connected with it—

whether he should adopt medicine or literature as a profession. In 1827, Dubois, the professor under whom he had studied at the Collège Charlemagne, founded the 'Globe,' invited him to become a contributor, and took considerable pains to train him as a journalist. 'He tried me with a number of small articles. They are signed S. B., and it is easy for any biographer to follow my tentative beginnings. One day, Dubois said to me, "Now you know how to write, and you can go alone."'<sup>\*</sup> His success in this line was apparently not marked enough to decide his future career till an incident occurred which threw a fresh and preponderating influence into the scale and speedily caused medicine to kick the beam. There are two versions. Victor Hugo's is, that one morning as he was at breakfast, the servant announced M. Sainte-Beuve, and showed in a young man, a stranger, who introduced himself as a neighbor and writer for the 'Globe,' ready and willing to undertake a continuation of the articles (already commenced by another), on the poet's 'Cromwell.'<sup>\*</sup> 'The interview,' it is added, 'was a very agreeable one on both sides, and promises of a renewal of intercourse were exchanged.' Sainte-Beuve disputes the accuracy of this circumstantial narrative. He says that, Dubois having commissioned him to review Victor Hugo's 'Odes et Ballades,' he wrote (January 2nd and 9th, 1827) two articles which attracted the notice of Goethe:—

'I had then no acquaintance with Victor Hugo. We were near neighbors without knowing it. He came to thank me for the articles, without finding me. The next day, or the day after, I called on him, and found him at breakfast. This little scene, and my *entrée*, have been painted in lively colors in "Victor Hugo, raconté." But, it is not accurate to say that I came to offer to place the "Globe" at his disposal. From my youth upwards I have understood criticism differently: *modeste, mais digne*. I have never offered myself, I have waited for people to come to me. Dating from this day, began my initiation into the romantic school of poets. Till then I was sufficiently antipathic, on account of the royalism and the mysticism, which I did not share. I had even written in the "Globe" a severe article on the "Cinq Mars" of M. de Vigny, shocked by the falsehood of its historic side. It was in this

<sup>\*</sup> 'Victor Hugo, raconté par un Témoin de sa Vie.'

same year that I left the study of medicine. I had been *élève externe* at the hospital Saint Louis. I had a chamber there, and was regular in my attendance. Finding it easier to make my way in the career of literature, I took to it.

The intimacy with Victor Hugo grew rapidly, and he became a welcome member of the coterie called *Le Cénacle* (the guest-chamber), composed of poets or poetasters, painters and sculptors, who claimed a monopoly of French genius and, taken at their word, had almost all of them a masterpiece in preparation or conception. Lamartine, Alfred de Vigny, Alfred de Musset, David d'Angers, Louis Boulanger, and the two Deschamps were of the number. They met constantly at Victor Hugo's, where they called one another by their Christian names. Indeed, the tone of familiarity became so general and so catching, that he was compelled to issue a peremptory injunction to prevent Madame, his wife, from being addressed as Adèle. A spark of jealousy or rivalry would occasionally flash out in a sarcasm, as when Emile Deschamps said of a rising light, '*That poet have a star! Say rather a taper (bougie).*' But they presented a united front to the outer or philistine world: forming a kind of Mutual Admiration Company (Unlimited) and animated by the spirit which originated *La Camaraderie* of Scribe.

George Smythe (Lord Strangford) used to describe a scene at one of the Young England breakfast-tables, to which the editor of a daily paper had been invited in the hope of enlisting his services in the cause. He was explaining how far his political notions agreed with theirs, when one of them broke in: 'This is all very well, but when do you intend to *butter* us?' It may be suspected that the same question was put to Sainte-Beuve by more than one of the eager aspirants to immortality with whom he was now associated. Nor was he slow in responding to the call. Besides ringing the praises of the most distinguished members of the school, he undertook a series of articles on Ronsard and the French poetry of the sixteenth century, with the avowed object of discovering in the older poets the (to borrow M. d'Haussonville's apt expression) ancestors of the romanticists, of drawing up their genealogical tree, and estab-

lishing that they had hit upon the veritable tradition of French poetry from which the classicists had been the first to stray. In thus reverting to the bards of the olden time as the true sources of inspiration, Sainte-Beuve, consciously or unconsciously, was following in the track of the leaders of the same school in Germany, the Schlegels and Tieck, whose views were amusingly paraphrased by Henri Heine. 'Our poetry,' he makes them say, 'is antiquated; our muse is an old woman with a distaff; our hero no fair boy, but a shrivelled dwarf with grey hair; our feelings are withered, our fancy is dried up; we must refresh ourselves; we must seek out the neglected fountains of the naïve simple poetry of the middle ages; there the draught of renovation bubbles up for us.' Their disciples, he adds, hurried off at once to these wondrous springs, where they sipped, and gulped, and swallowed with such extraordinary zest, that it chanced to them as to the elderly waiting-woman who drank so much of the elixir of youth on her mistress's dressing-table, that she not only became young again but was turned into a little child.

Sainte-Beuve laid himself equally open to raillery, when, instead of relying on the simple touches of fancy and feeling, the graces snatched beyond the reach of art, the native wood-notes wild, of the early unsophisticated poets, he adduced their irregularities to justify the licences in which the modern renovators of art and literature systematically indulged. There was a line, however, beyond which he refused to go along with the new school. The unrestrained admiration which he bestowed on their lyrical productions was not extended to their dramas: he was a classicist on the stage; and his sympathies were not with the party who, after the first representation of 'Henri Trois' at the Français, formed a ring in the *foyer* and danced round the bust of Racine, shouting *Enfoncé Racine! Enfoncé Racine!*

There was a suppressed bitterness in the smile with which Alfred de Vigny listened to some female admirers who, when he was meditating a rivalry with Milton, cried out in chorus, 'Oh, give us more *Cinq Mars*; *that* is your line.' Sainte-Beuve would have received much in the same manner the compliments and

congratulations of friends on his having hit upon his own richest vein in criticism. His destiny, he fully believed, was to achieve immortality as a poet: he was burning to enter the lists with the most brilliant of his associates, and early in 1829 he came before the public with the first of his original compositions, entitled 'Vie, Poésies et Pensées de Joseph Delorme.' This Joseph Delorme, he states in his autobiography, without being identically himself as to biographical circumstances, was faithfully his 'moral image.' We therefore turn to the 'Vie' to verify his moral image or ascertain at least what sort of moral image he deemed likely to conciliate favor for the 'Poésies' reflecting it.

Joseph Delorme, then, is a moody, sickly, wayward lad, who—a commonplace thing enough in precocious boys—passes most of his time in day-dreaming. His place of refuge from haunting fancies was the church, and he found strength and comfort morning and evening in long prayers. His school days were marked by displays which betokened a brilliant career. 'If, on leaving school, he had given way unreservedly to his literary and poetical tendencies, no doubt, we think, he would have succeeded to his heart's desire; he would have found in his virgin soul sufficient energy for all; his obscure name would now be linked to more works than one.' Unluckily the genial current of his virgin soul was stopped or frozen by science. Abjuring his Christian creed, he gave himself up to the impiety of the eighteenth century, 'or rather to the sombre and mystic adoration of nature, which, with Diderot and Holbach, almost resembles a religion.' He would have scrupled to set foot in a church, and on coming home on a Sunday evening, he would have walked a league to throw into the hat of a pauper the savings of a week. He was ready for any amount of sacrifice. He abruptly broke off his visits to a charming young person with whom he might hope, at the end of some years, a suitable union.

'But his rather rude (*un peu farouche*) philanthropy dreaded to be permanently imprisoned in too contracted affections, or, as has been said, in an *égoïsme à deux personnes*. Moreover, he had formed for himself a perspective of

know not what ideal of marriage, in which the sacrament should count for nothing. He required a Mademoiselle de Chaux, a Mademoiselle de Lespinnasse, or a Lodoïska.'

He kept a journal, almost all the pages of which are dated at night, 'like the prayers of Dr. Johnson and the poems of the unhappy Kirke White.' One evening, as he was returning to his humble and elevated abode on the fifth story by moonlight he caught himself murmuring and intoning plaints which resemble verses. Then the long-hidden truth broke upon him; science was not his strong point: verse was. He read over again with candor and simplicity those melodious poetical lamentations which he had once treated with mockery.

'The idea of being associated with those chosen beings who sing their sufferings here below, and of groaning harmoniously after their manner, smiled on him in the depths of his wretchedness, and set him up again a little. Art, no doubt, went for nothing in his first attempts. He desired merely to tell himself his sufferings faithfully, and to tell them in verse. This occupation proved an inadequate restorative; he thought only of living as the condemned of yesterday who is to die to-morrow, and to lull himself with monotonous songs to put death to sleep.'

To carry out this purpose of dying like the fabled swan, he shut himself in a garret and passed his time between fainting-fits and frenzies, his chief trouble being the occasional recurrence of reason, which, prowling round him like a phantom, and accompanying him to the abyss with a lurid glare, suggested the agreeable image of drowning with a lantern round one's neck.

'Joseph retired last summer to a little village near Meudon. He died there, some time in October, of a pulmonary cough, complicated, it is believed, by an affection of the heart. A melancholy consolation for us mingles with the reflection on so premature an end. If the malady had been prolonged some time more, it is to be feared that he would not have waited its effects; at least, in reading the collection, it can scarcely be doubted that he secretly nourished a sinister thought.'

In 1829, when these 'Poésies' were published, Sainte-Beuve had outlived his own analogous struggles and delusions: he may have suffered from poverty or disappointments of the heart, but, although below the middle height, he was of strong, healthy make, especially as regards chest and lungs. It is hardly conceivable, therefore, that he should



have selected such a character for his poetical début. This diluted mixture of Byronism and Wertherism, of Chatterton and Rousseau, of maudlin sentiment and perverted imagination, has not even the poor merit of novelty. It was the malady of the generation. A diseased liver, a heart complaint, or a hectic cough, was mistaken by intense vanity for an infallible proof of genius, and morbid self-consciousness sought notoriety in default of fame, at the first grave check or mortification, in suicide. It was in the height of this mania that two young men, named Lebras and Escousse, on the failure of a small piece at the Galté, put an end to their lives by charcoal. 'I request,' writes Escousse, 'that the journals which announce my death will add this declaration: "Escousse killed himself because he felt that his place was not here; because he wanted force at every step he took, before or behind; because the love of glory did not sufficiently animate his soul—if soul he had."' One of the journalists who complied with the request, retorted: 'Madman, you die *non pas parce que la gloire vous manque, mais parce que vous manquez à la gloire.*' Beranger aggravated the evil by embalming their memory in a sonnet:—

'Quoi, morts tous deux ! dans cette chambre  
close  
Où du charbon pèse encore la vapeur !  
Leur vie, hélas, était à peine éclosée.  
Suicide affreux ! triste objet de stupeur !  
\* \* \*  
Et vers le ciel, se frayant un chemin.  
Ils sont partis en se donnant la main.'

Starting for heaven in the same fashion, and probably in the same doubt about a soul, a notary's clerk left a piece of paper declaring that he quitted the world because, having duly calculated and considered, he did not think it possible for him to be so great a man as Napoleon.\*

The best (or worst) half of Joseph Delorme's poetry is pervaded by the same tone of feeling and of thought, if it can be called thought. In 'Le Suicide,' Charles ascends a rock overhanging the sea, with the view of taking a plunge into eternity. He looks round, and the prospect brightens as he gazes

on it. Pleasure boats, carrying laughing friends, approach and hail him as they pass. He smiles a pitying smile at their lightness of heart, emblematic of human folly; but resolves to wait till a wandering cloud shall momentarily obscure the sun.

'Ce sera l'heure alors. . . . Et quand, d'un  
flot docile  
Mollement ramenés vers un retour facile  
Et poussés par le flux,  
Les joyeux promeneurs regagneront la terre,  
Celui que, le matin, ils virent solitaire,  
Ils ne le verront plus.'

In 'Les Rayons Jaunes' (which, he says, in a note, provoked more criticisms and epigrams than any piece in the collection) the golden tints of evening, as he sits at his window, recall how everything looked yellow when he attended chapel as a child. But, alas! the time has come, when, let things look as yellow as they would, they could not bring back the trusting piety of youth. The scene is the aunt's funeral:—

'Le cercueil arriva, qu'on mesura de l'aune.  
J'étais là . . . puis, autour, des cierges  
brûlaient jaune,  
Des prêtres priaient bas.  
Mais en vain je voulais dire l'hymne dernière :  
Mon œil était sans larme et ma voix sans  
prière,  
Car je ne croyais pas.'

Why the coffin on its arrival should be measured with the *aune*, except to get a rhyme for *jaune*, is not self-evident. The dreary future in store for him is summed up in two lines:—

'Jamais sur mon tombeau ne jaunira la rose,  
Ni le jaune souci.'

There are some verses of a later period in a healthier spirit and more elevated tone, as when the shade of Milton appears and calls on him to lay aside vain fancies and idle complaints for the serious business of life.

'Et moi, rêvais-je alors qu'Albion en colère,  
Pareille à l'Océan qui irrite et bondit,  
Loin d'elle rejetait la race impopulaire  
Du tyran qu'elle avait maudit ?  
Il fallut oublier les mystiques tendresses,  
Et les sonnets d'amour, dits à l'écho des bois,  
Il fallut, m'arrachant à mes douces tristesses,  
Corps à corps combattre les rois.'

Sainte-Beuve's place in the *Cénacle* is indicated by Alfred de Musset, in his Stanzas to Charles Nodier:—

\* Bulwer's (Lord Dalling's) 'France.' 1834.  
Vol. i., Book i., 'Vanity.'

'Sainte-Beuve faisait dans l'ombre,  
Douce et sombre,  
Pour un œil noir, un blanc bonnet,  
Un Sonnet.

He was always more or less the slave of some passion or fancy. In the words of a friend (Mérimée, we suspect,) cited by the biographer: 'Sainte-Beuve was of an amorous complexion; but for his misfortune he was ugly, and of an ugliness which the women never forgive.\* Thus he never, or hardly ever, succeeded in his pretensions. "The women," he exclaimed with bitterness, "always offer me their friendship!" He also wanted what Prince Püchler calls the education of the drawing-room; and his sonnets to women of society are sadly deficient in the air of refined gallantry. Thus, in the 'Causerie au Bal,' to Madame . . . . when she looks cold:—

Avons-nous donc fait mal? d'une voix qui  
souple

Ai-je effrayé ce cœur, ou d'un trop long sou-  
rire?

Ai-je parlé trop bas? ai-je d'un pied mutin  
Agacé sous la robe un soulier de satin?

It was presuming a good deal to suppose the bare possibility of such causes of offence, except at one of the balls which are described *con amore* by Paul de Kock. The three following lines are from 'Le Suicide':—

'L'aspect du mal souffert repose l'âme usée:  
La sueur de midi nous retombe en rosée  
Quand le jour va finir.'

The sweat of the midday descending upon us toward nightfall in dew, may be a truer image but hardly so graceful or pleasing as Lord Chesterfield's:—

'The dews of the evening most carefully shun,  
Those tears of the sky for the loss of the sun.'

Sainte-Beuve's verses are not merely deficient in refinement. They want ease, nature, and spontaneity: they do not flash, glow, or sparkle: we smell the midnight oil: we hear the grating of the file: we are constantly reminded that rhymed rhetoric is not poetry. His friends of the *Cénacle*, however, in the true spirit of *camaraderie*, were enthusiastic in their admiration. 'Your Joseph Delorme (wrote Alfred de Vigny) prevents me from writing, prevents me from going

out, prevents me from thinking of anything but his verses. Ah, good evening! this mask troubles me; your verses, your prose, your sonnets, your elegies,—I am enchanted with all.' What gratified his vanity still more was some letters from women who, mistaking, or pretending to mistake, the fiction for reality, wrote to him to say that, if they had known Joseph Delorme, they would have consoled him. The scandal caused in graver circles was, in one sense, an advantage; for fame may be compared to a shuttlecock which is kept from falling by being struck from side to side:—

'This unlucky book,' wrote Sainte-Beuve to M. Loudière, 'has had all the success I could hope: it has irritated worthy people much more than I should have thought credible. Madame de Broglie has condescended to find it immoral; M. Guizot, that it is a Jacobin and Sawbones\* Werther. It has given rise to schism, and debates in the "Globe." Is not this glorious and amusing?'

At the same time he wrote in an apologetic tone to Barbe that he would bring the book to him: that it was too profane to be sent from a distance without explanation and commentary, 'although, rest assured, perfectly inoffensive towards religion and monarchy.' The strangest criticism was an anonymous one quoted by M. d'Haussonville: 'I was acquainted with a woman who was handsome, but her breath always betrayed the fever of an agitated night. Such is the poetry of this M. Delorme; it is not healthy, but it is *pénétrente*.'

The 'Poésies et Pensées' of Joseph Delorme appeared in March, 1829: 'Les Consolations' in March, 1830; and rarely has so startling a transformation been undergone within so short a space. The second work—a collection of lyrical effusions in much the same form—is in studied antagonism to the first. Every trace of doubt, despair, mocking scepticism, and gloomy materialism, has disappeared; and the pervading tone is pious to monotony. To Victor Hugo, of all people in the world, is assigned the credit of this conversion. In a preliminary address, after vividly portraying a friendship which 'walks and

\* Mirabeau said of his own ugliness that it was interesting: *Une laideur intéressante*.

\* *Carabin*, a cant term for a medical student.

mounts with us, and raises us to the foot of the Eternal throne,' he breaks out :—

'That, my Friend, is the happy refuge which I have found in your soul. By you have I been brought back to the outward life, to the movement of this world, and thence, without shock, to the most sublime truths. You have begun by consoling me, and you have then carried me to the source of all consolation ; for you have learnt it from your youth upwards ; the other waters dry up, and it is only on the border of this celestial Siloe that one can be permanently seated and refreshed.'

The moral of sonnet after sonnet in 'Les Consolations' is that there is no happiness, above or below, except in faith. In 'Consolation' No. 1, addressed to Madame Victor Hugo, who has confessed a constant tendency to shed tears in the midst of all earthly blessings, he gives her the full benefit of her husband's teaching, and winds up :—

'Aux instants de tristesse on peut, d'un œil plus ferme,  
Envisager la vie et ses biens et leur terme,  
Et ce grave plaisir, qui ramène au Seigneur,  
Soutient l'âme et console au milieu du bonheur.'

Sainte-Beuve was a safe man, of whom no husband, it would seem, thought it worth his while to be jealous ; but we should like to know what Victor Hugo thought, from the poetic point of view, of these verses to his wife :—

'Quand il n'est plus matin et que j'attends le soir,  
Vers trois heures, souvent, j'aime à vous aller voir :  
Et là, vous trouvant seule, ô mère et chaste épouse !  
Et vos enfants au loin épars sur la pelouse,  
Et votre époux absent et sorti pour rêver,  
J'entre pourtant ; et vous, belle et sans vous lever,  
Me dites de m'asseoir : nous causons, je commence  
A vous ouvrir mon cœur, ma nuit, mon vide immense.'

By way of experiment let us see how these lines will read in a free translation :—

'When 'tis no longer morning, towards noon,  
without stopping  
For eve, about three, I most like to drop in,  
And find you, oh ! chastest of spouses and mothers,  
And your children, so like you, both sisters and brothers,  
The dear little innocents, all out at play  
Far off on the grass, and your husband away,  
With his head in the clouds—what's by no means surprising—

I enter, however : you, fair and not rising,  
Request me to sit, which I do with a start,  
And, as usual, begin a discourse on my heart,  
On its vast aching void, its tremor, its fright  
At the unholy thoughts that besiege it at night.'

Another eminent poet apparently assisted in the new birth which led to the 'Consolations,' indeed rather more than assisted ; for, forgetful of the prior (if it was prior) debt of gratitude to Victor Hugo, Saint-Beuve, with the minuteness of Crabbe, particularises the day and month on which the healing influence descended upon him through the instrumentality of Lamartine, to whom the Sixth Consolation is addressed :—

'Le jour que je vous vis pour la troisième fois,  
C'était en juin dernier, voici bien deux mois.

Vous m'avez par la main ramené jusqu'au Ciel.

"Tel je fus," disiez-vous. "Cette humeur inquiète,  
Ce trouble dévorant au cœur de tout poète  
Et dont souvent s'égare une jeunesse en feu,  
N'a de remède ici que le retour à Dieu."

Most of the consolations are in the shape of flattering communications *pour faire part* of an interesting event. Those to whom they were addressed could do no less than repay his compliments in kind. 'Consoler, may you be consoled !' wrote Alfred de Vigny, as if Sainte-Beuve had seriously thought of consoling anybody. '*Ecoutez votre génie, Monsieur !*' exclaimed Chateaubriand. 'I have wept, I, who never weep,' was the tribute of Lamartine, of whom might have been said what Curran said of Byron, that he wept for the press and wiped his eyes with the public. Mérimée, who had come in for one of the poetic epistles, laughed in his sleeve, and Béranger wrote : 'When you use the word Seigneur, you make me think of those old cardinals returning thanks to Jupiter and all the gods of Olympus for the election of a new Pope.'

This phase of Sainte-Beuve's life, although, in point of fact, very little out of keeping with the rest, has been studiously investigated by the critics with the view of discovering the precise cause of the change between March, 1829, and March, 1830. He writes to his friend, the Abbé, July 29, 1829 :—

'I must fairly own to you, that, if I have returned with sincere conviction and extreme

good-will to ideas that I had stripped off before feeling all their bearing and all their meaning, this has been less by a theological or even philosophical road than by the path of art and poetry; but what signifies the ladder, provided we rise and arrive.\*

This smacks of the Don Juan doctrine:—

'And whether coldness, pride, or virtue dignify  
A woman—so she's good, what can it signify?'

Liars are proverbially said to have short memories: so have confirmed egotists: they renew the excitement of self-analysis by self-contradiction. In 1869 Sainte-Beuve added this note to an article on La Rochefoucauld:—

'My first youth, from the moment I had begun to reflect, had been all philosophical, and of an entirely positive philosophy, in accord with the physiological and medical studies to which I destined myself; but a grave moral affection, a great trouble of sensibility, intervened towards 1829, and produced a genuine deviation in the order of my ideas. My collection of poetry, the "Consolations," and other writings which followed,—notably "Volupté," and the first volume of "Port Royal," sufficiently testified this unquiet and excited disposition which admitted a large part of mysticism.'

Starting from this passage the eloquent biographer flies off:—

'We must no longer shrink back from the appropriate word: it is by *love* that Sainte-Beuve reached religion, and, I add, he is not the only one, nor the first, who has been led to it by this road. I should be unwilling to say anything in this matter that might have the air of a paradox, or above all of irreverence; but I have always found palpably superficial and deceitful the distinctions which our moralists commonly establish between the different affectionate sentiments of the human heart. Friendship is not so different as is believed from love, nor the love of the creature from the love of the Creator.'

This is a flight beyond us. We humbly own that we are amongst the moralists who still draw such distinctions, and we think it will fare ill with morality when they are definitively laid aside: when human love may pass unchallenged as love divine, and illicit passion make its stealthy approaches under the hallowed name of friendship. There may be large-hearted people in the world to whom love is heaven and heaven is love: a pure unselfish attachment may have an elevating effect; Steele said of Lady Elizabeth Hastings that 'to behold her is an immediate check to loose behavior,

and to love her is a liberal education.'\* But the most irreproachable of Sainte-Beuve's heroines exercised no influence of the sort; and the moral, if there be a moral, of 'Volupté' is that refined passion is *not* a preventive or corrective of sensuality.

'Volupté' is the supposed confession of a priest named Amaury, who, after leading a somewhat loose life, enters one of the strictest religious orders and dies in the odor of sanctity in America, after administering extreme unction to the lady who had enjoyed the principal share of his adoration, which was distributed in constantly varying proportions between three: a young and innocent girl, an accomplished married coquette, and the virtuous high-minded wife of a royalist noble. Distractions enough, one would have thought, for a simple man of letters of a languid, indolent turn; but his coarser nature gets the better of his finer, and as a relief from mystic transport he plunges headlong into sensuality, seeking out by preference the sirens who are most destitute of soul.

The confession is reduced to writing for the edification of a young friend prone to the vice which gives the title to the book, and the young friend must have been most exceptionally constituted to be either amused or reformed by it:—

'Two categories of readers' (observes M. d'Haussonville) 'decide the success of a work of imagination: the young people and the women. It is their judgment which imposes and which the gravest judges end by accepting.† Now, neither the young people nor the women could be warmly interested in a work where the study of the passion occupies more space than the passion itself, where the analysis of love anticipates in some sort the expression. "Volupté" is addressed rather to that stage of life when the soul, already calmed without being indifferent, finds pleasure in studying without disturbance, in their complications and their shades, sentiments which have not yet become for it reminiscences. But I do not believe there is a man who, having truly loved, has not after reading certain passages of "Volupté" been tempted to exclaim '*Tis true*.'

In an appendix to one of the later

\* 'Tattler,' No. 44.

† 'I began with our patriotic and impetuous youth. With youth and woman on our side, success is certain.'—Lesseps, 'History of the Suez Canal.' Translated by Sir H. D. Wolff.



editions (the seventh is now before us), Sainte-Beuve has brought together a quantity of testimonials in the shape of letters from admiring friends, which recall Sheridan's remark that the number of endorsements throws doubt upon the bill. Chateaubriand, who heads the list, begins: 'I am only yet at p. 51, but I tell you, without flattery, I am enchanted.' Michelet declares it is a book to be tasted drop by drop; that no book of the time will bear detailed examination so well. Villemain has devoured it 'with praise, blame, doubt, lively interest, admiration.' Lamartine did not like it and called it a book *à deux fins*, 'but (must it be said?) he was not pleased at finding himself anticipated in the supreme confession reproduced by him two years afterwards in his poem of "Jocelyn." The mysticism naturally secured the suffrage of Madame Swetchine; and a *grande dame*, who had ample experience of the range of feelings in question, having passed through a *jeunesse orageuse*, naively writes:—

'I love the work which reveals me to myself, which explains to me the struggles, the dreamy thoughts, too weak as I was to lift the burthen of them, or too impotent to give expression to them.'

By a hardly excusable indiscretion Sainte-Beuve states that 'this ravishing person' was the Duchesse de Castries, who figures in one of Balzac's stories ('La Grenadière') as the Duchesse de Langeais. To this list might have been added the distinguished name of General Radowitz, who speaks highly of the book as an analysis of passion. The chief value of 'Volupté,' in our eyes, is that it supplements a chapter of biography:—

'It would not be difficult to give the name of the Marquise de Concaën, and well-informed people know even that of Madame R...; but the genuine portrait is Amaury. Amaury is Joseph Delorme in love with a marchioness. We clearly recognise in him this mixture of sensuality and romance, of feebleness and passion, of sensibility and egotism, which, painted with more or less of ideal or reality, constitutes the eternal type of the hero of romance, whether called Saint-Preux, Werther, Oswald, or Benedict. That, however, which is peculiar to Amaury and his model are those alternations of romantic passion, of gross disorder, and mystic remorse, which faithfully portray the state of mind of Sainte-Beuve when he was writing "Volupté." The resemblance stops, it is true, at the *dénouement*.

But many of Sainte-Beuve's best friends believed that he was about to follow the example of his hero. "It is reported," wrote Madame Sand, "that you are about to become a priest."

They mistook him widely, and the best proof that M. d'Haussonville is right in tracing his religious fit to his love fit is that they began and ended together. The affair with the marchioness was broken off by a quarrel, and a scene after the breach is thus narrated by an eye-witness, a lady:—

'They were not yet reconciled, when, one evening, chance brought them together in my presence. Nothing but what is very common in this; it happens every day; but the piquancy of the thing was that M. Sainte-Beuve, wishing to utter all he had upon the heart, made use of me to express the bitterest reflections on inconstancy in friendship, misunderstood sentiments, &c. &c. . . . As I was near enough for her to hear, and she listened motionless without losing a word, you can fancy the scene and my embarrassment between the three personages; for the husband, two paces further off, was listening too.'

Sainte-Beuve had met with his usual luck, and been thrown over; the real grievance being not that the lady was inconstant in friendship, but that she kept within its bounds.

The connection of subject has led us to anticipate and we must retrace our steps. It is clear from the suddenness and eagerness with which Sainte-Beuve closed with the advances of Victor Hugo and Co. in 1827, that there was little cordiality between him and the leading writers of the 'Globe,' such as MM. Charles de Remusat, Duvergier de Hauranne, Vitet, Duchatel, and Ampère. They were men of the world or politicians who used journalism as a stepping-stone. He had, therefore, no cause for surprise, much less for complaint, when they took their own course at and after the revolution of July.

'I was absent (he says) during "the three days" in Normandy. I returned in all haste. I found dissension already amongst our friends in the "Globe." Some had become Government men and Conservatives, suddenly alarmed. The others only demanded to move on. I was one of these last. I therefore adhered to the journal with Pierre Leroux, Lermnier, Desloges, &c.'

Half repenting a decision which excluded him from a share in the spoil,

he subsequently exclaims: 'To hear certain persons, it would seem now-days that the "Globe" had no other object than to smooth the way to power for MM. the doctrinaires, great and small, after having passed six long years in flattering one another.' Yet there came a moment of candor when he admitted that he had graduated in the doctrinaire school.

According to Goethe there is no more enviable situation for a man than to find himself between a love that is ending and a love that is beginning. If this be true of intellectual attachments Sainte-Beuve must have had a most enviable time of it; for in less than ten years, besides the vitally important change from infidelity to faith, he changed sides and systems three or four times over, and had been the professed admirer, or sat at the feet as a disciple, of Victor Hugo, Pierre Leroux, Armand Carrel, Chateaubriand, and Lamennais. It is an awkward fact, brought to light since his death, that in 1829 he was prepared to accept the appointment of Secretary of Embassy at Constantinople from the Prince de Polignac. One of his excuses for the versatility of his earlier years was that the critic was not yet born in him. But, tested by consistency, the critic was never born in him: he never attained fixity of any kind, either of head or heart; never at least till that period of life when, like the old coquette, he might be compared to the weathercock which only became fixed when it was rusty. In a less apologetic mood he insists that this versatility was essential to the complete study of the conflicting systems to which he successively adhered; or (as M. d'Haussonville states the case) he persuaded himself that he should see more of the edifice within than without, and if, to gain admittance to the consecrated ground, he was required to put on the gown of the neophyte, he put it on without hesitation. 'The plan of the localities once drawn, he insensibly lets drop the gown which he always took care to wear loosely, and it will be resumed no more.' This is rather an ingenious illustration than an argument. Numerous as were his gyrations, and much as he was swayed by circumstances, he was (with rare exception) quite in earnest when he turned, and

wore the new gown as if made for him till he threw it off.

When the 'Globe' was sold by Pierre Leroux to the Saint-Simonians, Sainte-Beuve went with it and wrote for it after it had become the organ of the *père Enfantin* and had assumed the motto: *A chacun selon sa vocation, à chaque vocation selon ses œuvres*. All he could say in his defence was that he did not go all lengths with the socialists:—

'When it is said that I attended the preachings of the rue Taitbout, what is meant? If, that I attended, like Lerménier, in a sky-blue coat, and on the platform, it is absurd. I went there as one goes everywhere when one is young, to every spectacle that attracts; and that is all. I am like the man who said, "I may have smelt at the bacon, but I was not caught in the rat-trap."'

He glosses over his connection with the "National":—

'It was in 1831, that Carrel proposed to me, through Magnin, to write in it. I joined it and remained in it till 1834, having done some services which were not always too well recognised. The publisher, honest man, Paulin, knew this better than anybody, and was grateful to me for it to the last.'

He omits to state that his intimacy with Carrel, the uncompromising republican, grew so close as to alarm his mother, and he advocated the democratic cause with a vehemence which justifies a suspicion that he was a democrat at heart. At the same time, he was unable to resist the charm of aristocratic society when it was thrown open to him. Some time in 1833, Ampère, a former colleague of the 'Globe,' presented him to Madame Recamier, and he was immediately received on a footing of familiarity in the brilliant circle which clustered round her and Chateaubriand, at the Abbaye-aux-Bois. Unluckily forgetting the adage that it is good to be off with the old love before one is on with the new, he published, in 1834, whilst still a writer in the 'National,' an article on Ballanche (a favored *habitué* of the Abbaye-aux-Bois), in which he alluded with respect, almost with regret, to 'that historical legitimacy which no enlightened publicist contests.' There were other phrases flattering to the admirers of the old *régime*, and a vehement protest, signed by Bastide and Raspail, declared that all men of heart had read the article with indignation and astonishment. Béranger took part with

Sainte-Beuve, but Carrel remained neuter, and the schism resulted in a definite separation, happily for Sainte-Beuve, who was shortly afterwards congratulated by Carrel: 'You are fortunate; yes, you are not bound.' 'Bound,' exclaims M. d'Haussonville, 'Sainte-Beuve was never bound to anyone!' And in due time he made this clear to many others, besides Carrel and Raspail. He made it tolerably clear to Lamennais, although it may be alleged that the Lamennais whom he quitted was no longer the Lamennais he had joined.

The primary object of the remarkable triumvirate (Lamennais, Lacordaire, and Montalembert) who founded the 'Avenir,' was to exalt Christianity as represented by the Church, to base all that is best in human institutions upon Faith as upon a rock. Although these views were not incompatible with Sainte-Beuve's when the connection was formed, he declares that he never wrote for the 'Avenir,' but speaking of Lamennais, he says, 'One was never bound to him by halves'; and he was so deep in Lamennais' confidence that he was entrusted with the duty of seeing the 'Paroles d'un Croyant' through the press. Without authority from the author, he struck out a passage injuriously reflecting on the Pope. He wished to leave a reconciliation open, and it pained him (to borrow M. Renan's image) to see the hand of the priest lifting the axe against the still respected statue of the god. The full import of the work, however, was first revealed to him by the printer who brought him the proofs saying: 'My very compositors cannot set it up without being, as it were, elevated and transported; the printing-house is all *en air*.'

It was an eloquent diatribe against priestcraft and kingcraft, strong enough to satisfy the philosopher who longed for the day when the last king would be strangled with the entrails of the last priest. It left the friends of Lamennais no alternative but to separate from him, and Sainte-Beuve had ample ground for remonstrance and reproach when he wrote: 'Nothing, be assured, is worse than to invite souls to the faith and then leave them without warning in the lurch. . . . How many hopeful souls have I known that you held and carried with you in your pilgrim scrip, and who, the

scrip thrown down, are left strewed along the ditches?' or, when in conversation, he employed another of the strong homely metaphors in which he excelled: 'Lamennais has upset the coach into the ditch; then he has planted us there, after taking good care to blow out the lamp before he took to his heels.' \* Giving an account of a chance meeting between himself and Sainte-Beuve in the streets of Paris, Lamennais is reported to have said: 'He at first stammered out I know not what, then, completely taken aback, looked down.' Sainte-Beuve sharply retorted: 'I know not how I may have looked, for one does not see oneself; but if I really appeared embarrassed, as is quite possible, it must have been for him and not for myself.'

'It was towards the end of 1837 that, having long meditated a book on Port Royal, I went to Switzerland, to Lausanne, to execute it in the form of courses of lectures in the academy or little university of the place. I there became acquainted with very distinguished men, of whom M. Vinet was the first. I returned to Paris in the summer of 1838, having only to give the lectures the form of a book, and strengthen my work by an exact version and the finishing touches. I spared neither reflection nor leisure; the resulting five volumes were not less than twenty years in appearing.'

He tells a different story in a private letter, May 8th, 1837, from which it may be collected that he was leaving Paris without any fixed plan:—

'I go straight to Geneva, but beyond—I know nothing more. There are moments, in truth, when I think that I may haply never return; and that if I had the means of subsisting elsewhere, I would plunge into the austere sadness of exile and regret. . . . Read, talk, visit beautiful places, associate them with regretted or hoped-for sentiments: this is the true life, the rest is mechanical (*du métier*) and hateful to him who has comprehended the other.'

Speculating on the motives that could have induced this acclimatised Parisian, who in four years had never passed three weeks out of the city, to encounter such an exile, M. d'Haussonville suggests the desire of extrication by absence from a situation like that in which Amaury found himself between the rival ladies in

\* A full account of Lamennais' breach with the Papacy, and its consequences, is given in the 'Quarterly Review' for April, 1873, Art. v., 'Charles, Comte de Montalembert.'

'Volupte.' Be this as it may, the expedition was so far successful that it led to the production of an original work, which may be commended without reserve as the masterly treatment of a difficult, delicate, and vitally important subject. The historical portions, in particular, merit the highest praise. The first two volumes appeared in 1840; the third in 1846; the concluding three in 1859; his mode of thinking having undergone the usual, or more than the usual, amount of change in the intervals. Although the lectures were delivered before a Protestant audience, and his own faith was on the wane, his glorification of the Port Royalists did not lack enthusiasm; and he discoursed with the requisite amount of unctious on the mysteries which puzzled Milton's angels:—

'Of Providence, foreknowledge, will and fate,  
Fixed fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute,  
And found no end in wand'ring mazes lost.'

He spoke thus of Grace, the hope, pride, and mainstay of the institution:—

'This state of Grace, in effect, changes the soul, regenerates and renews it. To employ a happy image which a clever man applied to another love which is but the inferior form of this divine love, Grace, so to speak, crystallises the soul, which before was vague, diverse, and flowing. . . . The soul here below and in the bosom of its shadow, enjoys this true life so long as it remains possessed (*prise*), according to the mysterious mode.'

He describes the *Mère Angélique* as possessed in the mysterious mode on the memorable *Jour du Guichet*,\* and he employs all the colors of poetry to throw a halo round her in her hour of trial and triumph. She is the Esther of Racine, fainting at the approach of Assuerus. To her and her miraculous elation or inflation, we are indebted for the *Polyeucte* of Corneille and the *Provinciales* of Pascal!

An amusing and instructive contrast is his treatment (vol. iii.) of the miracle of the Holy Thorn, which he introduces by stating that it came at the most opportune moment, when the Port Royalists were at the lowest state of despondency, with hardly a hope or chance of being saved from their persecutors:—

'It was the very day when they sang these words of the Psalmist "Show me a token for good; Lord, cause a prodigy to be performed in my favor that my enemies may see it and be confounded." It is this very day that God throws all secrecy aside, and there is heard, is heard all round on every side, this Holy and Terrible Voice. The miracle of the Holy Thorn was the thunderclap which suspended all.'

The miracle is succinctly told by the *Mère Angélique* in a letter to the Queen of Poland. The holy relic was the donation of a priest who, after having had it richly set, sent it to be seen and revered:—

'Our sisters of Paris received it with great reverence, and having placed it in the middle of the choir, adored it one after the other. When it came to the turn of the pensionnaires, their mistress, who led them, took the reliquary, for fear they might drop it, and as a little girl of ten years old approached (who had a lachrymal ulcer so bad that the bone of the nose had become carious), it occurred to this woman to say to this child: "My daughter, pray for your eye;" and, touching her with the relique at the same moment, she was cured, *which no one thought of at the moment*, each thinking only of devotion to the relic. Afterwards, this child said to one of her little sisters: "I think I am cured." Which turned out so to be, that it was no longer discernible which of her eyes had been diseased.'

'Whether we will or not,' observes Sainte-Beuve, 'we must discuss this affair, or at least throw a little light on it. The Jansenists saw in it the triumph of their cause. I see in it, above all, the humiliation of the human mind!' Reverting to his medical experience, he reduces the miracle to the bursting of a tumor, or the removal of an obstruction in the lachrymal duct, through the pressure of the relic, a spontaneous effort of nature, or a nervous movement of the child. The house-doctor, the principal witness, had not seen her for two months prior to the cure, and was not called in till seven days after. The medical men, who emulously attested that the cure (as described to them) surpassed the ordinary powers of nature, were turned into ridicule by Guy Patin. But the miracle was formally recognised by the Vicar-General in the name, the holy and venerable name, of the Cardinal de Retz, that unexceptionable champion of the Faith! and the belief in the Holy Thorn lasted long enough for eighty miraculous cures to be worked by it. It, moreover, silenced and put to shame the

\* The *Jour du Guichet* (Day of the Wicket) was the day when her father, M. Arnauld, who came to claim her, was barred out, whilst she fell into an ecstatic trance or fainting-fit within.



profane detractors of the Holy Mother and her flock.

Whoever wishes to understand Pascal in his weakness and his strength, should read this third volume, which is almost exclusively devoted to him. It may be regarded as the *chef d'œuvre* of Sainte-Beuve; and it was composed under circumstances which materially added to the inherent difficulties of the undertaking. The domain which he deemed his by priority of occupation had been unceremoniously invaded by M. Cousin, who broke ground in it by a Report to the Academy on the text of Pascal in 1843, which he followed up by his "Etudes de Pascal," and other works relating to Port Royal, without taking the smallest notice of his contemporary. This was damaging to Sainte-Beuve's literary interests, as well as wounding to his self-love. What embittered the blow was that, in 1840, he had accepted the nomination to the conservatorship of the Mazarine Library from M. Cousin. After expressing a regret that he lay under an obligation which prevented him from speaking his mind freely, he says:—

"M. Cousin does not like competition. I found myself without wishing it and by the simple fact of priority, a competitor and a neighbor for certain subjects. Instead of according me (what would have been so simple and in such good taste in a man of his superiority) a frank and honorable mention, he found it simpler to pass over in silence and to consider as *non avenu* what vexed him. . . . One day when I was complaining orally to him he made me this singular and characteristic reply: "My dear friend, I believe, I am as delicate as another at bottom; but I own I am rude in the form."

M. Cousin's notion of delicacy seems to have resembled Mr. Peter Pounce's theory of charity, as consisting rather in the disposition than in the act.

To Sainte-Beuve's Swiss expedition may be traced not only his 'Port Royal,' but the last of his published collections of poems, 'Pensées d'Août,' which appeared towards the end of 1837. Its reception was unfavorable, 'absolutely savage' (to use his own expression), which he attributes to his separation from the batch of romantic poets and the bad blood he had stirred up by his criticisms in the 'Revue des Deux Mondes':—

'I had, I believe, already criticised Balzac,

or I had not praised him sufficiently for one of his novels, and in one of those accessions of self-love which were common with him, he exclaimed: "I will run my pen through his body."'

Balzac said of his style that it was not French but Sainte-Beuve.

It did not strike Sainte-Beuve that, if the bad reception of this collection was owing to the coldness or alienation of friends, the favorable reception of the former collections may have been equally owing to their support. The title referring to the autumn of life was meant to intimate that he had arrived at that stage when the feelings are faded or grown tame; but he had yet an evanescent hope or fugitive glimpse of a home consecrated by love:—

'A heaven less brilliant than that of Italy was witness of this short illusion: it took birth in the society of two sisters, Frederica and Elisa Wilhelmine: if these are not imaginary names. He believed for a moment that he had found (*avoir trouvé*). It was, perhaps, one evening when, whilst he suffered a distracted and ignorant hand to stray over the keys of a piano still trembling with the notes *she* had first been drawing from it, the eldest approached and said with a smile:

"Try, who knows? The poets know a great deal by instinct. Perhaps you know how to play without having learned."

"Oh, I will take good care to do nothing of the kind," I replied; "I like better to fancy that I know, and I like still better to be able to say to myself still, *perhaps*."

'She was there, she heard and added, with that fine and charming naïveté: "It is thus with many things, is it not? It is best not to try to be sure."

"Oh, do not say so, I know it too well," I replied with a tender expression and a long look. "I know it too well, and for things of which one dares to say: *peut-être*."

'She understood at once, and drew back, and took refuge blushing all over beside her father.'

This is a charming scene, more poetic than his choicest poetry, and it might have ended differently had he remembered Montrose's sonnet:

'He either fears his fate too much,  
Or his deserts are small,  
Who dares not put it to the touch  
To gain or lose it all.'

When not far from his meridian, Sainte-Beuve said that the critic was not yet born in him, he mistook his vocation. The critic was not only born but rapidly growing into ripeness and maturity. His

contributions to the 'Revue des Deux Mondes' are the proof.

'It was there,' says M. d'Haussonville, 'that, dating from 1831, he has published his finest and broadest studies. It is there that he inaugurated this kind (*genre*) in some sort created by him of *Portraits Littéraires*, and that he has traced the principal figures of this long gallery—where the Abbé Prévost and M. Jouffroy, Francis I. and General Lafayette, Mademoiselle Aïsse and Madame Roland, must be somewhat surprised to find themselves in company.'

The article on Rochefoucauld in the 'Revue' of January 15th, 1840, has been specified by him as 'making a date and a point in his intellectual life, and the decisive return to sounder ideas, which time and reflection have only helped to confirm.' The more obvious allusion is to the ideas or dreams of romance and mysticism which he had at length succeeded in dispelling—on the principle indicated by St. Evremond, who boasted of having conquered his passions by indulging them. But M. d'Haussonville thinks that Sainte-Beuve saw something more than the cynic moralist in the author of the 'Maxims':—

'May he not have been attracted by the destiny of the man, who, after having been at the opening of his life the lover of one of the most brilliant heroines of the Fronde, had, towards the close, contracted bonds of close affection with the incomparable friend whose divine reason Madame de Sévigné was incessantly praising. In painting this respectful and constant *liaison* which united M. de la Rochefoucauld to Madame de La Fayette, and which had embellished with a last ray the old age of the one and the sufferings of the other, was he not thinking of himself whilst still caressing the hope of a last dream? Obliging communications permit me here to lift the corner of the veil behind which nothing but that which is pure and delicate has lain hidden.'

The features disclosed by the lifting of the veil are those of Madame d'Arbouville—the author of some sentimental novels of merit—who is described as having received from her ancestress Madame d'Houtetot 'the inheritance of a cultivated mind and a loving heart, enhanced and tempered by the severity of a Christian's conscience.' Sainte-Beuve had lent her the 'Poésies of Joseph Delorme,' then well-nigh forgotten, without naming the author, on whom she wrote some severe remarks, which she re-

quested Sainte-Beuve to transmit to him. He replied by a long letter of justification, which did more than satisfy her scruples. 'During ten years,' he wrote, on her death in 1850, 'she has been my best friend, and I have been her best friend.' He refused to write the customary tribute to her memory, which he called erecting her tomb with his own hands; and the only notice of her in his published writings is: 'Madame d'Arbouville, a woman whom the future will know too.' This lady exercised a marked and an improving influence upon his character in more ways than one. She gave him so far as it could be given to a man of middle-age, that education of the drawing-room of which we have already spoken; and the effect may be traced in the female portraits (Mademoiselle Aïsse, Madame de Krüdner, &c.) which he drew after the formation of the tie. In reference to this newly-acquired tenderness and delicacy of treatment, he said: 'I have introduced the elegy into criticism.' There is a wide range of subjects—indeed, all more or less affecting one-half of the species—of or on which criticism, without what he calls elegy, is incomplete.

Introduced by her, he gradually became an assiduous guest in 'the too rare salons where the old legitimist society of the Restoration mingled with that which the Government of July had wafted to power.' Even the doctrinaire element did not repel him; and he played the literary tame cat in them with complacency. Besides writing sonnets to the Duchesse de Rauzan, and complimentary verses on the '*orgueil et cher appui*' of another 'antique maison,' he took a small house in the village, to be near the Château du Marais (the residence of Madame de la Briche, mother-in-law of the Comte Molé), where he dined daily. He had been one of the first to recognise (in the 'Globe') the brilliant and original genius of Georges Sand, and he had received from her, in the midst of her troubles, letters pouring all the bitterness of her heart into the bosom of a friend she believed discreet. These letters were seen circulating from boudoir to boudoir in the noble Faubourg or the Chaussée d'Antin, inclosed in a large envelope, on the back of which—half-effaced, but legible—were the

names of the ladies to whom they had successively been sent.

The tone of his writings at this time was perceptibly modified by his social position. He spoke of the literary contemporaries with whom he had the fewest sympathies without bitterness; and M. d'Haussonville cites his articles on M. de Barante, M. Mignet, M. de Remusat, M. Guizot, M. Villemain, and M. Cousin even, as models of urbanity. He refused the Cross of the Legion of Honor in 1837 when offered by M. de Salvandy, and again in 1843 at the hands of M. Villemain; but he accepted a place (that already mentioned) from M. Cousin in 1840; and he was mainly indebted to his new friends for his election to the Academy in 1843: when Chateaubriand and Comte Molé steadily supported him, and Victor Hugo (as he believed) voted eleven times against him. 'I was received (he says) by Victor Hugo: this piquant circumstance added to the interest of the sitting.' The reception was brilliant, but the slave in the chariot was not wanting in the triumph:—

'How happens it,' asked Madame de Girardin, in her '*Causeries*,' 'that M. Sainte-Beuve, whose incontestable talents we fully appreciate, but whom all the world has formerly known as republican and advanced romanticist, is now-a-days the favorite of all the ultramonarchical and most classical salons, and of all the clever women who reign in those salons? We are told "He has abjured." Precious reason! Ought women ever to come to the aid of those who abjure? . . . This looks of no account; well, it is very serious. All is lost, all is over, in a country where the renegades are protected by the women.'

Buffon, as interpreted by Gibbon, 'fixes our moral happiness to the mature season in which our passions are supposed to be calmed, our duties fulfilled, our ambition satisfied, our fame and fortune established on a solid basis.\*' Sainte-Beuve fixes our moral unhappiness to this same season—

'There comes a sad moment in life; it is when one feels that one has reached all that one could reasonably hope, that one has acquired all to which one could reasonably pretend. I am at this point. I have obtained much more than my destiny offered me at

first, and I find at the same time that this much is very little. . . .

In youth, there is a world within us; but as we advance, it comes to pass that our thoughts and our sentiments can no longer fill our solitude, or, at least, no longer charm it. . . . At a certain age, if your house is not peopled with children, it is filled with *manies* or vices.'

Rogers used to say that, if God did not send children, the devil sent nephews and nieces.

As things go, Sainte-Beuve's existence was something more than tolerable, was what might fairly be termed a happy one, when it was suddenly disturbed by the revolution of February, 1848. By an Athenian law, attributed to Solon, neutrality was punished as a crime: and in any country where the form of government is unsettled as in France, indifference, if not a crime, is a mistake. When bad men conspire, good men must co-operate. 'You do not meddle with politics, Monsieur. I pity you, for some day or other politics will meddle with you.' This remonstrance, addressed by M. Royer-Collard to a pocomurante friend, is aptly applied by M. d'Haussonville to Sainte-Beuve, who had stood aloof, making no effort by tongue or pen to avert the catastrophe which drove him to seek the bare means of livelihood in a foreign land:—

'The Revolution of February did not disconcert me, let people say what they will, and found me more curious than irritated. It is only for M. Veuillot, and those who care equally little about truth, to say that I had fears—blue or red. I was present as an attentive observer at all that passed in Paris during the first six months. It was then only that, from the necessity of living and having found the occasion, I went in October, 1848, to lecture at the University of Liège, where I was for a year in the capacity of ordinary professor.' \*

There is a note to this passage by his last secretary:—

'M. Sainte-Beuve has often related to me that, during the insurrection of June, he walked about Paris with his umbrella in his hand (the sole weapon that he never laid aside, even when, at another time, he fought, and fought well, a pistol-duel with M. Dubois), and ap-

\* Gibbon's Autobiography, which concludes with this sentence: 'I must reluctantly observe that two causes, the abbreviation of time and the failure of hope, will always tinge with a browner shade the evening of life.'

\* '*Souvenirs*,' &c. Before going to Liège, he wrote to an English acquaintance (the writer) to inquire whether there was any chance of his being engaged in a similar capacity at the University of Oxford.

proached the theatre of insurrection as near as possible to have the news.'

But what did him harm in fair unprejudiced opinion, was not the imputation of cowardice, but the want of earnestness and patriotism, such as he unconsciously betrays in what he meant for a sarcastic account of an interview with Lamartine on the evening of the memorable day at the Hôtel de Ville, when Lamartine, by a wonderful combination of courage and eloquence, so signally defeated the Reds. Sainte-Beuve was stopped by the march of troops on his way to read a chapter of 'Port Royal' to some friends, and was coming home by a by-street, when he met Lamartine, agitated and exhausted, returning from the Hôtel de Ville. He exhorts his friend to stand firm, and pictures him '*posant*' as the man who had just been making a hundred speeches and embraced a hundred thousand men, retaining all the time an inviolable confidence in the virtue of the workmen of Paris as well as in the repentance of Ledru-Rollin.' It never crosses Sainte-Beuve's mind that the author, sneaking home with his manuscript in his pocket, is more an object of ridicule than the excited orator escaping from the tumultuous assembly which he had confronted and controlled at the risk of his life.

One of the many troubles brought upon him by the revolution, was an imputation based upon the discovery of his name in the secret service list of the late Government. It eventually turned out that the sum, about 100 francs, had been really allowed for the repairs of the apartment he occupied in the Institute; but the explanation was not forthcoming in the first instance, and Sainte-Beuve was cut to the quick by finding that a charge of corruption, which he knew to be baseless, could be accepted by any decent portion of the public. 'They are there,' he truly said, 'attacking me on my strong side.' But he resigned his place rather than provoke a renewal of the attack; and was again left entirely dependent upon his pen under circumstances peculiarly unfavorable to an honorable or profitable employment of it in France. He accordingly left Paris for Liège, pursued by a chorus of reprobation from a portion of the press.

The choice of subject for his course at

Liège was unlucky. The time had hardly arrived for an impartial estimate of 'Chateaubriand and his Literary Group,' especially by one who, besides standing in a peculiar relation to the principal figure, had private grudges against some and personal obligations towards others of the group. Chateaubriand had been hardly dead a year, and Madame Recamier was supposed to be dying. That he was bound to spare her feelings is proved by his own repeated letters of grateful acknowledgment. He was one of the favored few invited to the first reading of the '*Mémoires d'outre-tombe*,' at the Abbaye-aux-Bois, and the article in which he commemorated the scene abounded in terms of eulogy. When twitted with having been equally prodigal of them in his notice of the '*Vie de Rance*,' he casuistically replied: 'The book was manifestly so weak, that the sentiment which made me speak well of it was above suspicion.' Equally above suspicion would be the sentiment that should have induced him to be fair, if not lenient, to the illustrious dead on whose living accents he had so often affected to hang. It was because he had been seen to hang on them in a forced attitude of ill-simulated complacency, because he had occupied a position beneath his pretensions in the group, that (M. d'Haussonville suggests) he seized the first opportunity of indulging a long-suppressed spleen. We are not prepared to say that his estimate of Chateaubriand, as a man of letters, is incorrect; but 'Chateaubriand and his Literary Group' vividly reminded us of 'Lord Byron and his Contemporaries' by Leigh Hunt; in which much is set down in malice, and from a spirit of wounded self-love, although little or nothing but what is literally true.\*

If these Lectures had been delivered at Paris, or at a less preoccupied time, Sainte-Beuve might speedily have seen reason to regret the indulgence of his spleen. As it was, he betrayed an uneasy consciousness of a bad cause, by frequently returning to the charge. So recently as 1862, he seized the opportunity presented by the publication of

\* The character of Chateaubriand is summed up in the twenty-first and concluding lecture, vol. ii., p. 113.



M. Joubert's letter on Chateaubriand, to reiterate his views in two *Nouveaux Lundis*, which have an independent value, as containing a detailed account of the method of proceeding which, in his judgment, a critic should pursue :—

'It is very useful to begin by the beginning and, when one has the means, to take the superior or distinguished writer in his native country, in his race. If we were well acquainted physiologically with the race, the ascendants and ancestors, we should have a clear light on the secret and essential quality of mind; but most frequently this deep root remains obscure and is lost. In the cases in which it is not entirely hidden, much is gained by observing it.'

M. Taine would insist that the country and the climate are more important than the race. After the ancestors, come the near relatives, the family :—

'The superior man will be recognised, recovered to a certainty, at least in part, in his parents, in his mother especially, this parent the surest and most direct : in his sisters also, in his brothers, even in his children. . . . This is very delicate ground, and would require to be illustrated by proper names, by a quantity of particular facts. I will indicate a few.

'Take the sisters, for example. This Chateaubriand, of whom we were speaking, had one sister with imagination based (to use his own phrase) on stupidity (*bêtise*), which must have approached downright extravagance; another, on the contrary, the divine Lucile (the Amelia of "René"), with exquisite sensibility, a sort of tender imagination, melancholy, without any of that which corrected or distracted it in him : she died mad, and by her own hand. The elements which *he* united and associated, at least in his talent, and which kept a sort of equilibrium, were distinctly and disproportionately shared between *them*.'

He was not, he says, personally acquainted with the sisters of Lamartine, but he had heard Royer-Collard speak of them in their first youth as something charming and melodious, like a nest of nightingales. Balzac's sister, Madame Surville, 'whose physical resemblance to her brother is seen at a glance, is also so formed as to give to those who, like me, have the misfortune to admire but incompletely the great novelist, a more advantageous idea which enlightens, reassures, and reclaims them.' The sister of Beaumarchais, again, had all his humor, wit, and sense of fun, which she pushed to the extreme limit of propriety, when she did not go beyond. "She was

the very sister of Figaro, the same stock, and the same sap.'

His sole instances of brothers are the Despréaux, although many better suited for the purpose lay ready to his hand; e.g. the Mirabeaus and the Dupins: examples rendered familiar by the saying of Mirabeau, that in any other family his elder brother would have passed for a roué and a wit; and the simple inscription on a tomb in Père la Chaise : *A la mère des trois Dupins*.

A host of celebrities who acknowledged a similar debt to mothers crowd upon us :—Goethe, Schiller, the Schlegels, Victor Hugo, Canning, Brougham, George Selwyn, Curran.\* These are not so much as mentioned. 'Madame de Sévigné, I have said it more than once, seems to have divided herself between her two children—the Chevalier, light, giddy, endowed with grace, and Madame de Grignan, intellectual, but a little cold, having taken reason for her share.' Would both her children, added together, have made up Madame de Sévigné? After alluding to some daughters of unnamed poets who had aided him to comprehend their fathers, he proceeds :—

'This is enough to indicate my thought, and I will be moderate. When we have learned as much as possible of the origin, parentage and near relatives, of an eminent writer, the next essential point is the chapter of his studies and his education.'

After this comes the set or group to which he belonged at starting, and when we have tracked him step by step so far, we are to get the best answers we can to the questions mentioned in a preceding article touching his religious opinions, behavior towards women, pecuniary habits and circumstances, mode of living, &c. &c.

Information on all these points might be required for a complete biography, but would be worse than superfluous as a preparation for the critical examination of a contemporary author in his works.

\* 'The only inheritance I could boast of from my poor father was the very scanty one of an unattractive face and person like his own; and if the world has ever attributed to me something more valuable than face or person, or than earthly wealth, it was that another and a dearer parent gave her child a fortune from the treasure of her own mind.'—Curran.

If it did not give rise to personality or impertinence, it would mislead, as it misled Sainte-Beuve in his judgment of Chateaubriand, which was mischievously warped by a minute acquaintance with his peculiarities. Are we bound to find melodious versification in a poem because the poet's daughters sang like nightingales, or wit in a comedy because the dramatist had a witty sister? or (reversing the argument) insist that there can be no real genius in an author whose mother or brother was a fool? It is sad enough to have the dark or soiled passages in a great man's life recalled to us when we are filled with honest admiration of his genius—to be reminded of the meanness of Bacon, the morbid selfishness of Rousseau, the irritable vanity of Voltaire, the petty vindictiveness of Pope. But to what shall we be brought by criticism if, travelling beyond the record of the works before us, we are to pry into the private history of families—to drag out the skeleton in the closet, and condemn or absolve the author on the strength of the good or bad qualities lineally or collaterally inherited with his blood?

By far the most crucial and important questions which a critic should ask himself have been omitted by Sainte-Beuve. Have you any personal feelings that may affect your judgment either way? Do you like or dislike the author? Are you already committed for or against his style of writing, his views, his party, his system, or his school? Are you quite sure that you are free from indirect influence of any kind, that you have no vanity to indulge, no coterie to assail or flatter, no impugned line of conduct to vindicate, no real or fancied wrongs to avenge? It would have been well for his fame if Sainte-Beuve had occasionally submitted to this sort of self-examination, especially before undertaking his celebrated 'Causeries du Lundi,' to which these remarks on his method may serve as an appropriate preface.

They were commenced (October, 1849) in the 'Constitutionnel,' at the invitation of the proprietor, Veron, and continued in that Journal till the end of 1852. They were then transferred to the 'Moniteur Officiel' (with short interruptions), till 1861, when he accepted a fresh engagement from the 'Constitu-

tionnel,' which lasted till within a year of his death. The concluding series, entitled 'Nouveaux Lundis,' make thirteen volumes octavo; the first and second, entitled 'Causeries du Lundi,' fifteen. Add the 'Portraits Littéraires,' the 'Portraits Contemporains,' &c.; and there are more than forty volumes of literary, historical, and biographical essays, on the most surprising variety of subjects, rarely if ever failing in knowledge, command of language, apt illustration, reflection, penetration, and capacity. His gallery is not restricted to an age, a country, or a class. Ancients and moderns, Greeks and Romans, Frenchmen and Englishmen, poets and historians, wits and beauties, statesmen and generals, are ranged round it with entire disregard of order or congruity, and on a careful review we are strongly disposed to think that (as regards contemporaries) he has painted best those with whom he had come least in contact, whose pursuits were most alien, or whose titles to fame had least in common with his own. The reason is obvious. His sympathies were stronger than his principles: his canons of criticism, at all events their application, varied with his society; and the laudable impartiality with which he started frequently gave way before the temptation of gratifying one of those hates or jealousies, *odia quæ in longum jaciens auctaque promeretur*, which he had always in store for an opportunity.

It was the misfortune of the third Napoleon to obtain power by an act which alienated an immense majority of the most illustrious statesmen of France. Men who have undergone exile or imprisonment under any given régime should be allowed time to get reconciled to it, be it ever so well adapted to the emergency. But in August, 1852, only seven months after the *coup d'état*, Sainte-Beuve published an article entitled 'Les Regrets,' for the sole purpose of heaping the most ungenerous and unfounded reproaches on the discomfited party, because they had given such utterance as the state of things rendered prudent or possible to their disapproval or discontent. He treats such men as Thiers, Molé, Berryer, Tocqueville, Odilon Barrot, Montalembert, Charles de Remusat, Duvergier

d'Haurannes, &c., with seeing nothing to regret in the destruction of constitutional government but their own relegation to private life and their lost liberty of speech. They were most of them persons whom he had known at the 'Globe' office or met in Orleanist or Legitimist houses; *l'état-major des salons* was his description of them, and we suspect that their worst offences in his eyes were that they had distanced him in public life and that he had never felt quite at ease in their society. He had taken the same ground with more management and tact in a preceding article (May 24th, 1852) on the retirement of MM. Villemain and Cousin from their professorships.

'You appear to complain that mind (*esprit*) has the worst of it at this moment. But who is to blame? Mind has been abused. Every celebrated professor, every clever writer has thought himself fit to be politician, orator, minister.'

On the 6th December, 1852, four days after the proclamation of the Empire, we find him formally enlisted in the 'Moniteur Officiel.' In 1854 he was nominated Professor of Latin Poetry in the College of France; and, after taking ample time for preparation, he delivered his opening lecture, 9th March, 1855. 'This lecture,' he says in one place, 'which was followed by a second, was disturbed by political manifestations, and the course stopped there.' In another place: 'I was only able to give two lectures, having been prevented by a sort of *émeute*, born of political passions and prejudices.' In point of fact, his reception was crushing: the students would have none of him; and (as he knew and felt) the sentiment which animated them was personal, not political; it was a generous outburst of indignation against the combined want of principle and candor of which he had given such signal proof in 'Les Regrets.' His mortification was extreme. A story got wind that he threatened to come to the third lecture with two pistols: to fire one at the audience and blow out his own brains with the other. M. d'Haussonville discredits this story, but states that, for some time after the suspended course, Sainte-Beuve never went out without a large poignard in his sleeve, affecting to be in danger of assassination. At the

same time he made the most effective appeal to a dispassioned public by recasting his lectures and publishing them as an 'Etude sur Virgile,' in 1857. It is esteemed one of his best performances, although opened to M. d'Haussonville's objection that his constant predisposition is to seek out what is ingenious and pretty, rather than what is simple and fine.

On resuming his 'Lundis,' Sainte-Beuve made it a point to demonstrate that the Second Empire was not unfavorable to literature; nor was it, any more than the First Empire, at its commencement. To cramp or dwarf the intellect, to stifle the genius, to vitiate the taste and morals of a great nation, requires time. The example of M. Renan, adduced in June, 1862, to negative a supposed sterility of original writers, came too soon; and in due course of time the baneful influences at work were seen in his own case; when he became the apologist of *Madame Bovary*, and the eulogist of *Fanny*. 'On what altar are you sacrificing?' expostulated his friend Morand. 'Sacrificing to avoid being sacrificed,' was the reply. 'You do not know, but it is a tide on the flow, and if we do not enter a little into their waters, they will submerge us.' The tide, swelled by a light literature of which *La Curée* and *Mademoiselle Girard ma Femme* may pass for samples, has become so foul, that to be submerged by it would be like being smothered in a sink.

Sainte-Beuve signalised his re-entry in the 'Constitutionnel' by declaring *guerre aux cléricaux*, by an anti-Catholic campaign, in which he indiscriminately assailed both the living and the dead—MM. de Falloux and Veuillot, Bourdaloue and Bossuet—and discussed with a hardihood justified by success most of the moral and religious questions of the day. His review of Renan's 'Life of Jesus,' for example, is a model of clever and ingenious criticism, so conceived and executed as to conciliate many and offend none.

Like Mr. Charles Greville, he was in the habit of reverting to his original impressions with the view of qualifying them; but rarely in a favorable sense, from a spirit of kindness or a feeling of compunction. He was a striking illustration of the fine reflection of Junius that insults (real or fancied) degrade the

mind in its own esteem and force it to recover its level by revenge: he in practice reversed the axiom, 'benefits in marble, injuries in dust;' and he acted literally on Talleyrand's advice, to distrust your first thoughts because they are generally good. In 1870 he published a new edition of his 'Portraits Contemporains' with a motto from Senac de Meilhan: *Nous sommes mobiles, et nous jugeons des êtres mobiles*, the main object being to withdraw or modify the honest glowing impulsive judgments of his youth. Thus, à propos Lamartine, he writes: 'I confess my weakness and my chimera. I had conceived for all these great men, these great spirits and talents of my generation, or of the immediately anterior generation, an ideal of character and career which they have not realised or which they have speedily overreached (*dépassé*) and traversed out and out.' His ideal of the master spirits of his generation, of Lamartine, Victor Hugo, Alfred de Vigny, Thiers, Cousin, Mignet, Mérimée, Béranger, Balzac, Georges Sand, &c., must have been very exalted indeed if he was disappointed in them.

In justification of his plan, he says: 'The note is more familiar, and gives the facility for lowering a tone. I have acted on the belief that it was allowable to speak on the entresol a little more freely than on the first floor,'—and, it might be added, a little more freely in the kitchen than in the entresol. Thus employed, he resembled one of the figures illustrative of *Ce qu'on dit et ce qu'on pense*, where the kind or flattering words supposed to be uttered aloud are contradicted by a sneering or sarcastic *aside*.

About the same time he replaced the Table of Contents at the end of the eleventh volume of the 'Causeries du Lundi' in the first edition, by a series of Notes and Thoughts, into which (as he said) he emptied the whole of his portfolio.

'In this fresh immolation of his former idols,' observes M. d'Haussonville, 'he sacrificed all whom he had hitherto appeared to respect. There may be seen his last words and his last appreciation of almost all the men of our time: appreciation almost always just, and which would be completely so, if by the side of the weakness, the ridicule, the vice that it places in broad relief, it also brought out the dominant quality, for, thank God, it is not always a vice that constitutes the distinctive trait of such or such a nature.' . . .

'Amongst the political men of our times, I could even cite one that he has never attacked: by dint of searching, others might possibly be found. At all events, the celebrated men whom he has spared are a very small number, and the account would be soon summed up of those who have escaped his thrusts.'

This is not expressed with the accomplished writer's wonted clearness. There is a slight ambiguity rather in the expression than the thought. No appreciation would be just if the dominant quality, when it happened to be good, was suppressed or thrown into the shade. Nor was Sainte-Beuve guilty of this species of falsification. He simply added the weakness, the ridicule, the vice which he had omitted in the original sketch, or modified the enthusiastic praise of which he had been unduly lavish in his youth. The effect of the finishing touches was to make the portraits less flattering but more like.

'Is it true that you are about to be named senator?' inquired one of his secretaries in 1855. 'Never again speak to me of such folly,' he replied, reddening with anger; 'do you believe that I wish to dishonor myself?' Yet in due time the nomination came, and gratified him more than any event of his life. It gave him the opportunity of achieving political distinction, for which he had all the while been longing whilst censuring men of letters for aspiring to it, and relieved him from the necessity, growing more irksome with advancing years, of earning an income by his pen. In allusion to the labor required for his 'Lundis,' he said, 'I descend on Tuesday into a well, from which I only emerge on Sunday.' From a memorandum of his second engagement with the 'Constitutionnel,' it appears that his ordinary remuneration was 300 francs (12*l.*) an article, and we learn from other sources that he was paid at the same rate for his more extended essays in the 'Revue des Deux Mondes.' If we add his salary as an academician and other occasional receipts, his average income probably fell short of 1000*l.* a year.

Although he employed a secretary, his habits, before this accession of fortune, were simple in the extreme. In a confidential note he states that from 1830 to 1840 he lived in a student's room on the fourth story (*Cour du Commerce*, No. 2), at a rent of 23 francs a month, including breakfasts. He also states that

he never had a debt. The salary of a senator was 30,000 francs (1200*l.*) per annum: a most acceptable addition, although he fully acquit him of an unworthy motive in accepting it. He owed it exclusively to the Princess Mathilde, and he steadily refused to accelerate the nomination (delayed till 1865) by the slightest sacrifice of his independence as a man of letters. 'When are we to have the article on the "Life of Cæsar?"' was the question abruptly put to him one day by M. Paulin Limayrac, the director of the 'Constitutionnel.' He flatly refused, and on being pressed by the director, impetuously repeated, 'Ah! for example, do you believe I wish to dishonor myself?' He held firm this time; he even dictated, on his return home, an article on Cæsar, in which he drew a distinction between 'Cæsars by nature and Cæsars by will, in whom we readily detect the Brummagem (*plagué*).' This article, of course, never saw the light. It was in part provoked by an unlucky slip of the Emperor (rarely guilty of such slips), who, three years after Sainte-Beuve had quitted the 'Moniteur' for the 'Constitutionnel,' said to him, 'I read you with interest in the "Moniteur."'

Although his 'Letters to the Princess' will hardly be cited as models of the epistolary style, they contain some curious passages; as when he is impatient at imperial hesitation: 'Let there be an end of this; let there be a thunderclap that shall set all the world to rights.' Or when he explodes against the Church:—

'Oh, when will the Emperor and France purge themselves of this clerical leprosy!... Let the Emperor be thoroughly persuaded of this: these men in black are odious to the generous mind of France. It is compromising to the future to let it be believed that one is leagued with them. They are messengers of evil, and counsellors of disaster.'

The delay and manner of his elevation seem to have emancipated him in his own eyes from all obligation to the Tuileries. 'I belong,' he said, 'to the small party of the Left of the Empire.' It was a very small party, boasting, when he joined it, only a single representative, Prince Napoleon, in the Senate; and he sat quiet until March 25, 1867, when M. de Ségur d'Aguesseau attacked the

Minister of Public Instruction for favoring atheism and materialism by a recent nomination to a professorship. Although naming no one, he was understood to point at Renan; and Sainte-Beuve instantly rose to protest, in a tone seldom heard in that assembly, against injurious reflections on a man whom he was proud to call his friend, and whose doctrines he was prepared to defend in the name of liberty of thought. He was called to order, and a stormy scene ensued. 'It is the first time,' was shouted out, 'that atheism has found a defender in the Senate.' But he held his ground, and thus established a position which he seized the first occasion to improve. A petition having been presented by the principal inhabitants of Saint-Etienne against the admission of (what they deemed) irreligious and immoral works into the public library of their town, Sainte-Beuve demanded an adjournment of the debate until June 29, 1867, when he read a carefully-prepared speech, in which he undertook the defence of Voltaire, Rousseau, Proudhon, Georges Sand, &c., and stood forth the apostle of free thought and free inquiry. Twice again, in the course of the year following (May 4 and 19, 1868), his voice was raised in advocacy of the same cause, and the insults heaped upon him within the walls of the Luxembourg were amply compensated by accumulated marks of adhesion from without. 'I have my public,' was his retort, and he proceeded to describe that public as 'a diocese which counted parishioners even in those of my lords the bishops.' The day following it was christened 'the diocese of good sense.' Two hundred students came in a body to thank him for defending their professors and their school; and he exclaimed exultingly to M. Gaston Boissier (his successor at the Ecole Normale), 'They applaud me now!'

He refused to write for the new official journal, and broke with the 'Moniteur,' even after the title and privileges of an official organ had been withdrawn from it, on account of an article, in which, referring to the vehement opposition of the episcopate to the establishment of a course of instruction for young girls at the Sorbonne, he wrote, 'The bishops have uttered cries (*cries of eagles*), as



if it were a question of saving the Capitol.' He refused to suppress the passage which, pointed by the parenthesis, was thought too strong; and exclaiming, '*Au diable les fanatiques*,' he sent the article to the '*Temps*,' a Liberal organ hostile to the empire, which inserted it as it stood. This was a rash step for the new senator, and showed an inexcusable want of consideration for the Princess, who had made sundry vows and promises in his name. She showed her sense of his conduct by refusing to receive or communicate with him; and adhered to this refusal till within a few hours of his death. Although it had been his evil destiny to incur the distrust of successive sets of friends, he wielded a formidable power: he was the chief distributor of fame: the celebrities of the new generation courted his acquaintance: he became the centre of a society in which the most heterogeneous elements of the literary world were attractively combined; the graver intellects being represented by MM. Renan and Taine; the lighter, by MM. Théophile Gautier, Flaubert, and Nestor Roqueplan. His dinners were in great request, and not merely for the sake of the company, of which, prior to the coolness, the Princess and her brother occasionally formed part. He had studied gastronomy, and took as much pains with the composition of a *menu* as with that of a *Lundi*. One of his dinners (April 16th, 1868) assumed the importance of a political event, supplied a topic to the newspapers for some days, and was formally brought to his notice by the President of the Senate as an objection to his being heard in that assembly. It grew famous as *Le Dîner du Vendredi-Sain*, and was compared to the *Débauche de Roissy* by which Bussy-Rabutin and his boon companions scandalised the pious Court of Louis XIV. The explanation was easy. The party consisted of MM. Taine, About, Renan, Flaubert, Robin (of the Academy of Sciences), and Prince Napoleon; for whose convenience the day, Good Friday, had been carelessly fixed. The dinner went off quietly enough, and bore not the slightest resemblance to an orgy; in proof of which the author of '*Souvenirs*' has printed the bill of fare. Sainte-Beuve continued his contributions to the '*Temps*' till within a few weeks

of his death, which took place October 13th, 1869. He died of a painful disease for which he had recently undergone an operation. The attendance at the funeral (October 16th) was a tribute to his talents and reputation which it was impossible to misunderstand. The students came *en masse*: the democrats were largely represented: and hardly a literary celebrity stayed away. Madame Georges Sand, who appeared leaning on the arm of Alexandre Dumas the younger, was loudly applauded by the crowd.

The general conclusion to which we are brought by the study of Sainte-Beuve's '*Life and Writings*' is of a mixed indefinite character; neither favorable nor unfavorable on the whole. Its color and complexion will mainly depend on whether we follow or reject his own system: whether we judge his works by the man or the man by his works. There is no denying the high intellectual claims of one who has lighted up such a variety of subjects, who has interpreted so many minds, who has extracted and hived up the essence of so many masterpieces of learning and invention, who instinctively separates the golden ore of literature from the dross, and intuitively fixes on the best specimens of the true, the beautiful, the good—*du vrai, du beau, du bien*. It is more in conduct than in writing—or rather in the kind of writing which amounts to conduct—that the moral tone is found wanting, that Sainte-Beuve is open to the reproach implied in M. Cousin's invidious comparison with Mérimée.

'It is in the feeling of the chivalrous, and even of much less than the chivalrous,' remarks M. d'Haussonville in reference to the scene with Lamartine, 'that Sainte-Beuve has always failed. In the ordinary train of life this inferiority of nature manages to pass unnoticed; but let any extraordinary circumstance arise, and he, who ought to conceal it, will parade it before all eyes with perverted ingenuity.' It was his misfortune to be frequently placed in such circumstances. He was not chivalrous: he was scarcely loyal: he was vain and versatile: he did not carry anger as the flint bears fire: he did not easily forgive or forget a wrong; but he never acted from mean or interested motives; he was never provoked into coarseness: he

never stooped to encounter antagonists, like M. Veuillot, with their own weapons; his thrusts were made with the small sword according to the received rules of fence: he firmly upheld the honor of his calling, and in the exercise of it was uniformly fearless, independent, and incor-

rupt. This is no common praise. Let, then, his merits be fairly set against his demerits, his virtues against his faults; and no material deduction need be made from the high reputation of the writer by reason of the errors or weaknesses of the man.—*Quarterly Review*.

## AFRICAN WEATHER AND AFRICAN SCENERY.

BY LADY BARKER.

MARITZBURG, *March 5th*, 1876.

I DON'T think I like a climate which produces a thunderstorm *every* afternoon. One disadvantage of this chronic electric excitement is, that I hardly ever get out for a walk or drive. All day it is burning hot: if there is a breath of air it is sultry, and adds to the oppression of the atmosphere instead of refreshing it. Then about midday great fleecy banks of cloud begin to steal up behind the ridge of hills to the south-west; gradually they creep round the horizon, stretching their soft grey folds further and further to every point of the compass, until they have shrouded the dazzling blue sky, and dropped a cool filmy veil between the sun's fierce steady blaze and the baked earth below. That is always my nervous moment. I declare I am exactly like a hen with her chickens, and I acknowledge that I should like to cluck, and call everything and everybody into shelter and safety. If little G— is out on his pony alone,—as is generally the case, for he returns from school early in the afternoon,—I think of the great open veldt, the rough broken track, and the treacherous swamp; what wonder is it that I can not rest indoors, but am always making bare-headed expeditions every five minutes to the brow of the hill to see if I can discern the tiny figure tearing along the open, with its floating white puggery streaming behind? The pony may safely be trusted not to loiter, for horse and cow, bird and beast, know what that rapidly darkening shadow means, and what sudden death lurks within those patches of inky clouds, from which a deep and rolling murmur comes from time to time. I am uneasy even if F— has not returned; for the little river—the noisy Umsindius—

thinks nothing of spreading itself over its banks far and wide, turning the low-lying ground into a lake for miles.

It is true that this may only last for a few hours, or even moments; but five minutes is quite enough to do a great deal of mischief when a river is rising at the rate of two feet a minute: mischief not only to human beings, but to bridges, roads, drains, as well as plantations and fields. Yet that tropical down-pour, where the clouds let loose their imprisoned moisture suddenly in solid sheets of water instead of by the more slow and civilized method of drops, is a relief to my mind, for there are worse possibilities than a wet jacket behind those lurid, low-hanging vapors. There are hail-storms, like one which rattled on the red-tile roof like so many musket balls and with nearly as damaging an effect, for several tiles were broken and tumbled down, leaving melancholy gaps like missing teeth in the eaves; there are thunderbolts which strike the tallest trees, leaving them in an instant gaunt, and bare, and shrivelled, as though centuries had suddenly passed over their green and waving heads; there are flashes of lightning which dart through a verandah, or room, and leave every living thing in it struck down dead,—peals of thunder which seem to shake the very earth to its centre: there are all these meteorological possibilities—nay, probabilities—following fast upon a burning-hot, still morning; and what wonder is it that I am anxious and nervous until everybody belonging to me is under shelter, though shelter can only be from the driving rain or tearing gusts of wind? No wall or window, no bolt or bar can keep out the dazzling death which swoops down in a violet glare, and snatches its victims

anywhere and everywhere. A Kafir washerman, talking yesterday morning to his employer in her verandah, was in the act of saying, "I will be *sure* to come to-morrow," when he fell forward on his face, dead from a blinding flash out of a passing thundercloud. An old settler, a little way up country, was reading prayers to his household the other night, and in a second half the little kneeling circle were struck dead alongside of the patriarchal reader,—dead on their knees. Two young men were playing a game of billiards quietly enough,—one was leaning forward to make a stroke, when there came a crash and a crackle, and he dropped dead with his cue in his hand. The local papers are full every day of a long list of casualties; but it is not from these sources I have drawn the preceding examples: I only chanced to hear them yesterday, and they all happened quite close by.

As for cattle or trees being killed, that is an every-day occurrence in summer; and even a hailstorm, so long as it does not utterly bombard the town and leave the houses roofless and open to wind and weather, is not thought anything of. The hail-shower of yesterday, though, bombarded my creepers, and reduced them to a pitiful state in five minutes. So soon as it was possible to venture outside the house, F— called me to see the ruin of leaf and bud which strewn the cemented floor of the verandah. It is difficult to describe, and still more difficult to believe, the state to which the foliage had been reduced. On the weather side of the house every leaf was torn off, and not only torn, but riddled through and through as though by a charge of swan-shot. All my young rose-shoots, climbing so swiftly up to the roof of the verandah, were snapped off, and stripped of their tender leaves and pretty buds. The honeysuckle's luxuriant foliage was all gone, lying in a wet, forlorn mass of beaten green leaves around each pillar; and there was not a leaf left on the vines.

But a much more serious trouble came out of that storm; though it passed with the passing of wind and rain, still it will always leave a feeling of insecurity in my mind during similar outbursts. The great hailstones were forced by the driving wind in immense quantities beneath

the tiles, and deposited on the rude planking which, painted white, forms the ceiling. This planking has every board wide apart, so it is not difficult to foresee that so soon as the warmth of the house melted the hailstones,—that is in five minutes,—the water trickled down as through a sieve. It was not to be dealt with like an ordinary leak: it was here, there, and everywhere,—on sofas and chairs, beds and writing tables,—and the moment the sun shone out again, bright and hot as ever, the contents of the house had literally to be turned out of doors to dry. Drying meant, however, warping of writing tables, and in fact of all woodwork, and fading of chintzes beneath the broiling, glaring mid-day sun. Such are a few of the difficulties of existence in South Africa,—difficulties, however, which must be met and got over as best they may, and laughed at, once they are past and over, as I am really doing, in spite of my affectation of grumbling.

A very pleasant adventure came to us the other evening, however, through one of these sudden thunder-storms. Imagine a little tea-table with straw chairs round it, standing in the verandah; a fair and pleasant view lies before us, of green rises and still greener hollows, with dark dots of plantations, from which peep red roofs or white gables. Beyond, again, lies Maritzburg, under the lee of higher hills which cast a deeper shadow over the picturesque little town. We are six in all, and four horses are being led up and down by Kafir grooms, for their riders have come out for a breath of air after a long burning day of semi-tropical heat, and also for a cup of tea and a chat. We were exactly even,—three ladies and three gentlemen,—and we grumbled at the weather, and complained of our servants, according to the usual style of South African conversation. Presently some one said, "It's much cooler now." "Yes," was the answer: "but look at those clouds; and is that a river rolling down the hillside?"

Up to that moment there had not been a drop of rain, but even as the words passed the last speaker's lips, a blinding flash of light, a sullen growl, and a warning drop of rain, making a splash as big as half-a-crown at our feet, told its own story. In less time than it takes me to write or you to read, the horses had been

hastily led up to the stables and stuffed into stalls only meant for two, and already occupied. But Natalian horses are generally meek, underbred, spiritless creatures, with sense enough to munch their mealies in peace and quiet, no matter how closely they are packed. As for me, I snatched up my tea-tray and fled into the wee drawing-room. Someone else caught up the table,—the straw chairs were left as usual to be buffeted by the wind and weather,—and we retreated to the comparative shelter of the house. But no doors or windows could keep out the driving torrents of rain, which burst like a water-spout over our heads,—forcing its way under the tiles, beneath the badly-fitting doors and windows, sweeping and eddying all around like the true tropical tempest it was. Claps of thunder shook the nursery where we three ladies had taken refuge, ostensibly to encourage and cheer the nurse, but really to huddle together like sheep with the children in our midst. Flash after flash lit up the fast-gathering darkness as the storm rolled away, to end in an hour or so as suddenly as it had begun. By this time it was not much past six; and though the twilight is early in these parts, there was enough daylight still left for our guests to see their way home. So the horses were brought, and adieus were made, and our guests set forth, to return, however, in half-an-hour, asking whether there were any other road into town, for the river was sweeping like a maelstrom for half a mile on either side of the frail wooden bridge by which they had crossed a couple of hours earlier! Now the only other road into town is across a ford or "drift," as it is called here, of the same river, a mile higher up. Of course it was of no use thinking of *this* way for even a moment; but as they were really anxious to get home if possible, I volunteered to go back and see if it was practicable to get across by the bridge. I listened and waited anxiously enough in the verandah, for I could hear the roar of the rushing river down below,—a river which is ordinarily as sluggish as a brook in midsummer,—and I was so afraid that—or one of the other gentlemen might rashly venture across. But it was not to be attempted by any one who valued their life that evening, and I returned joyously, bringing our guests

home as captives. It was great fun, for, in true colonial fashion, we had no servants to speak of, except the nurse, the rest being Kafirs, the one more ignorant than the other. And fancy stowing four extra people into a house with four rooms, already full to overflowing! But it was done, and done successfully, too, amid peals of laughter and absurd contrivances and arrangements, reminding us of the dear old New Zealand days.

The triumph of condensation was due, however, to Charlie the Kafir groom, who ruthlessly turned my poor little pony carriage out into the open air, to make room for some of his extra horses, saying, "It wash it, ma'; make it clean: carriage no get horse-sickness." And he was right, for it is certain death to turn a horse unaccustomed to the open out of his stable at night, especially at this time of year. We were all up very early the next morning, and I had an anxious moment or two until I knew whether my market-Kafir could get out to me with bread, etc.; but soon after seven I saw him trudging gaily along, with his bare legs, red tunic, and long wand or stick, without which no Kafir stirs a yard away from home. Apropos of that red tunic, it was bought and given to him to prevent him from *wearing* the small piece of waterproof canvas I gave him to wrap up my bread, flour, etc. in on a wet morning. I used to notice that these perishable commodities arrived as often quite sopped through and spoiled *after* this arrangement about the waterproof as before: but the mystery was solved by seeing "Ufan," otherwise John, with my basket poised on his head, the rain pelting down upon its contents, and the small square of waterproof tied with a string at each corner over his own back. That reminds me of a hat I saw worn in Maritzburg two days ago, in surely the most eccentric fashion hat was ever yet put on. It was a large soft grey felt, and, as far as I could judge, in pretty good condition. The Kafir who sported it had fastened a stout rope to the brim, at the extreme edge of the two sides. He had then turned the hat upside down and wore it thus, securely moored by these ropes behind his ears and under his chin. There were sundry trifles of polished bone skewers and feathers stuck about his head as well, but the inverted



hat sat serenely on the top of all, the soft crown being further secured to its owner's woolly pate by soda-water wire. I never saw anything so absurd in my life, but Charlie, who was holding my horse, gazed at it with rapture, and putting both hands together, murmured in his best English and in the most insinuating manner, "Inkosi have old hat, ma'? like dat?" He evidently meant to imitate the fashion, if he could. Poor Charlie has lost his savings,—three pounds. He has been in great trouble about it, as he was saving up his money carefully to buy a wife. It has been stolen, I fear, by one of his fellow-servants, and suspicion points strongly to Tom, the pickle, who cannot be made to respect the rights of property in any shape, from my sugar upwards. The machinery of the law has been set in motion to find these three pounds, with no good results, however, and now Charlie avows his intention of bringing a "witch-finder"—that is, a witch who finds—up to tell him where the money is. I am invited to be present at the performance, but I only hope she won't say *I* have got poor Charlie's money, for the etiquette is that whoever she accuses has to produce the missing sum at once, no matter whether they know anything about its disappearance or not.

Before I quite leave the subject of thunder-storms, of which I devoutly hope this is the last month, I must observe that it seems a cruel arrangement that the only available material for metalling the roads should be ironstone, of which there is an immense quantity in the immediate neighborhood of Maritzburg. It answers the purpose admirably so far as changing the dismal swamps of the streets into tolerably hard high roads goes, but in such a climate it is really very dangerous. Since the principal street has been thus improved I am assured that during a thunder-storm it is exceedingly dangerous to pass down it. Several oxen and Kafirs have been struck down in it, and the lightning seems to be attracted towards the ground and runs along it in lambent sheets of flame. Yet I fancy it is a case of ironstone or nothing, for the only other stone I see is a flaky substance which is very friable, closely resembles slate, and would be perfectly

unmanageable for road-mending purposes.

Speaking of roads, I only wish anybody who grumbles at rates and taxes—which at all events keep him supplied with water and roads—could come here for a month. First he should see the red mud in scanty quantities which represents our available water supply (except actually *in* the town); and next, he should walk or ride or drive—for they are all three equally perilous—down to the town, a mile or two off, with me of a dark night. I say with me, because I should make it a point to call the grumbler's attention to the various pitfalls on the way. I think I should like him to drive, about seven o'clock, say to dinner, when one does not like the idea of having to struggle with a broken carriage, or to go the remainder of the way on foot. About seven p.m. the light is peculiarly treacherous and uncertain, and is worse than the darkness later on. Very well, then, we will start: first looking carefully to the harness, lest Charlie should have omitted to fasten some important straps or buckle. There is a track, in fact there are three tracks, all the way down to the main road, but each track has its own dangers. Down the centre of one runs a ridge like a backbone, with a deep furrow on either hand. If we were to attempt this, the bed of the pony-carriage would rest on this ridge to the speedy destruction of the axles. To the right there is a grassy track which is as uneven as a ploughed field, and has a couple of tremendous holes to begin with entirely concealed by waving grass. The secret of these constant holes is that a nocturnal animal, called an ant-bear, makes raids upon the ant-hills, which are exactly like mole-hills, only bigger, destroys them, and scoops down to the very foundation in its search for the eggs, an especial dainty hard to get at. So one day there is a little brown hillock to be seen among the grass, and the next, only a scratched-up hole. The tiny city is destroyed; the fortress taken and razed to the ground: all the ingenious galleries and large halls laid low, and the precious nurseries crumble to the dust! If we get into these we shall go no further—(a horse broke his neck in one last week)—but we will suppose them



safely passed, and also the swamps. To avoid this we must take a good sweep to the left, over perfectly unknown ground, and we shall be sure to disturb a good many Kafir cranes, birds who are so ludicrously like the black-headed, red-legged, white-bodied cranes in a Noah's Ark, that they seem old friends at once. Now there is one deep, deep ravine right across the road, and then a steep hill, half way down which comes a very pretty bit of driving in doubtful light. You've got to turn abruptly to the left on the shoulder of the hill. Exactly where you turn is a crevasse of unknown depth,—originally some sort of rude drain. The rains have washed away the boarding, made havoc round the drain, and left a hole which it is not pleasant to look into on foot and in broad daylight. But whatever you do, don't, in trying to avoid *this* hole, keep too much to the right, for there is what was once intended for a reasonable ditch, but furious torrents of water racing along have seized upon it as a channel and turned it into a river-course. After that, at the foot of the hill, lies a quarter of a mile of mud and heavy sand, with alternate big projecting boulders and deep holes, made by unhappy waggons having stuck therein. Then you reach—always supposing you have not broken a spring—the willow-bridge, a little frail wooden structure, prettily shaded and sheltered by luxuriant weeping willows drooping their trailing green plumes into the muddy Umsingdusi, and so on to the main road into Pieter-Maritzburg. Such a bit of road as this is! It ought to be photographed. I suppose it is a couple of dozen yards wide (for land is of little value hereabouts, and we can afford wide margins to our highways), and there certainly is not more than a strip a yard wide which is anything like safe driving. In two or three places it is deeply furrowed for fifty yards or so by the heavy summer rains. Here and there are standing pools of water, in holes whose depth is unknown; and everywhere the surface is deeply seamed and scarred by wagon wheels. Fortunately for my nerves, there are but few and rare occasions on which we are tempted to affront these perils by night, and hitherto we have been tolerably fortunate.

*March 10th.*—You will think this letter is nothing but a jumble of grumbles,

if, after complaining of the roads, I complain of my hens; but really if the case were fairly stated I am quite sure Mr. Tegetmeier, or any of the great authorities on poultry-keeping, would consider I had some ground for bemoaning myself. In the first place, as I think I have mentioned before, there is a sudden and mysterious disease among poultry which breaks out like an epidemic, and is vaguely called "fowl-sickness." That positively alone is an anxiety to one, and naturally makes the poultry-fancier desirous of rearing as many chickens as possible, so as to leave a margin for disaster. In spite of all my incessant care and trouble, and a vast expenditure of mealies, to say nothing of crusts and scraps, I only manage to rear about 25 per cent of my chickens. Even this is accomplished in the face of such unparalleled stupidity on the part of my hens that I wonder any chickens survive at all. Nothing will induce the hens to avail themselves of any sort of shelter for their broods. They just squat down in the middle of a path, or anywhere, and go to sleep there. I hear sleepy "squawks" in the middle of the night, and find next morning that a cat, or owl, or snake has been supping off half my baby chickens. Besides this sort of nocturnal fatalism they perpetrate wholesale infanticide during the day, by dragging the poor little wretches about among weeds and grass five feet high, all wet and full of thorns and burrs. But it is perhaps in the hen-house that the worst and most idiotic part of their nature shows itself. Some weeks ago I took three hens who were worrying us all to death by clucking entreaties to be given eggs to sit upon, and I established them in three adjoining empty boxes with some seven or eight eggs under each. What do you think these hens have done? They contrived, in the first place, to push and roll all the eggs into one nest! Then they appear to have invited every laying hen on the place into that box, for I counted forty-eight eggs in it last week! Upon these *one* hen sits in the very centre! Of course there are many eggs outside her wings, though she habitually keeps every feather fluffed out to the utmost, which must in itself be a fatigue. Around her, slanting, but still sitting vigorously, were three other hens cover-

ing, or attempting to cover, this enormous nest full of eggs. Every now and then they appear to give a party, for I find several eggs kicked out into the middle of the hen-house, and strange fowls feeding on them, amid immense cackling. Nothing ever seems to result from this pyramid of feathers. It—the pyramid—has been there five weeks now, and at distant intervals just a couple of chickens have appeared, which none of the hens will acknowledge! Sitting appears to be their one idea: they look upon chickens as an interruption to their more serious duties, and utterly disregard them. It is quite heartbreaking to see these unhappy chickens seeking for a mother, and meeting with nothing but pecks and squalls, which plainly express, "Go along, *do!*" One hen I have left, as advised, to her own devices, and she has shown her instinct by laying ten eggs on a rafter over the stable, upon which she can barely balance herself and them. Upon these eggs she is now sitting with great diligence, but as each chicken is hatched there is no possible fate for it but to tumble off the rafter and be killed: there is no possible means of ascent or descent except a drop of a dozen feet. Another hen has turned a pigeon off her nest, and insisted on sitting upon the two eggs herself. Great was her disgust, however, when she found that her babies required to be fed every five minutes, and that no amount of pecking would induce them to come out for a walk the day they were hatched: she deserted them, of course, and the poor little pigeons died of neglect. Now do you not think Kafir hens are a handful for a poor woman (who has quantities of other things to do) to have to manage?

Part of my regular occupation at this time of year when nearly every blade of grass carries a tick at its extreme tip, is to extract these pertinacious little beasties from the children's legs and arms. I can understand how it is that G— is constantly coming to me, saying "A needie, mumsy, *if* you please: here is such a big tick!" because he is always in the grass helping Charlie to stuff what he has cut for the horses into a sack, or assisting some one else to burn a large patch of rank vegetation, and dislodging snakes, centipedes, and all sorts of veno-

mous things in the process. I can understand, I say, how this mischievous little imp, who is always in the front of whatever is going on, should gather unto himself ticks and mosquitoes and even "fillies," but I cannot comprehend why the baby who, only from lack of physical possibilities, leads a comparatively harmless and innocent existence, should also attract ticks to his fat arms and legs. I thought perhaps they might come from a certain puppy which gets a good deal of hugging up, but I am assured that a tick never leaves an animal, they will come off the grass upon any live thing passing, but they never move once they have taken hold of flesh with their cruel pin-cers. It is quite a dreadful thing to see the oxen out-spanned when they come down to the "sluit" to drink. Their dew-laps and indeed their whole bodies seem a mass of these horrible, swollen, bloated insects, as big as a large pea already, but sucking away with all their might, and resisting all efforts the unhappy animals can make, with head or tail, to get rid of them. Whenever I see the baby restless and fidgety I undress him, and I am pretty sure to find a tick or two lazily moving about looking for a comfortable place to settle. G— gave me quite a fright the other day. He was nicely dressed, for a wonder, to come for a drive with me in the carriage, and was standing before my looking-glass attempting to brush his hair. Suddenly I saw a stream of blood pouring down his neck, and on examination I found that he must have dislodged the great bloated tick lying on his collar, and which had settled on a vein just above his ear. The creature had made quite a wound as it was torn away by the brush, and the blood was pouring freely from it and would not be staunched. No cold water or plaister or anything would stop it, and the end was, that poor little G— had to give up his drive and remain at home with wet cloths on his head. He was rather proud of it, all the same, considering it quite an adventure, especially as he declared it "did not hurt" at all. Both the children keep very well here, although they do not look so rosy as they used to in England, but I am assured that the apple-cheeks will come back in the winter. They have enormous appetites, and certainly enjoy the free unconventional life amaz-

ingly, only baby will *not* take to a Kafir nurse boy. He condescends to smile when Charlie or any of the servants (for they all pet him a great deal) execute a war-dance for his amusement, or sing him a song, but he does not like being carried about in their arms. I have now got a Kafir nurse girl, a Christian. She is a fat, good-tempered, and very docile girl of fifteen, who looks at least twenty-five years old. Baby only goes to her in order to pluck off the gay kerchief she wears on her head. When that is removed he shrieks to get away from her.

It is so absurd to see an English child falling into colonial ways. G— talks to all the animals in Kafir, for they evidently don't understand English. If one wants to get rid of a dog, it is of no use saying "Get out," ever so crossly, but when G— yells "Foot-sack" (this is pure phonetic spelling out of my own head), the cur retreats precipitately. So to a horse: you must tell him to go on in Kafir, or he won't stir; and they will not stop for any sound except a long, low whistle. G— even plays at games of the country. Sometimes I come upon the shady side of the verandah taken up with chairs, arranged in pairs all its length, and a sort of tent of rugs and shawls at one end, which is the waggon. "I am playing at trekking, mumsy, dear. Would you like to wait and see me outspan? Here is a nice place, with water for my bullocks and wood for my fire. Look at the break of my waggon; and here's such a jolly, real bullock-whip Charlie made me out of a bamboo and strips of bullock-hide." G— can't believe he ever played at railways, or horses, or civilised games; and it is very certain the baby will "trek" and "outspan" so soon as he can toddle.

We grown-up people catch violent colds here; and it is no wonder, considering the changes of weather,—far beyond what even you, with your fickle climate, have to bear. Twenty-four hours ago it was so cold that I was glad of my seal-skin jacket at six o'clock in the evening, and it was bitterly cold at night. The next morning there was a hot wind, and it has been like living at the mouth of a furnace ever since. What wonder is it that I hear of bronchitis or croup in almost every house, and that we have all got bad colds in our throats

and chests? I heard the climate defined the other day as one in which sick people got well, and well people got sick; and I begin to think it is rather a true way of looking at it. People are always complaining, and the doctors (of whom there are a great many in proportion to the population) seem always very busy. Everybody says, "Wait till the winter;" but I have been here four months now, three of which have been the most trying and disagreeable, as to climate and weather, I have ever experienced, nor have I ever felt more generally unhung and unwell in my life. This seems a hard thing to say of a climate with so good a reputation as this, but I am obliged to write of things as I find them. I used to hear the climate immensely praised in England, but I don't hear much said in its favor here: the most encouraging remark one meets with is, "Oh, you'll get used to it!"

HOWICK, *March 13th.*

It is difficult to imagine that so cool and charming a spot as this is only a dozen miles from Maritzburg, of which one gets so tired. It must be acknowledged that each mile might fairly count for six English ones, if the difficulty of getting over it were reckoned. The journey occupied three hours of a really beautiful afternoon, with the first, crisp freshness of autumn in its balmy breath; and the road climbed a series of hills, with, from the top of each, a wide and charming prospect. We travelled in a sort of double dog-cart, of a solidity and strength of construction which filled me with amazement until I saw the nature of the ground it had to go over: then I was fain to confess it might have been—if such were possible—twice as strong, with advantage; for in spite of care and an exceeding slow pace, we bent our axles. This road is actually the first stage of the great overland journey to the Diamond Fields; and it is difficult to imagine how there can be any transport service at all, in the face of such difficulties.

I have said so much about bad roads already, that I feel more than half ashamed to dilate upon this one; yet roads, next to servants, are the standing grievance of Natal. To see a road-party at work,—and you must bear in mind that thousands are spent annually on

roads,—is to understand in a great measure how so many miles come to be mere quagmires, and pitfalls for man and beast. A few tents by the road-side here and there, a little group of lazy three-parts-naked Kafirs, a white man in command, who probably knows as little of the first principles of road-making as his own dog, and a feeble scratching up of the surrounding mud, transferring it from one hole to the other; that is road-making in Natal so far as it has presented itself to me. On this particular route the fixed idea of the road-parties, of which we passed three, was to dig a broad wide ditch, a couple of feet below the level of the surrounding country, and to pick up the earth all over it, so that the first shower of rain might turn it into a hopeless, sticky mass of mud. As for any idea of making the middle of the road higher than the sides, that appears to be considered a preposterous idea, and is not, at all events, acted upon in any place I have seen. It was useless to think of availing ourselves of the ditch, for the mud looked too serious after last night's heavy rain, so we kept to an older track, where we bumped in and out of holes in a surprising and bruising fashion. It took four tolerably stout and large horses to get us along at all, and if they had not been carefully and steadily driven we should have been still more black, and blue, and stiff, and aching than we were. I wonder if you will believe me when I say that I was assured that many of the holes were six feet deep? I don't think our wheels went into any hole more than three feet below the rough surface. I found, however, the boulders were worse than the holes. One goes, to a certain extent, quietly in and out of a hole, but the wheel slips very suddenly off the top of a high boulder, and comes to the ground with a cruel jerk. There was plenty of rock in the hill-sides, so every now and then the holes would be filled up by boulders, and we crawled for some yards over ground which had the effect of an exceedingly rough stone wall having tumbled down over it. If one could imagine Mr. Macadam's idea carried out in Brobdingnag, one would have some faint notion of the gigantic proportions of the hardening material on

that road. It was,—as is often the case where an almost tropical sun draws up the moisture from the earth,—a misty evening, and the distant view was too vague and vaporous to leave any distinct picture on my memory. Round Howick itself are several little plantations in the clefts of the nearest downs, and each plantation shelters a little farm or home-stead. We can only just discern in more distant hollows deep blue-black shadows, made by patches of real native forest, the first I have seen; but close at hand the park-like country is absolutely bare of timber, save for these sheltering groups of gum trees beneath whose protection other trees can take root and flourish. Gum trees seem the nurses of all vegetation in a colony: they drain a marshy soil and make it fit for a human dwelling-place. Wherever they grow, there you see also willows with their tender delicate leaves, and sentinel poplars whose lightly poised foliage keeps up a cool rustle always. But now the road is getting a trifle better, and we are beginning to drop down hill. Hitherto it has been all stiff collar-work, and we have climbed a thousand feet and more above Maritzburg. It is closing in quite a cold evening, welcome to our sun-baked energies as we drive across quite an imposing bridge (as well it may be, for it cost a good many thousand pounds) which spans the Umgeni river, and so round a sharp turn and up a steepish hill among sheltering trees and a beautiful undergrowth (where the hotel stands) of arum lilies and ferns. Howick appears to be all hotel,—for two have already been built and a third is in progress. A small store and a pretty wee church are all the other component parts of the place. Our hotel is delightful, with an enchanting view of the Umgeni, widening out as it approaches the broad cliff, down which it leaps a few hundred yards further on.

Now ever since I arrived in Natal I have been pining to see a real mountain and a real river,—not a big hill, or a capricious spruit, sometimes a ditch and sometimes a lake, but a respectable river, too deep to be muddy. Here it is before me at last—the splendid Umgeni, curving among the hills, wide and tranquil, yet with a rushing sound suggestive of its immense volume. We can't waste



a moment indoors: not even the really nice fresh butter,—and what a treat that is you must taste Maritzburg butter to understand,—nor the warm tea can detain us for long. We snatch up our shawls and run out in the gloaming to follow the river's sound and find out the spot where it leaps down. It is not difficult, once we are in the open air, to decide in which direction we must go, and for once we brave ticks and even snakes, and go straight across country through the long grass. There it is: quite suddenly we have come upon it. So beautiful in its simplicity and grandeur; no ripple or break to confuse the eye and take away the sense of unity and consolidation. The river widens and yet hurries, gathering up strength and volume until it reaches that great cliff of iron stone. You could drop a plumb-line over it, so absolutely straight is it, for 350 feet. I have seen other waterfalls in other parts of the world, but I never saw anything much more imposing than this great perpendicular sheet of water, broken into a cloud of spray and foam so soon as it touches the deep silent basin below. The water is discolored where it flings itself over the cliff, and there are tinges and stains of murky yellow on it there; but the spray which flies up from below is purer and whiter than driven snow, and keeps a great bank of lycopodium moss, at the foot of the cliff over which it is driven by every breath of air, fresh and young and vividly green. Many rare ferns and fantastic bushes droop on either side of the great Fall,—droop as if they, too, were giddy with the noise of the water rushing past them, and were going to fling themselves into the dark pool below. But kindly nature holds them back, for she needs the contrast of branch and stem to give effect to the purity of the falling water. Just one last gleam of reflected sunlight gilded the water's edge where it dashed over the cliff, and a pale crescent moon hung low over it in a soft "daffodil sky." It was all ineffably beautiful and poetic, and the roar of the falling river seemed only to bear out with greater intensity the absolute silence of the desolate spot and the twilight hour.

*March 15th.*—If the Fall was beautiful in the mysterious gloaming, it looks a

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thousand times more fair in its morning splendor of sunshine. The air here is so pleasant; almost cold, and yet deliciously balmy. It is certainly an enchanting change from Pieter-Maritzburg, were it not for the road which lies between;—at least it is not a road at all. What is the antithesis of a road, I wonder—the opposite of a road? That is what the intervening space should be called. After the river takes its leap it moves quietly away among the hills and valleys, a wide sheet of placid water, as though there was nothing more needed in the way of exertion. I hear there are some other falls quite as characteristic in their way, a few miles further in the interior, but as the difficulty of getting to them is very great, they must wait until we can spare a longer time here. To-day we drove across frightful places until we got on a hill just opposite the Fall. I am not generally nervous, but I confess to a very bad five minutes as we approached the edge of the cliff. The break of the dog-cart was hard down, but the horses had their ears pricked well forward, and were leaning back almost on their haunches as we moved slowly down the grassy incline. Every step seemed as if it would take us right over the edge, and the roar and rush of the falling water opposite appeared to attract and draw us towards itself in a frightful and mysterious manner. I was never more thankful in my life than when the horses stood stock-still, planted their fore feet firmly forward, trembling all over, and refused to move an inch nearer. We were not really so very close to the edge, but the incline was steep and the long grass concealed that there was any ground beyond.

After all, I liked better returning to a cliff a good deal nearer to the falls, where a rude seat of stones had been arranged on a projecting part from which there was an excellent view. I asked, as one always does, whether there had ever been any accidents, and among other narrations of peril and disaster I heard this one.

Some years ago—nothing would induce the person who told me the story to commit himself to any fixed period, or any nearer date than this—a waggon drawn by a long team of oxen was attempting to cross the drift or ford which used to exist a very short way above



the falls. I saw the spot afterwards, and it really looked little short of madness to have attempted to establish a ford so near the place where the river falls over this great cliff. They tried to build a bridge even at the same spot, but it was swept away over and over again, and some of the buttresses remain standing to this day, one of them rests on a small islet between the river and the cliff, only a few yards from the brink of the precipice. It is a sort of rudimentary island, formed by great blocks of stone and some wind-blown earth, in which a few tufts of rank grass have taken root, binding it all together. But this island does not divide the volume of the water as it tumbles headlong over the cliff, for the river is only parted by it for a brief moment. It sweeps rapidly round on either side of the frail obstacle, and unites itself again into a broad sheet just before its leap. The old Boers used to imagine that this island broke the force of the current, and would protect them from being carried over the falls by it. In winter, when water is low and scarce, this may be so; but in summer it is madness to trust to it. Anyway the Dutchman got his team half way across, a Kafir sitting in the waggon and driving, another lad acting as "fore-looper" and guiding the "span," as a team is called here. The Boer prudently rode, and had no sooner reached the mid-stream than he perceived the current to be of unusual depth and swiftness. He managed, however, to struggle across to the opposite bank, and from thence he beheld his waggon overturn, his goods wash out of it and sweep like straws over the precipice; as for the poor little fore-looper, nobody knows what became of him. The overturned waggon, with the struggling oxen still yoked to it, and the Kafir driver clinging on, swept to the very edge of the falls. There a lucky promontory of this miniature island caught and held it fast, drowning some of the poor bullocks indeed, but saving the wagon. Doubtless the Kafir might easily have saved himself, for he had hold of the waggon when it was checked in its rapid rush; but instead of grasping at hash or rock, at a wheel or the horn of a bullock, he stood straight up, holding his whip erect in his right hand, and with one loud, defiant whoop of exulta-

tion, jumped straight over the fearful edge. His master said the fright must have driven him mad, for *he* rode furiously along the bank shouting words of help and encouragement, which probably the poor Kafir never heard; for he believed his last hour had come, and sprang to meet the death before him with that dauntless bravery which savages so often show in the face of the inevitable. As one sat in safety and looked at the rushing irresistible water, one could easily picture to one's self the struggling pile of waggon and oxen in the water, just caught back at the edge, the frantic horseman by the river-side gesticulating wildly, and the ebony figure erect and fearless, with the long streaming whip held out, taking that desperate leap as though of his own free will.

I think we spent the greater part of the day at the fall, looking at it under every effect of passing cloud, shadow or sunny sky; beneath the midday brilliancy of an almost tropical sun, and in the soft pearly grey tints of the short twilight. The young moon set almost as soon as she rose, and gave no light to speak of; it was therefore no use stumbling in the dark to the edge of so dangerous a cliff, where we could see nothing but the ghostly shimmer of spray down below, and only hear the ceaseless roar of the water. So how do you think we amused ourselves after our late dinner? We went to a travelling circus, advertised to play at Howick "for one night only:"—that is to say, it was not there at all, because the waggons had all stuck fast in some of the numerous holes in that fearful road. But the performing dogs and ponies had not stuck, nor the "boneless boy,"—*he* could not stick anywhere, as G— remarked; and they held a little performance of their own in a room at the other hotel. Thither we stumbled through pitchy darkness at nine of the night, G— insisting on being taken out of bed, and dressed again, to come with us. There was a good deal of difference between the behavior and demeanor of the black and white spectators at that small performance. The Kafirs sat silent, dignified, and attentive, gazing with wide open eyes at the "boneless boy," who turned himself upside down, and inside out, in the most perplexing

fashion. "What do you think of it?" I asked a Kafir who spoke English. "Him musta take all him bone out 'fore him begin, Inkosa-casa; when him finish, put 'em back again inside him;" and indeed that was what our pliable friend looked like. We two ladies—for I had the rare treat of a charming companion of my own "sect" on this occasion—could not remain long, however, on account of our white neighbors. Many were drunk, all were uproarious. They lighted their cigars with delightful colonial courtesy and independence, and called freely for more liquor. So we were obliged to leave the "boneless one" in the precise attitude of one of those porcelain grotesque monsters one sees; his feet held tightly in his hands, on either side of his grinning Japanese face, and his body disposed comfortably in an arch over his head. Even G—had to give up and come away, for he was stifled by smoke and frightened by the noise. The second rank of colonists here do not seem to me to be drawn from so respectable and self-respecting a class as those I came across in New Zealand and Australia. Perhaps it is demoralising to them to find themselves, as it were, over the black population whom they affect to despise, but yet cannot do without. They do not seem to desire that contact with the larger world outside, nor to receive or welcome the idea of progress, which is the life-blood of a young colony. Natal resembles an overgrown child with very bad manners and a magnificent ignorance of its own shortcomings.

At daylight next morning we were up betimes, and made an early start so as to avoid the heat of the morning sun. A dense mist lay close to the earth as far as the eye could reach; and out of its soft, white billows only the highest of the hill-tops peeped, like islands in a lake of fleecy clouds. We bumped along in our usual style, here a hole, there a boulder; slipping now on a steep cutting,—for this damp mist makes the hillsides very "greasy" as our driver remarked,—climbing painfully over ridge after ridge, until we came to the highest point of the road between us and Maritzburg. Here we paused for a few moments to breath our panting team, and to enjoy the magnificent view. I have seen

a river at last worthy of the name; and now I see mountains,—not the incessant rising hills which have hitherto opened out before me in each fresh ascent, but a splendid chain of lofty,—not peaks, for they are nearly all cut straight against the sky, but level lines far up beyond the clouds which are just flushing red with the sunrise. The mountains are among and behind the clouds, and have not yet caught any of the light and color of the new day. They loom dimly among the growing cloud-splendors, cold and ashen and sombre, as befits their majestic outline. These are the Drakenfels, snow-covered except in hottest weather. I miss the serrated peaks of the Southern Alps, and the grand confusion of the Himalayan range. These mountains are lofty indeed, and rise far into cloud-land; but except for a mighty crag, or a huge notch here and there, they represent a series of straight lines against the sky. This is evidently the peculiarity of the mountain formation of South Africa; I noticed it first in Table Mountain, at Cape Town: it is repeated in every little hill between Durban and Maritzburg; and now it is before me, carried out in a gigantic scale in this splendid range. My eye is not used to it, I suppose; for I hear better judges of outline and proportion than I am declare it is characteristic, and soothing, and all sorts of complimentary adjectives; to which I listen in respectful silence, but with which I cannot agree in my secret heart. I like mountains to have peaks for summits and not straight lines, no matter how lofty those straight lines may be. It was a beautiful scene, for from the Drakenfels down to where we stood rolled a very ocean of billowy, green hills softly folded over each other, with delicious purple shadows in their hollows, and shining pale green lights on their sunny slopes. We had left the Umgeni so far behind that it only showed like a broad silver ribbon here and there, while the many red roads stretching away into the background certainly derived enchantment from distance. The foreground was made lively by an encampment of waggons, which were just going to "in-span" and start. The women fussed about the gipsy-like fires, getting breakfast; the Kafirs shouted to the bullocks, prudently grazing until the last

moment; and last, not least, to G—'s intense delight, four perfectly tame ostriches were walking leisurely among the waggons, eating food out of the children's hands and looking about for "digesters" among the grass. I felt inclined to point out the boulders with which the road was strewn to their favorable notice. They had come from the distant borders of the Transvaal, a weary way off. These ostriches were the family pets, and were going to be sold and sent to England. The travellers—"trekkers" is the correct word—expected to get at least £35 each for these splendid male birds in full

plumage, and they were probably worth much more.

We passed a Kafir kraal on our way into town, and I saw its chief, a "ringed" man sitting on the ground, waiting until his "scoff" should be ready. This is the sort of man I see so often passing our gate with either attendants of his own, or else in attendance himself on a bigger "Inkas" than he is. But I always see him with quantities of clothes on, coats and great-coats, even on the hottest day. It is quite a new idea to me to know that this is his simple costume *chez lui*.—*Evening Hours*.

### AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A VEGETARIAN.\*

#### A TRUE NARRATIVE OF A SUCCESSFUL CAREER.

REPORTED BY C. O. GROOM NAPIER, OF MERCHISTON, F.G.S.

AFTER the reading of my paper on the vegetarian cure for intemperance, before the Bristol Meeting of the British Association in 1875, I was addressed by an elderly gentleman and his wife, who said my views were strictly in accordance with theirs. After some conversation, we adjourned to his hotel, where he hospitably entertained me and gave me a narrative of his life, with permission to publish it in the interest of the good cause, suppressing his name and abode, as he said he was particularly shy and retired in his habits, and had a great objection to see his name in print.

He was born in the North of England in 1811; but although his hair was grey he otherwise appeared better preserved by fifteen years than most persons of his age. His father was a minister of religion, and he was the eldest of twelve children. He was of ancient and distinguished lineage, but his father never having had more than 300*l.* a year, he was obliged to send his children out early into the world, and so at fourteen he was put into a house of business in a great northern town.

For the first three years he had nothing but his board with one of the senior clerks, but at the end of that time he got as much dry bread and

water for his lunch as he could take and ten shillings a week to board and lodge himself. He accidentally obtained some works on vegetarianism, and was resolved to put in practice what he had read, as otherwise he found he could not support and clothe himself decently. I will give, now, his own words as nearly as I can recollect.

'I was seventeen years of age then, five feet eight inches high, and strongly built. I had but ten shillings a week for everything. How should I best lay it out? The senior clerk took me as a lodger at eighteenpence a week for one good room. There was a bedstead in it, but no bedding or other furniture. I was resolved to do what best I could, and owe no man anything. Some canvas coverings, which my good mother had put round my packages, served me to make a mattress when filled with hay. For the first eight weeks I slept in my oldest clothes on this mattress. My diet was ample and nourishing, but very cheap. Threepence a day was the cost. About one pound of beans, which did not cost more than a penny, half a pound of bread daily, and two halfpenny cabbages, and three pounds of potatoes in the week. Twopenny worth of seed oil,\*

\* [This Defoe-like sketch of human character will, we believe, be found worth reading, apart from questions of diet.—ED.]

\* Oil from *rape* seed or *sesamé* seed, which last is a favorite oil in the East for cooking, and is procurable in London at half the price of olive oil; it much resembles almond oil.

one pound of twopenny rice, and about a farthing's worth of tartar\* from the wine casks, constituted my very nourishing diet.

'When my parents sent me a basket of fruit, I indulged in it freely; but I did not care for it unless the carriage was paid, which was not always the case. Thus 1s. 9d. for my food and 1s. 6d. for my lodging, and 9½d. for my fuel and light, left me 5s. 11½d. for other purposes. At the end of the eight weeks I have specified, I was in possession of above 2l. It took me nearly this sum to purchase a straw paillasse, blankets, sheets, and pillows second-hand. I persevered for another year on this diet, and found myself in possession of about 12l. As I had some respectable acquaintance in the town, I resolved on spending this sum in furniture, in order that I might have a decent room into which to ask my visitors. Taking a lesson from the poet Goldsmith, I had "a bed by night and a chest of drawers by day," so that my apartment, alternately sitting-room and bed-room, was suitable for lady visitors. I often invited the lady you see sitting opposite to you, to take tea on Sunday with me and then go to church. She was my own age exactly, and was the prey of a cruel stepmother; she was in fact a sort of Cinderella in a large family. Her step-mother aimed at marrying her to a widower of forty-five, with seven children, but this my young girl of eighteen objected to. Her father at first sanctioned our engagement, but when a suitor in a good position came forward for his daughter, he forbade me the house and made her walk daily with the gentleman whom we nick-named "number forty-five." I resolved to marry her as soon as I could furnish two more rooms and had laid in a good stock of clothes.

'My young lady studied my vegetarian books and determined not to eat any meat at home. All the family laughed at her, but she was sufficiently resolute to withstand ridicule.

'She told her father that he having once sanctioned her engagement to me, she must be bound to me and could not accept anyone else. Her father remon-

strated with her, but it was of no use. At the end of the two years, when I had just passed my twentieth birthday, I called on her father and said, "I have now three rooms well furnished, and am able to keep your daughter; I want you to fix a day for my marrying her." He pressed my hand warmly and said, "Well, I will, and give you my blessing into the bargain." He was a good-hearted man at bottom, but too much ruled by his wife. He gave my wife a good large outfit and a purse of 10l., and her step-mother even gave her 2l., and her brothers and sisters bought her a family Bible, and one of them wrote in it, "At the end of ten days their countenances did appear fairer and fatter of flesh than all the children which did eat the portion of the king's meat—Daniel i. 15."

The old gentleman laughed very much when he told me this, and said that the vegetarianism of Daniel had been the text of many a sermon which he had preached to his children, who, profiting by so good an example, *were all vegetarians*.

But to resume. 'I found myself married and very happy, but with ten shillings a week only. We laid out our money as follows: We paid three and sixpence for three rooms, one shilling for fuel and light, three and sixpence for food, and had two shillings for other contingencies. Our food consisted of: Bean stew three times a week; potatoe pie twice a week; puddings without eggs twice a week; carrots, turnips, or some green vegetable daily. Our breakfast was porridge, either of corn or oatmeal. We ate bread with it, thus insuring mastication, and rendering butter, milk, tea, coffee, or cocoa unnecessary. We sometimes took tea in the evening, but oftener cold water. We formed the acquaintance of a fruit merchant, who, though laughing at our vegetarianism, often sent us baskets of fruit. I was married in December, and in the following November my wife had a son. In a few days the wife of the head of the firm paid us a visit, and the next day I was informed that my salary was to be raised to eighteen shillings a week. I was before this in great difficulty what to do, as I did not much like my wife being the sole nurse of her child. Before this

\* The object of the tartar was to take the place of ripe fruit as a vegetable acid.

she had attended to all our wants. I now took an Irish servant girl, who was willing to be a vegetarian and receive sixpence a week in wages for the first year.

'I was in possession at the end of my second year of married life of 10*l.* sterling. I will now tell you how I invested it. "Our firm" was both speculative and manufacturing, and employed some hundred workmen, who purchased the tools they required at rather high prices in the town. Ascertaining that the tools might be had cheaper at Birmingham and Sheffield, I went myself and laid in a small stock, which I sold within a week to the workmen at eighteen per cent. profit, but still full ten per cent. under what they were in the habit of paying. Being offered a month's credit, I received a consignment of tools from Birmingham and Sheffield. At the end of a year I found myself in possession of 150*l.*, which I had made by the sale of these tools to our own hands. My wife kept my books, and this little business necessitated the hiring of another room. But in other respects this great increase of income did not induce us to enlarge our expenses.

'A foreman lost his hand through an accident, and was incapacitated for work; I made him my traveller, to call at other workshops and sell tools to workmen.

'The firms at Birmingham and Sheffield had confidence in me. I obtained credit more largely. I engaged a warehouse and a clerk. At the end of my fourth year of marriage I was in possession of 1,500*l.* by the sale of these tools. I now thought of a bold project, since I was a capitalist. I went to the head of our firm, and I said, "My wife is carrying on a business which seems likely to produce us 1,500*l.* a year clear profit; I have no wish to leave your service, but I shall certainly do so unless my salary is raised to 250*l.* a year." This sum being agreed on, I was contented for the present.

'We now kept two servants, and lived in two floors over our warehouse, and had two children.

'I had been married about six years, and had three children," continued the old vegetarian, "when my warehouse and all my furniture were totally destroyed by fire; fortunately they were insured

for about 5,000*l.* As this was another crisis in my career, I went to "the firm," and said, "I now know about as much of my business as I can learn, and have a large connection. I am offered credit if I will embark my capital—8,000*l.*—to open a business in opposition to yours. But I do not want to do this, if you will only give me a liberal salary. I want 450*l.* a year, and I will carry on my business in tools in my leisure hours as before." My terms were accepted; I was assigned a separate office, and five clerks were at my command. Every letter to me was now addressed Esquire; formerly I was only Mr., at least to the firm. I got my family arms engraved on a seal. I began to dress better. I kept three maid-servants and a page, and lived in a house out of the town—a roadside villa, with good vegetable garden—bringing my expenses within the 450*l.* a year; reserving the profits of my business for the increase of my capital.

'The heads of the firm—two brothers—paid a visit to Ireland, and coming back a terrific storm arose; they were washed off the deck of the steamer and drowned, leaving in the firm only the junior, the son of the elder brother, a young man of twenty years of age. As his capacity was moderate, and his habits not very regular, the trustees of the two deceased partners, of their own accord, proposed that I should receive 750*l.* per annum, take the entire charge of the business, and stay an hour longer than hitherto. But after six months, finding that I lost rather than gained by the arrangement, as it encroached on the time I had hitherto devoted to my private business, I plainly told the trustees that I must be taken into partnership, or I would abandon the concern and establish a rival business, which might very seriously damage theirs. They proposed that I should be partner for life, with 1,500*l.* a year as a first charge on the profits of the business, but should have no right to leave any part of it to my family, but should have two-thirds of the profits as surviving partner in case of the death of the present head of the firm without children. A deed was executed to embrace these provisions, and I bound myself not to enter into any other business which would aim to rival that of the firm. On this I took a superior



house, kept a horse and open carriage, two gardeners, and otherwise lived at the rate of about 1,200*l.* a year. My wife now retired entirely from business, which she had seen after for about the half of three days in the week.

'About four years after this, to my sorrow, but at the same time pecuniary advantage, the young man, my senior partner, died, after a few days' illness, from pleurisy, brought on by bathing. His constitution was mainly built up on beer, beef, and tobacco. I, a vegetarian, was never ill after bathing. This young man was a martyr to the abuse of stimulants, whom his foolish doctor encouraged in their use. I have made my will, and none of my children shall inherit a penny if they are not at the time of my death vegetarians and total abstainers.

'We had been so absorbed in business since we were married, that we had not for ten years taken a seaside holiday; so in the summer of 1846 we determined on a yacht voyage to last two months, from May 1 till July 1, round the coast of Ireland. We hired a yacht of 14 tons, four men and a boy. My wife and three eldest children and self went on board at Liverpool, and we had a most enjoyable sail until we reached the northwest coast of Ireland. We landed and explored many rocky bays, and I collected many beautiful sea-birds' eggs and shot many of the more uncommon of the sea-fowl, of which I have at present a trophy of stuffed birds, nine feet long, in my hall.

'Wishing to see the wildest part of the Irish coast, we sailed for the Arran Isles, and, landing there, spent some days in examining the curious stones for which these islands are famous. Some fishermen there spoke of an isolated rock in the sea, about a quarter of a mile long, very high, with a cavern in it, as the haunt of myriads of sea-fowl, some of species found nowhere else in the same abundance. With one of these fishermen as our pilot we reached the spot. There was a heavy swell round this island-rock, and we had great difficulty in landing. We determined to anchor the yacht about half a mile off, and proceed to the island in the boat with two of our men. Thinking we might like to spend the day there, we took with us two bags of rice, a basket

of oranges, some loaves of bread, some peas and beans for soup, and utensils and wood for cooking. In order to afford a seat for the children, a tin chest from the cabin, full of a variety of provisions, was put in the boat's stern, and we embarked, my wife expressing a regret that the provisions had not been emptied out lest they should make the boat too heavy. With great difficulty we managed to run the boat into a chasm about twenty feet wide and one hundred feet long in the cliff, which was high and very precipitous. This chasm formed a miniature harbor, where the boat could lie without any danger of being swamped, in deep water close to the cliff, against which it was moored to a projecting rock, as to an artificial quay. It was a considerable scramble to get out of the boat and up the cliff; we just managed it, and landing our provisions, one of our men made a fire and acted as cook, while we wandered over the island, and explored the cave. It was, in fact, a sort of twin cavern, two branches having one entrance; that on the right-hand side was about a hundred and fifty feet deep, and was not tenanted, as it had no exit; that on the left hand was a tunnel of even greater length, and about forty feet high; it was the nesting-place of many sea-birds; cormorants, puffins, guillemots, razorbills, several species of sea-gulls, the arctic tern and gannet very abundant, and a few pairs of the shear-water; of some sort we took a good many eggs. We packed baskets with at least one hundred dozen. I did not shoot, as I did not like disturbing the birds, they were so tame, being but little accustomed to the visits of man. There were some goats on the island, which we conjectured had swam ashore from a shipwrecked vessel.

'This plateau, which was the highest part of the island, was reached by a path ascending about 200 feet. It was a beautiful emerald meadow bounded by almost precipitous cliffs, which my eldest boy and I climbed up, but my wife declined the ascent. At about five we sat down to our dinner of pea-soup, boiled cabbage, bread, haricot beans, batter pudding, and fruit.

'We were seated in the entrance of the cave, when suddenly a storm sprang up. The wind was so violent, that though we

sadly wished it we did not deem it prudent to get into our boat, to rejoin the yacht. One of the sailors went on a high part of the island to observe, and soon informed us that the yacht had apparently dragged its anchor, and was fast disappearing.

'We were all in a sad dilemma. Leaving my dinner unfinished, I with my eldest son went up the cliff; the yacht was nowhere to be seen, and the wind was so violent that we were hardly able to keep our feet on the cliff. I came down and said we should be obliged to pass the night on the island. Accordingly, the sailors brought out of the boat all we had left in it, including some shawls, a large fur rug, and two sails and a quantity of tarpaulin, which we had intended to sit on had the ground been damp. Lighting a small lamp, I made a careful survey of the right-hand cavern; it was not straight, but turned at a sharp angle; the floor was dry, as were also the walls. I collected a heap of loose dry sand eight or ten feet long by as many feet wide, and in this I spread the tarpaulin, and over this some shawls. As it got dark, myself, wife, and three children lay down on this extemporised bed, covering ourselves with the large fur rug. The wind made a great noise. The sailors lay down a short distance from us, wrapped in the sails. The next morning between five and six, we were all up, and I made an inventory of our provisions. We had about eight pounds of oatmeal, about the same quantity of haricot beans, about fourteen pounds of lentils, about twelve pounds of maize flour, three pounds of arrowroot, two pounds of potatoes, a cabbage, four loaves of bread, and about a dozen oranges. With economy, we had vegetarian provisions to last a fortnight, if we could get fresh water—as yet we had found none. In the cavern where the sea-birds were, there was a patch of green moss on the wall, nearly obscuring a deep crack, extending for some yards into the rock. On putting my ear to the crack I distinctly heard water dropping. I tied a towel to a walking-stick and poked it into the crack, and pulled out the towel dripping. By dint of probing the rock, I increased the supply, and at last was enabled to get an oar into the crack, which,

being placed obliquely, acted as a lead to the water, which now trickled down sufficiently fast to fill a tin can of a gallon capacity in about a quarter of an hour. I considered this providential. We were on this island ten days, and slept in the same manner. During the day we kept a sail on an oar attached to the boat's mast, on the highest part of the island, as a signal of distress. We saw several vessels, but they did not come near the island. At last a smack lay to, and sent a boat to the island, and in about an hour we were on board the smack. On the island we adhered strictly to our vegetarian diet, substituting sea-fowls' eggs for hens' eggs.\*

'The sailors killed and roasted two kids.

'The smack put us on shore at Dingle Bay, and after a month's travel in Ireland we returned home, and heard that our sailors, taking advantage of our absence, had drunk too much of the store of rum they had provided at their own expense for the voyage, and that the vessel, becoming unmanageable, had capsized, the two men and pilot being drowned, the boy alone escaping, and, clinging to the keel of the yacht, he was picked up a few hours after. The yacht was righted by some fishermen, and eventually brought to the Isle of Man, where she was claimed by her owners, who had to pay a salvage of 70*l*. As this incident had occurred during my hiring of her, I recouped them of part, and received back my baggage, not so very much injured as I expected. At the bottom of our box of provisions were some seeds from our garden, which we were carrying to distribute amongst the poor Irish at the places where we landed; so, thinking that some future shipwrecked wanderers might be benefited thereby, I cleared a patch of ground and planted carrot, parsnip, and cabbage seed, before I left the little island; hoping, but not expecting, the goats would leave the tender vegetables unmolested.

'I had been married about sixteen years, when I resolved to print a pamphlet on the subject of vegetarianism, giving my experiences and those of my

\* Vegetarians usually admit a diet including milk, cheese, butter, and eggs.

wife and family. I gave away two thousand copies, and with some result, for they were the means of adding over forty to the vegetarian flock. In this pamphlet I propounded a scheme for the renovation of my neighborhood on vegetarian principles. At this time I employed about eight servants, male and female, in the house and garden. I gave the men 14s. a week to find themselves, and they were allowed a certain proportion of such common vegetables as potatoes, carrots, turnips, and onions free. Being married men, they had each a distinct cottage, large and comfortable, with an ornamental flower garden in front and a fruit garden at the back. They were built in the Gothic style, after my own design. Each of them kept bees and fowls for their own profit. Their style of living was the envy of all their neighbors. I allowed none of them to take lodgers, and insisted on cleanliness; no rooms were papered, but all were whitewashed annually. During the many years that have elapsed since the first cottage was built according to this plan, I have added to them, until the number has reached fourteen. They are mostly inhabited by Scotchmen. They are all temperance men, anti-tobacco, and mostly vegetarians. I do not give a man a cottage to himself until he is married to a clean, orderly, industrious woman. My laborers' children turn out well.

'One cottage is inhabited by my second gardener and his wife, without children. She teaches the boys and girls of the other cottages, and has done so for twenty years. I pay her 30*l.* a year. She was a trained schoolmistress before she was married. My head gardener is a religious man, and holds Divine service in one of my barns, for about a hundred persons connected with the estate. It is like a mothers' meeting, children of all ages being present. I am not sorry for this, for the parson of the neighborhood is a great man for beef and beer, and his influence I dread on my little Arcadia. My head gardener now and then gives a lecture on vegetarianism in school-rooms, and we two have drawn up a table suggestive of expenditure for rich and poor. Out of his wages he keeps his father and mother and two maiden aunts, comfortably, at an expenditure of

about 7*s.* per week. He is an Aberdeenshire man, and about forty years of age. I hope his eldest son will become an eminent man; and I am paying for his education at one of the universities, on account of his extraordinary ability and fine natural disposition, and also on account of the respect which I feel for his father, who has helped me to carry out my principles on my estate. This man's parents and aunts live in Aberdeenshire, and have never been on the parish. The laird gives them three rooms over an outhouse at 6*d.* a week. They spend 2*s.* a week on oatmeal, and 1*s.* a week on milk. They grow vegetables enough to make a stew for dinner; 1*s.* worth of flour gives them a meal of bread in the evening. They eat their bread without butter, but with their vegetable soup made either of peas or beans; 3*d.* buys what condiments or groceries they require. They are always clean and tidy, and gather what fuel they need from the peat on the moor. The blind aunts are very strong, whereas the father is very feeble. They work the garden and collect the wood, he going with them to lead them on their way. My gardener has drawn up a table showing how an adult man may supply himself with wholesome food, lodging, and clothing, at 7*s.* 6*d.* per week on vegetarian principles. He can get a room unfurnished for 1*s.* a week; he can get attendance to a certain extent for 1*s.* a week extra; his bread bill need not be more than 1*s.* 6*d.* per week; 1*s.* 6*d.* for green vegetables including potatoes; 6*d.* for butter or oil; 6*d.* for cocoa; and 6*d.* for groceries; 6*d.* for clothing; 6*d.* for washing. So the money is spent.

'Some of my gardeners' sons trained on the estate spend no more when they go away from it. In one of them, named Dickenson, I have always taken a great interest, as he was the first born on the estate, and for a humble working man he has had a glorious career. At sixteen I gave him 16*s.* a week for attending to my stove plants. At fourteen he had 10*s.* a week. When he was eighteen a nobleman's steward saw him, and offered him 30*s.* a week to superintend a great stove house. As I could not give such wages I let him go, but with great reluctance. He wrote to his father that although he got 30*s.* a week and many

perquisites, yet he limited his expenditure to 8s. a week until they offered to feed him and house him, when he cut down his expenditure to 3s. a week. He could have had the best of meat, but he still preferred the vegetarian diet, and he induced two of the other servants, who were much troubled with indigestion, to become vegetarians. This vegetarian movement in the servants' hall attracted the notice of the nobleman, who was much pleased to hear of it. By the greater use of vegetables than had been done formerly, especially by the introduction of potatoe pie, haricot-bean stew, and macaroni as every-day dishes in the servants' hall, a saving of 500*l.* per annum was effected in the commissariat of the vast establishment; therefore the nobleman was well satisfied, and presented my young Dickenson with a gold watch and chain, value 36*l.*, with an inscription, acknowledging his economy and fidelity. Dickenson's head was not turned by all this, although his wages were soon after raised to 3*l.* per week and all food found. When the nobleman died his successor presented Dickenson with 250*l.*, accompanied by a flattering letter, and retained him in his service at a salary of 200*l.* a year, Dickenson still living as he did before. After eighteen years' service he was pensioned off with 100*l.* per annum, and now has a nursery of his own, and is reputed to be worth between 7,000*l.* and 8,000*l.*, although he is not more than forty years of age. He has married lately a most frugal but accomplished governess, who has saved 2,000*l.* She was not a vegetarian when he married her, but is so now. I am as proud of Dickenson as if he was my own son. His sister is a most exemplary vegetarian governess; she has induced no less than eight families, with whom she has lived, to become vegetarians, and from her economy in her dress she has saved in the course of twenty years of governessing 400*l.* On her showing me her bank-book I added 100*l.* to it, and said if she saved 1,000*l.* during my lifetime I would add 500*l.* to it. She is trying hard, and her brother has given her 110*l.* towards it.

'My eldest unmarried daughter keeps my domestic accounts most beautifully, and audits those of any of the people I employ, with the object of impressing

on them the advantages of economy. I have intimated to my children that in proportion as they save they shall inherit. This may be an excess of paternal government in the estimation of many, but it has had a most beneficial effect. My family are so methodical and self-denying that they are said to realise some people's idea of Quakers; but I have had little intercourse with that sect. The success of my own offspring, and the prosperity of my household and establishment, as you remarked to me, seem to be due to an exceptional combination of qualities and circumstances—in my wife and myself in the first instance, and, secondly, in those I employ, who are somewhat like myself. This is true, I will admit, but it does not militate against the great principle as laid down in the Bible, that 'the hand of the diligent maketh rich,' that 'industry has its sure reward,' and that those who honor their parents shall receive blessing. I have done more for my parents than all my brothers and sisters united, and I have received more blessing than all my brothers and sisters united. Pardon my egotism.

'I will give you a few facts of vegetarians in our county. A squire and magistrate, with 2,000*l.* a year, used to spend 1,500*l.* as a flesh-eater; he now spends 1,150*l.*, and is more comfortable, as a vegetarian. A barrister, whose doctor assured him that he should take three meals of meat and a bottle of wine daily for his health's sake, now finds that by a vegetarian and temperance diet his expenses are reduced more than one-half, his health is better, and there is a corresponding increase of vigor and power of sustaining labor, such as he never before knew. A struggling clergyman, whose custom induced, he called it "compelled," to take three meals of meat daily, was under this system always in debt, and obliged to send the church-wardens round every Christmas, to ask for means to pay his way: now on the vegetarian diet he balances his income and expenditure, and is able to carry forward a few pounds every quarter. I believe, from more than forty years' experience of the vegetarian diet, that were it generally adopted nine-tenths of the pauperism and crime would disappear, that England would be able to supply herself with all

the home-grown corn she requires, and that the National Debt, if deemed desirable, could be paid off in thirty years.

'I corresponded regularly with my parents, and they, hearing I was getting into comfortable circumstances, would frequently write me complaints of poverty. To these I responded by remittances of money, and at this time wrote to my father saying I would allow him 25*l.* a year and my mother a similar amount. I visited my father about once in two years, but always took a lodging and took my meals apart from him, for he was an inveterate smoker and a great beer-drinker, and filled his snuff-box three times weekly. I once made a random calculation, that he had wasted 1,500*l.* on stimulants in his life. These reflections prevented me from being more liberal to him. If I had given him 100*l.* a year, I only know he would have spent more on cigars. He would have bought wine at 6*s.* a bottle, and, perhaps, have increased his consumption of snuff. On getting a legacy of 75*l.* once, 40*l.* of it went to pay his publican's bill. One day my father wrote asking me to accommodate my youngest brother and two sisters a few weeks that they might see the sights of the town and get change of air. I wrote to my father that my wife and I would be very glad to see them, but they must not expect us to make any change in our vegetarian and temperance diet, but at the same time intimating that our style of living was very comfortable. There was an amount of formality between me and my father; he would sometimes call me, in derision, the Joseph of the family, because I went away from the rest and got rich, and I held his ill-success in life to be owing to his improvidence and self-indulgence, and feared he might want me to keep the whole family in idleness; accordingly I was not very much pleased at his proposal to send my sisters and younger brother to me. However, I assented, and they came. My elder sister, Mary Ann, was one of those sulky, vain, indolent natures, which neither my wife nor I can sympathise with at all. Public opinion was her god and Mrs. Grundy her godmother. One day she said to my wife, "I wonder you can endure to live as you do with your means; it strikes me as being very poor and miserable.

Most people of your means have three meals of meat a day. Do you never feel tired of the vegetables?" My wife said no, and that she did not think she could preserve the same health and strength on a meat diet. My wife rose at six and went to bed at half-past ten, whereas Mary Ann and her sister could not get down to breakfast till ten at home; but when they were with us we took care to have the breakfast cleared away at eight, so that if they came down at ten they had to wait till lunch before they got anything to eat. This strict commissariat roused Mary Ann two hours sooner than usual.

'Mary Ann was fantastic in her dress, and talked a great deal of nonsense to the servants, endeavoring to make them discontented with the vegetarian diet, and one of them gave notice to leave in consequence; so I thought it was time to settle with my sisters, and I placed them in a lodging and gave them 2*l.* a week to feed themselves as they chose, but they were welcome to come to our meals when they liked. To my surprise, although professing abhorrence of a vegetarian diet, they all came to take dinner and tea with us. My sisters were without watches or jewellery of any kind, and begged me to supply them. This I did, at a cost of about 40*l.* My other sisters living at home, as well as those married and away, hearing of these gifts, wrote to me and demanded similar presents almost as a matter of right. I complied, although it cost me 120*l.* more. I began to be weary of my family connections; they were no comfort to me, and my elder daughters began to be impertinent in consequence of the example of their aunts. My wife and I, when they left, resolved to drop all intercourse with them, lest the evil association might impair the discipline of our house.

'After staying six months instead of a few weeks, my sisters and little brother left, saying they would probably come again about the same time next year. True to their promise they appeared the next year, and asked me to take a lodging for them as before. As they had come without any invitation, I thought that I would now for the first time read them a moral lecture, which, for the sake of the other members of the family, I



put in the form of a letter, which was a good deal to the following effect. I have a copy of it in my letter-book at home. It began :

Dear Mary Ann, and my Sisters and Brothers,—After some prayer, I consider it my solemn duty to write to you, and warn you of your dangerous position. There is not one of you that fears God: you all are steeped in self-indulgence of one kind or another. I won't mention names, but I put it to your consciences whether any of you has ever denied him or her self to do any good action, whether or not you have not lived lives purely selfish. You wrangled and quarrelled like vultures at your meals, each demanding the largest share. You girls esteemed it degrading to make your own clothes when your milliner's rags were worn out, and adopted a style of dress which to my mind seemed a burlesque. You were at good schools, but you were too indolent to make good use of them; and your brothers have spent a small fortune on stimulants. Your marriages have all been contemptible. Finally, let me say, I have no respect for any of you, but, as I fear God, I will not see you want. Those of you, married and single, who will become vegetarians and renounce stimulants, I will endeavor to assist in life, provided you bring up your children as vegetarians. But I shall renounce all connection with those relatives who do not in six months become vegetarians. I feel impelled to do so by a sense of duty.

'I had this letter printed, and sent a copy to all my brothers and sisters; most of them replied, and said they would consider the proposal. Of my numerous brothers and sisters, none were at this time in prosperous circumstances, and yet they had all had a much better chance than I; more money had been spent on their education, and all of them had some legacies left them by an uncle, who left me nothing, as I was supposed to be separated from the rest.

'After spending about 15,000*l.* on endeavoring to benefit my brothers and sisters and their children, I have determined to spend no more money on them, as they are incorrigibly self-indulgent, reckless, and vainglorious, but keep all my money for my own offspring and those whom I can morally respect. Do you not think I am right, Mr. Napier?

'I will now tell you the state of my family. They are all healthy and well formed, luxuriant in hair, sound in teeth, and much better proportioned in feature and figure than usual. I confess, sir, that I take no small pleasure in my family. Even my married children do nothing of importance without consulting me. I share my income liberally with them, but they with commendable prudence live plainly and economically, and save much; some are better at it than others, but I cannot complain of any of them; they are liberal too. My grown-up sons spend a tenth of their incomes on moral and religious purposes. I do not devote much time to business now—not much more than three hours daily; literary, scientific, and other intellectual pursuits fill up the rest of my time.'

The vegetarian's wife described their mansion in the country as containing thirty rooms, among which is a fine picture gallery ninety feet long; about twenty conservatories and thirty gardeners are attached to the house. By the sale of early fruits and vegetables, and the rearing of certain orchids, the great expense of this wholesale gardening is reduced to about 1,000*l.* a year, which her husband does not wish this hobby to exceed. He grows grapes throughout the greater part of the year, and pineapples also, so that the dessert fruit on his table is scarcely to be surpassed. His entire living expenses do not exceed 3,000*l.* a year, although his income is something like six times that amount. Sometimes he will spend 3,000*l.* a year in relieving distress, as he did at the time of the cotton famine. His wife said he is so shy and reserved with people in general that he avoids society; but rich people are sought after, and he sometimes receives a thousand begging letters in the year. He thought his life ought to be written, and added as an appendix to Mr. Smiles's *Self-Help*; and so I have sent this sketch of it for publication.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

## LETTER ON MODERN WARFARE.

BY JOHN RUSKIN.

*To the Editor of Fraser's Magazine.*

SIR,—The article on modern warfare in your last June number\* contains statements of so great importance to public interests that I do not hesitate to ask you to spare me space for a question or two respecting it, which by answering, your contributor may make the facts he has brought forward more valuable for practical issues.

The statistics given in the second column of page 695, on which 'P. S. C.' rests his 'incontestable' conclusion, that 'battles are less sanguinary than they were,' are incomplete in this vital respect, that they furnish us only with the proportion, and not with the total number, of combatants slain. A barricade fight between a mob of rioters a thousand strong, and a battery of artillery, in which fifty reformers get shot, is not 'less sanguinary' than a street quarrel between three toppers, of whom one gets knocked on the head with a pewter pot: though no more than the twentieth part of the forces on one side fall in the first case, and a third of the total forces engaged, in the second. Nor could it be proved, by the exhibition of these proportions of loss, that the substitution of explosive shells, as offensive weapons, for pewter pots, rendered wounds less painful, or war more humane.

Now, the practical difference between ancient and modern war as carried on by civilized nations, is, broadly, of this kind. Formerly, the persons who had quarrelled settled their differences by the strength of their own arms, at the head of their retainers, with comparatively inexpensive weapons, such as they could conveniently wield; weapons which they had paid for out of their own pockets, and with which they struck only the people they meant to strike. While, now-a-days, persons who quarrel fight at a distance, with mechanical apparatus, for the manufacture of which they have taxed the public, and which will kill anybody who happens to be in the way; gathering at the same time, to put into the

way of them, as large a quantity of senseless and innocent mob as can be beguiled, or compelled, to the slaughter. So that, in the words of your contributor, 'Modern armies are not now small fractions of the population whence they are drawn; they represent—in fact, are—whole nations in arms.' I have only to correct this somewhat vague and rhetorical statement by pointing out that the persons in arms, led out for mutual destruction, are by no means 'the whole nation' on either side, but only the individuals of it who are able-bodied, honest, and brave, selected to be shot, from among its invalids, rogues, and cowards.

The deficiencies in your contributor's evidence as to the totality of loss do not, however, invalidate his conclusion that, out of given numbers engaged, the mitrailleuse kills fewer than the musket. It is, nevertheless, a very startling conclusion, and one not to be accepted without closer examination of the statistics on which it is based. I will, therefore, tabulate them in a simpler form, which the eye can catch easily, omitting only one or two instances which add nothing to the force of the evidence.

In the six undernamed battles of bygone times, there fell, according to your contributor's estimate, out of the total combatants—

At Austerlitz . . . .	1/7
Jena . . . .	1/6
Waterloo . . . .	1/5
Marengo . . . .	1/4
Salamanca . . . .	1/3
Eylau . . . .	1/2½

while in the undernamed five recent battles, the proportion of loss was—

At Königgratz . . . .	1/15
Gravelotte . . . .	1/12
Solferino . . . .	1/11
Worth . . . .	1/11
Sedan . . . .	1/10

Now, there is a very important difference in the character of the battles named in these two lists. Every one of the first six was decisive, and both sides knew that it must be so when the engagement began, and did their best to win.

\* Reproduced in ECLECTIC for August.

But Königgratz was only decisive by sudden and appalling demonstration of the power of a new weapon. Solferino was only half fought, and not followed up because the French Emperor had exhausted his *corps d'élite* at Magenta, and could not (or, at least, so it is reported) depend on his troops of the line. Worth was an experiment; Sedan a discouraged ruin; Gravelotte was, I believe, well contested, but I do not know on what extent of the line, and we have no real evidence as to the power of modern machines for death, until the proportions are calculated, not from the numbers engaged, but from those under fire for equal times. Now, in all the upper list of battles, probably every man of both armies was under fire, and some of the regiments under fire for half the day; while in the lower list of battles only fragments of the line were hotly engaged, and the dispute on any point reaching its intensity would be ended in half an hour.

That the close of contest is so rapid may indeed be one of the conditions of improvement in our military system alleged by your correspondent, and the statistics he has brought forward do indeed clearly prove one of two things—either that modern weapons do not kill, or that modern soldiers do not fight, as effectually as in old times. I do not know if this is thought a desirable change in military circles; but I, as a poor civilian, beg to express my strong objections to being taxed six times over what I used to be, either for the equipment of soldiers who rarely fight, or the manufacture of weapons which rarely kill. It may be perfectly true that our last cruise on the Baltic was 'less sanguinary' than that which concluded in Copenhagen. But we shook hands with the Danes after fighting them, and the differences between us were ended: while our expensive contemplation of the defences of Cronstadt leaves us still in daily dread of an inspection by the Russian of those of Calcutta.

It is true that the ingenuity of our inventors is far from being exhausted, and that in a few years more we may be able to destroy a regiment round a corner and bombard a fleet over the horizon; but I believe the effective result of these crowning scientific successes will only

be to confirm the at present partial impression on the minds of military and naval officers, that their duty is rather to take care of their weapons than to use them. 'England will expect' of her generals and admirals to maintain a dignified moral position as far as possible out of the enemy's sight: and in a perfectly scientific era of seamanship we shall see two adverse fleets affected by a constant law of mutual repulsion at distances of two or three hundred miles; while, in either squadron, an occasional collision between the leading ships, or inexplicable foundering of the last improved ones, will make these prudential manœuvres on the whole as destructive of the force, and about ten times more costly to the pocket, of the nation than the ancient, and, perhaps, more honorable tactics of poorly-armed pugnacity.

There is, however, one point touched upon in 'P. S. C.'s' letter, to me the most interesting of all, with respect to which the data for accurate comparison of our former and present systems are especially desirable, though it never seems to have occurred to your correspondent to collect them—the estimates, namely, of the relative destruction of civil property.

Of wilful destruction, I most thankfully acknowledge the cessation in Christian warfare; and in the great change between the day of the sack of Magdeburg and that of the march into Paris, recognise a true sign of the approach of the reign of national peace. But of inevitable destruction—of loss inflicted on the peasant by the merely imperative requirements and operations of contending armies—it will materially hasten the advent of such peace, if we ascertain the increasing pressure during our nominally mollified and merciful war. The agricultural losses sustained by France in one year are estimated by your correspondent at one hundred and seventy millions of pounds. Let him add to this sum the agricultural loss necessitated in the same year throughout Germany through the withdrawal of capital from productive industry, for the maintenance of her armies; and of labor from it by their composition; and, for third item, add the total cost of weapons, horses, and ammunition on both sides; and let him then inform us whether the cost, thus summed, of a year's actual war between

two European States, is supposed by military authorities to be fairly representative of that which the settlement of political dispute between any two such Powers, with modern instruments of battle, will on an average, in future, involve. If so, I will only venture further to suggest that the nations minded thus to try their quarrel should at least raise the stakes for their match before they make the ring: instead of drawing bills for them upon futurity. For that the money-lenders whose pockets are filled, while everybody else's are emptied, by recent military finance, should occultly exercise irresistible influence, not only on the development of our—according to your contributor—daily more harmless armaments, but also on the deliberation

of Cabinets, and passions of the populace, is inevitable under present circumstances; and the exercise of such influence, however advantageous to contractors and projectors, can scarcely be held consistent either with the honor of a Senate or the safety of a State.

I am, Sir,  
Your faithful servant,  
J. RUSKIN.

P.S.—I wish I could get a broad approximate estimate of the expenditure in money, and loss of men by France and Prussia in the respective years of Jena and Sedan, and by France and Austria in the respective years of Arcole and Solferino.—*Fraser's Magazine*.

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IN TOWN.

BY AUSTIN DOBSON.

"The blue fly sings in the pane."—TENNYSON.

GRINDING in town now is "horrid,"  
(There is that woman again!)  
Sun beating down on one's forehead,  
Thought gets dry in the brain.

There is that woman again:  
"Strawberries! fourpence a pottle!"  
Thought gets dry in the brain;  
Ink gets dry in the bottle.

"Strawberries! fourpence a pottle!"  
O for the green of a lane!  
Ink gets dry in the bottle;  
"Buzz" goes a fly in the pane!

O for the green of a lane!  
O to lie down and be lazy!  
"Buzz" goes a fly in the pane;  
Bluebottles drive me crazy!

O to lie down and be lazy!  
Careless of town and all in it!  
Bluebottles drive me crazy:  
I shall go mad in a minute!

Careless of town and all in it,  
With some one to soothe and to still  
you;  
I shall go mad in a minute.  
Bluebottle, then I shall kill you!

With some one to soothe and to still you,  
As only one's feminine kin do;  
Bluebottle, then I shall kill you:  
There! I have broken the window.

As only one's feminine kin do,—  
Some MABEL, or ETHEL, or GRACIE!  
There! I have broken the window!  
Bluebottle! *abi in pace!*

Some MABEL, or ETHEL, or GRACIE  
To dash one with eau de Cologne;  
Bluebottle! *abi in pace!*  
And why should I stay here alone!

To dash one with eau de Cologne,  
All over one's talented forehead!  
And why should I stay here alone!  
Grinding in town now is "horrid!"  
*Good Words.*

## HER DEAREST FOE.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER, AUTHOR OF "THE WOOING O'T," ETC.

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

WELCOME as he ever was, Tom Reed was perhaps never so anxiously looked for as on the present occasion. Kate felt that he could disentangle the ravelled skein of her affairs; that he only could deal with Trapes; and his tact so manipulate the difficulties with which her relations to Galbraith bristled, as to effect a fair division of the property she hoped to prove her own, without letting Galbraith know her identity till it was accomplished.

Kate enjoyed the rare advantage of being in sympathy with her adviser. Generally an adviser is an enemy, whose opinions, ranged under a different banner from one's own, are to be in some way circumvented or twisted into accord with the advised; or, possessing sufficient weight to impose them upon the hearer, they are so often acted upon in an unwilling spirit as to neutralise their possible good effect.

But there was a real accord between Tom Reed and the young widow; even when they differed, each knew that he or she was thoroughly understood by the other.

Fanny was of course in a state of unconcealable joy. She had stolen half an hour in the afternoon to compound a lobster currie for the late dinner or early supper at which Tom was expected. A low and mundane method of preparing for a lover's reception, perhaps, in the reader's opinion, but—ask the lover's!

The trains between Stoneborough and Pierstofte were by no means patterns of punctuality, and the friends agreed not to expect Tom till quite half an hour after he was due. That half an hour was nearly exhausted, when their attention was diverted by the entrance of Mills with a note, an untidy note without an envelope, and fastened by a wafer. It was directed to T. Reed, Esq., in a very intoxicated-looking hand.

"This has just been brought by a boy from the *Shakespeare Inn*, ma'am, and he wants to know if Mr. Tom is come."

"Say he has not, but we expect him

every moment," replied Mrs. Temple, scanning the note critically. "This is from Trapes, no doubt."

"Don't you think we might open it?" insinuated Fanny, laying a couple of covetous little fingers on it. "It is all about yourself, of course. I really think you might read it, Kate."

"You impatient puss! I think we might wait for Tom to read his own correspondence. He will be here in a quarter of an hour if he comes at all."

"Ah, Kate, that is a cruel 'if'!"

"Never fear, Fan——. There, there is some conveyance stopping at the door. Here he is, and I shall run away!"

"Indeed, Kate, indeed you need not!"

But Kate was gone. The next moment a hearty hug, a long, loving kiss, put everything and every one save the donor out of Fanny's head. "It seems a hundred years since I saw you, my darling," cried Tom, who, though looking a little thin and worn, was in high spirits and full of animation. "You little, ungrateful, saucy coquette! you are as blooming and bright as if I had been at your elbow all the time! Where is the pale cheek and tear-dimmed eyes that ought to show the sincerity with which you mourned my absence, and the severe mental arithmetic you exercised counting the days till I came?"

"Ah, Tom, I should have had a dash of uncertainty to reduce me to the proper condition of paleness and dimness. But I know you, and I am at rest;" a small responsive hug and some half-uttered ejaculations interrupted, as may be imagined.

"I see I do not go the right way to work to show what a valuable article I am!" cried Tom.

"If you worried, or gave me any trouble, I should not care a straw about you," said Fanny, with a pretty moan.

"Now let me call Kate, she is dying to see you."

"I think she might give us a few minutes more law."

"Oh, here, Tom, is a note for you!" cried Fanny, darting to the mantelpiece



and taking it down. "I believe it is from that strange man, Mr. Trapes."

"Trape!" echoed Tom, in much surprise. "How does he know that I am here?"

"Oh because—but I will leave Kate to tell everything. Just do look at the note!"

"There! you may discount your rights, if you choose," said Tom laughing, and handing the scrawled morsel of paper to her.

"What a hand! What is that word?"

"Seriously."

"Read it to me, dear Tom?"

"My dear Reed,—I am seriously ill, and cannot go to see you as I promised Mrs. T——. I feel as if I was near the end of the race, and nowhere! Look in on me, like a brick, to-morrow. Yours,

"G. TRAPES."

"If Trapes knocks up, he will not last long," said Tom gravely; "but call Mrs. Travers. I long to hear all about everything!"

"Now tell me how you unearthed Trapes," asked Tom.

They were sitting round the fire after dinner, Mrs. Temple having insisted on his refreshing himself before going into any discussion of business.

"He came to the surface of his own accord," she replied, and proceeded to describe her encounter with him clearly and shortly, till she came to the part performed by Galbraith, where she broke down for an instant, paused, collected herself, and continued her narrative by a decided abridgment. "When I was sufficiently recovered to walk home, Sir Hugh Galbraith was good enough to come part of the way, and I have not seen him since." She then passed rapidly on to Trapes's evening visit, and his remarkable boast: "I can produce the man who drew out the will, two or three months after Mr. Travers's death; and I can produce the man that employed him to do it!"

"This is very extraordinary," said Tom, when Kate ceased speaking. "If Trapes can make good his promise, of course your success is an accomplished fact. But I must warn you that my former acquaintance is given to the wildest romancing at times. Still, I believe he does know something of importance.

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One point, however, I must press upon you, Mrs. Temple: do not see this scamp any more—leave him to me."

"Most willingly and thankfully, dear Tom."

"Very well. Now, do you think he recognised Galbraith?"

"No; I do not think he did."

"Mind," continued Tom, "I don't think it matters a straw whether he tells his tale to Galbraith or to you, if he can support it; for, of course, a man of Galbraith's position and character would not for a moment hesitate about restoring your rights. All I want to make sure of before we stir in the matter is, to be prepared with irresistible proof. As things are at present, we should only be knocking our heads against the stone wall of a long lawsuit were you to move. However, you must leave Trapes to me."

There was a pause, during which Tom appeared lost in thought—a condition which Kate and Fanny respected too much to disturb. At last he roused himself, and assumed the attitude peculiar to Britons when about to dictate or domineer—that is, he placed himself on the hearth-rug, with his back to the fire. "It was a remarkable, though fortunate accident that Sir Hugh Galbraith came to your assistance. Is it permitted to ask what brought him to Pierstofte just in the nick of time?" And Tom, with an air of comical solemnity, paused for a reply.

Kate crimsoned even over her little ears, but answered steadily, though in a low voice, "No, Tom, you must not ask. I cannot tell you any fibs, so I would rather say nothing."

"Ahem!—and in spite of this gallant rescue and unexpected appearance—I presume it was unexpected?"

"Most unexpected!" she returned.

"You are determined to carry the war into the enemy's country?"

"Quite determined," said Kate, rising and coming to the fire, where she leant against the chimneypiece, "if I can bring an overwhelming force to bear upon his position."

"Do you mean to say," exclaimed Tom quickly, darting one of his keenest glances at the fair, downcast face before him, "that you have any fresh cause for vengeance?"

"For vengeance? oh, no!" she return-

ed, looking frankly into his eyes. "My opinion of Sir Hugh is changed for the better. It is for his sake as well as my own that I wish matters hurried on."

"You are incomprehensible!" he returned, less amiably than usual.

"Then do not try to comprehend me," she said, gently laying her hand on his arm, "but act as if the chapter of accidents had never brought Hugh Galbraith to lodge under my roof—continue to be my best friend as you have been."

"You generally make slaves of your friends," replied Tom resignedly. "However, I have not opened my budget yet. I saw Wall this morning. He had just had S——'s opinion, and showed it to me. He considers that there are grounds for taking criminal proceedings against Poole."

"And will Mr. Wall arrest him, then?" asked Kate anxiously.

"No. He would in the first instance summon Poole to answer the charge of having wilfully perjured himself by swearing that he was present when Mr. Travers executed the second will. But, as nothing could be done till Monday, I advised his waiting my return before he took any step, thinking there might be something in your idea, that Trape could give us information that would implicate Ford."

"And he can, depend upon it, Tom!" said Kate thoughtfully. "I dropped a hint that perhaps his information might be more valuable to Mr. Ford than to me, and I saw his countenance change unmistakably."

"You should be exceedingly cautious what you let out to a man like Trape," returned Tom. "There is no telling what mischief he might make of anything—or nothing."

"I do not think I did my cause any harm by my remark, but it certainly affected Mr. Trape."

"Well, I shall probably find out tomorrow. I am not sorry the poor devil is obliged to keep his room. Men of his type are always easier to manage when they feel the grip of their proprietor upon them! Do you know, I have always been sorry for Trape. He was a very pleasant, good-natured fellow once, seven or eight years ago—never quite free from a dash of the blackguard, but would per-

haps have kept right if he had fallen into better hands."

"Perhaps," said Kate doubtfully. "Yet I imagine, if we could open such a man's head or heart, and look at the works as you do at your watch, we should find some weak or imperfect mechanism—some faulty bits in which the tempter can insert the point of his wedge."

"Still, with different influences, he might have been a different man."

Kate, gazing at the fire, made no reply.

"The long and short of it is," said Fanny, with sly gravity, "he had not your adamantine firmness, Tom! At any rate," with a pleasant, almost tender smile, "Kate and I are inclined to believe that the main-spring of your heart's machinery works true and steadily." To which Tom's appropriate reply was a good, honest kiss, despite Kate's presence.

She smiled, and naturally inquired, "What have you two dear friends decided upon?"

"You mean as regards a joint establishment?" asked Tom. "I cannot get a distinct reply from your undecided assistant. I wanted her long ago to give a month's warning, and take another situation. I am glad to have a chance of pleading my cause before you, Mrs. Temple. As matters stand at present there is no reason why Fanny should not take me for better for worse, say,—come! I will be reasonable—this day fortnight! Meantime you might advertise the bazaar. You will easily dispose of it. Come, join us in London, be on the spot to enact the importunate widow, and make life a burden to old Wall! Come, now, like a brace of angels, say 'Done!' and we will arrange preliminaries before we sleep to-night."

"There is no particular reason why Fanny should not marry you," said Kate thoughtfully; "but I cannot leave Pierstiffe! This is not the most agreeable life to me nevertheless; I will not break up the little home I have made till the question I am about to raise is settled; then I shall in any case make a change."

"There!—I told you so," said Fanny; "and as long as Kate keeps in this stupid, odious, disagreeable shop, I will stay with her. You don't think I am of much use, I suppose," a little querulously;

for, though true to her friend, poor Fanny's heart had leaped with delight at the picture presented of going to live with Tom in London; "but I know Kate could not live without me, at least not comfortably—could you, Kate?"

"No, indeed!" heartily. "Tom, will you think me very selfish? Leave Fanny with me just a little longer. I feel we shall soon know something more of this will,—and—I do not know why, but I am very sad and fearful." She held out her hand, and her rich, soft voice faltered.

"My dear Mrs. Travers, you are our first consideration. It is a bargain. This case is postponed till this day month, when a decree will be given."

"Thank you, dear Tom. And now Fanny will entertain you. I feel weary and headachy, so will go to bed."

The next morning, after breakfast, Tom Reed announced his intention of going to see Trapes at once.

"Yes, do, Tom," said Mrs. Temple; "we can do nothing until we know what he has to reveal."

"Well, I shall go to church," remarked Fanny.

"And I will escort you there," added Tom. "Will you come?" addressing Kate.

"No, it would be a mockery. I could not attend to what was going on. I am too much on the stretch to know about Trapes. I shall pray at home."

Tom and his *fiancée* set out accordingly, and Kate bore the lonely waiting as best she could. Seated near the fire—her eyes fixed on the red coals, her thoughts roaming far and near—trying to picture to herself the effect of her claim upon Hugh Galbraith's temper and character, to recall the various indications of his nature which she had noticed, and from them to decide how he would take the final revelation. "I have done nothing wrong—nothing he has any real right to be angry with; yet will he not think that I ought to have told him the truth when I first refused him? But then, I never thought we should meet again. I never dreamed that I could care about him. I have such an extraordinary longing to vindicate my real self—the self he so doubts and despises—before he knows the truth; and if I do, how will he act? At present, he has some romance about me in his head, practical

and unimaginative as he is; how will it be when he knows who I really am? Will he shrink from the plebeian adventuress? He is very prejudiced; but he can love! Half-past twelve. Tom is having a long talk with that dreadful man. I earnestly hope I shall not have to prosecute any one."

In a few minutes more, Fanny came back.

"Oh, how glad I am to see you! I am dreadfully in the blues."

"Then it would have been much better for you to have been at church with me. The dean of some place preached such a splendid sermon!—made me feel as if I should like to clap some parts. The church was so crowded; lots of the county people were there. I saw Lady Styles and some ladies in the rector's pew. They put a strange gentleman into ours—a very elegant personage, I assure you. He was most attentive to me, and was good enough to offer me part of my own hymn-book! I don't think he imagined I looked sufficiently dignified to be even part proprietor of a pew. I found him there and I left him there, for I came out quickly, hoping to find Tom."

"He has not yet returned," said Kate languidly; "and as to your elegant neighbor, you had better see if your purse is safe! High-class pickpockets generally attend the preaching of eloquent divines—at least, in London."

"How disenchanting," cried Fanny, feeling rapidly in her pocket. "I thought he was an earl at least; not even disguised."

It was considerably past their usual dinner hour when Tom reappeared.

"I think you are right," said he to Kate. "He knows something of importance; but he is in a curious mood. Though well disposed to you, his ramshackle conscience seems to suggest some scruple about disclosing what he knows. He is in a state of great debility, and penniless; though I can see by the condition of his wardrobe that it is not long since he was flush of cash. He had been drinking very hard; and now he has an extraordinary craving to go back to town with me. I shall indulge him, and settle him under Mrs. Small's care for a few weeks, at any rate; he will then be safe, otherwise we shall lose him."

"But, Tom, this will cost you a quantity of money?"

"Not so very much; and when you have floored Sir Hugh, you shall repay me."

"Then, shall you take this man with you to town to-morrow?"

"Yes, by the eight o'clock train. Nothing later will suit me."

"And you have gathered nothing of what Trapes really knows?"

"Nothing; or next to nothing. However, be sure of this, that I shall never relax my hold of him till I *do* know."

"Thank you, dear Tom. And you believe it is not all talk, his boasted knowledge?"

"I do. The fellow *has* the secret, whatever it is."

#### CHAPTER XL.

THIS same Sunday evening settled down with the orthodox Sabbath gloom at Weston. Sir Marmaduke Styles's preserves were known to be well stocked, and his lively partner had a certain undercurrent of good nature in her gossip that gave her popularity in the minds of her kinsfolk and acquaintance. The autumn parties at Weston were therefore not to be despised; and when Galbraith so suddenly deserted his friend Upton, the latter, having lost the incentive Hugh's company would have lent to an excursion in the wild West of Ireland, applied for extension of leave, and availed himself of Lady Styles's renewed invitation.

The household being conducted on the country type, dinner was celebrated on Sundays at half-past six instead of half-past seven—why, it would be difficult to explain, as the alteration gave no help to the well-disposed servants who wished to attend evening service; but as it inconvenienced all parties, the arrangement probably fulfilled its end: at any rate, in keeping up the custom, Lady Styles experienced the conscious approving glow that ought to wait on self-sacrificing christianity.

The ladies had assembled in the drawing-room after dinner. It was a small party; three or four, besides the hostess, lounged comfortably round a glowing fire of wood and coal

'I have heard the Dean preach better

than to-day," Lady Styles was saying; "he had not his usual fire and go."

"A country congregation is perhaps refrigerating," remarked the Honorable Mrs. A——.

"Ha, ha, ha! I assure you Pierstoffe considers itself peculiarly intelligent or intellectual."

"There is a great difference between the terms, dear Lady Styles," said Miss Brandon, a handsome woman in the earliest period of the "turn of the leaf," who knew and could do nearly everything, save how to make a fortune, or pick one up, and who had a sort of relative's right to be at Weston in the autumn.

"A distinction without a difference, I suspect, Cecilia; at any rate, there was a very full attendance. I saw all the principal tradespeople there, except my *rara avis* of the Berlin Bazaar; but her friend and partner represented the house. By-the-way, if I am not much mistaken, they put Colonel Upton into her pew. I wish he could see the young widow. I should like to know his opinion of her."

"You must know," said Miss Brandon, in reply to an interrogative elevation of Mrs. A——'s eyebrows, "Lady Styles has a sort of '*rêve de quinze ans*' about two women who keep a fancy bazaar here. They certainly appear very distinguished compared with the Pierstoffe standard, but I think their elegance would pale beside Madame Elise's or Howell and James's young ladies. Their principal charm consists of a mystery which the joint efforts of Lady Styles and Doctor Slade have failed to elucidate."

"Doctor Slade!" cried her ladyship; "pray do not imagine I am a gossip like him. His gossip is of the commonest type—mere surface sweepings to amuse his lying-in women with." When speaking warmly Lady Styles was not always limited by sensitive delicacy in her phraseology. "He always imagines the most commonplace solution even to the most piquant mysteries. He has no grasp of mind, no real experience of the world."

"Doctor Slade is the man in a shirt frill, who is dining here to-day?" put in Mrs. A——.

"Yes; and what an enormous time they are sitting," continued the hostess.

"Barnes," to the butler, who appeared with tea, "have you taken coffee to the gentlemen?"

"Yes, my lady."

"It is always the case; that man always keeps Sir Marmaduke. He has a lot of old stories which Sir Marmaduke is accustomed to laugh at, and likes to hear over and over again. But for all that he is clever as a medical man. I believe his treatment of Sir Hugh Galbraith was masterly—he had concussion of the brain, compound fracture of the arm, various contusions, and I do not know what besides, and in two months he was nearly well. By-the-by, he—Galbraith I mean—lodged at my charming widow's, and I believe he never saw her but twice all the time he was there, she is such a prudent, dignified creature. Ah, here they are at last. Colonel Upton, did they not put you in the Berlin-wool pew at church to-day?"

"I cannot say," he returned, coming over and sitting down at the opposite side of the ottoman on which Lady Styles, in the splendor of her dinner-dress, was spread out. "I saw no Berlin-wool there, only a very pretty, piquant little girl. Who is she? The rector's daughter?"

"Nothing of the kind. Do you not remember, when you were last here, coming with me to the Berlin bazaar and buying a purse, and how disappointed you were because you could not see your friend Galbraith's landlady?"

"Yes, very well."

"Then the pretty girl is the assistant at the bazaar. I wonder why Mrs. Temple was not there. Perhaps she has gone away again."

"Has she been away lately?" asked Upton carelessly, as he helped himself to sugar.

"She was in London about a fortnight ago."

"I am really sorry to miss seeing this object of your speculations," said Upton meditatively, while he stirred his tea. "I suppose she often runs up to town?"

"No, scarcely ever. At the change of seasons—and——"

"This last expedition of hers," struck in Doctor Slade, "was rather disastrous—she had her pocket picked, and lost five pounds."

"You don't say so, Doctor; are you

sure? She has never mentioned the matter to me."

"Oh, I am quite correct, I assure you. I met little Miss Fanny, with a face of woe, going to the post-office for an order to replace it."

"Really I am quite sorry for her," said Lady Styles.

"A serious loss for a Berlin bazaar," remarked Upton. "Pray, when did it occur?"

"About three weeks ago. Why? Did you hear anything of it?"

"No——nothing," slowly and thoughtfully.

"I do protest, Willie," cried Lady Styles, with much animation, "I believe you know more than you say. Perhaps you were the pickpocket yourself—just to get an introduction? Do make a clean breast of it!"

Upton laughed. "I have not your acute curiosity about this fair shopwoman," he said, and he relapsed into silence, though an amused smile lingered on his lip and in his eyes.

"Come, Doctor," said Sir Marmaduke, who was setting forth the chessboard, "you must give me my revenge to-night."

The Honorable Mrs. A—— and Miss Brandon, followed by two or three young men who completed the party, sauntered to the music-room, whence the sound of sacred songs soon issued.

"Pray, Lady Styles," said Upton, interrupting a rambling, highly colored version of the quarrel between Galbraith's sister and her husband,—"pray what became of your nephew John? I remember thinking him such a fine fellow when I used to meet him here ages ago."

"My nephew John!" repeated Lady Styles, in a tone of high-pitched surprise. "What put him into your head? He has disappeared I do not know how long. He was a nice creature once. All you scamps are. But he went to the bad completely; cost his mother a heap of money, and died abroad—D. T., I believe."

"Did he not marry?"

"Well I am not sure. I think it was doubtful."

"I heard he did."

"There were all kinds of reports; but I am sure I have not heard his name nor any mention of him for twenty years."



A pause, which was broken by Upton.

"If you will give me a mount I think I will ride over to Pierstosse and reconnoitre the Berliners."

"My dear boy, let me drive you over."

"No, my gracious cousin, I prefer doing the part of a single spy. You shall then have the benefit of my pure, unsophisticated impressions."

"Very well, you shall have my groom's horse; it is the best in the stable."

But the next day was wet—not pertinaciously wet—what our northern relatives call "an even down-pour," though sufficiently moist to check Colonel Upton's fancy for a solitary ride.

It was the Wednesday after Tom's visit he had sent a hasty line announcing his safe arrival with his precious charge, and Mrs. Temple had resigned herself to an interval of patient waiting. The shop was empty, and Fanny had retired into the shop parlor in order to trim a new straw bonnet in the latest fashion. Fanny sang to herself in a subdued tone.

Her heart was very light. She was not without sympathy, sincere sympathy, with Kate's depression; nevertheless, her own prospects were so sunny that for the moment she doubted the possibility of serious sorrow. All would come right for Kate also, and that delinquent, Galbraith, whom she could not help liking. She could give him plenary absolution too.

"Miss Fanny," said Mills, coming in, with the well-known curl on her mouth, which indicated distrust of and contempt for the world in general. "There's a gentleman—leastways he has spurs and a whip—wants to see you."

"To see me? Who is he, Mills?"

"I dunno, miss; a pickpocket for all I know. You had better not—" But Mills's wise counsels were cut short by the appearance of the individual in question, whom Fanny, had she been left to her unassisted conclusions, would have considered a distinguished-looking man. Prompted by Mills's doubts, she fell into a state of fear and confusion. Was he an emissary of Ford sent to discover and annoy Kate? Was he a detective dispatched by Galbraith's lawyer, with the uncanny prescience of his tribe, to find out what was going on? She stood

up, bonnet in hand, looking prettily bewildered.

"I beg your pardon," said Upton, for he was the intruder. "I understood you were at home, and that I might enter."

Fanny, still holding her bonnet, which was filled with blond lace, ribbon, and flowers, made a little nervous curtsy while Mills officiously dusted the chiffonier. There was an instant's pause, broken by Fanny's saying, in an accent of unmistakable surprise, "You wished to see me?"

"I do,"—a glance at Mills, who, finding no further excuse for remaining, departed with a portentous frown to Fanny.

"I took the liberty," resumed Upton when they were left alone, "to look into your prayer-book when you left your seat last Sunday. A great liberty, I acknowledge; yet you must allow the temptation to ascertain my charming neighbor's name was a powerful motive," concluded Upton, with an insinuating smile.

"Well," exclaimed Fanny.

"You left your prayer-book behind you," drawing it from his pocket. "I confess, then, to having opened it, and read this inscription." He pointed to the fly-leaf as he spoke, whereon was written, "John Aylmer to his wife Catherine, Gangepore, August, 1836."

Fanny's eyes dilated as she gazed upon it with doubt and dread. "I am going to be cross-examined," she thought, "and I shall make a mess of it."

"I see," said she, looking blankly up in her interrogator's face. "And what then?"

"Have I the pleasure of speaking to Miss Aylmer?" said Upton blandly.

"No, no, my name is not Alymer!" cried Fanny, breathless.

"My reason for asking," continued Upton, "is that a distant relative of mine of that name died in India, I imagine somewhere about that date," laying his finger upon it.

"His relative indeed!" was Fanny's mental commentary. "I am sure I know nothing about it," she said aloud. "The book is not mine. It was quite by accident I used it. I know nothing about it. I——" stopping in confusion.

"What is your name, may I ask?"

"Oh, Jenkinson," cried Fanny, with

a desperate determination not to tell the imagined detective a word of truth.

"Perhaps the lady who—who keeps the shop could tell me something about these names," persisted Upton.

"No, indeed she could not," said Fanny, resolving at all risks to shield Kate from the terrors she was undergoing. "And you had better not see her. She is very clever, and would see through you in a moment."

"That is quite possible," exclaimed Upton, a good deal surprised; but while he spoke Fanny's blond lace fell to the ground, and the gallant Colonel hastening to restore it, contrived to entangle the delicate fabric in his spurs.

"Oh, dear," cried Fanny, crouching down to rescue her treasure. Upton stood tolerably still, but as Fanny bent round he could not help half turning to watch the pretty, troubled face. "Pray stand steady," she exclaimed, "or you will tear it. I thought it was your work to get things out of tangles, instead of into them."

"My work," echoed Upton, greatly puzzled. "What do you take me for then?"

"Oh, I think I know very well! You fancy I am a simple country-girl, but I can guess what you are—at least, I think I can!" with dignity and triumph.

"I suppose a long course of regimental drill leaves its stamp on a fellow?" said Upton, good-humoredly.

"Regimental, indeed!" cried Fanny, with indignation. "That will not do."

"I see I have offended in some way," returned Upton insinuatingly. "And I assure you I have but two motives in my visit: first, a strong wish—irresistible, I confess—to make your acquaintance; secondly, a sincere desire to know the history of this prayer-book."

"He has the impudence to pretend he is smitten with me," thought Fanny wrathfully. "I consider it altogether unwarrantable," she said aloud, "your coming here to try and find out things from me! I daresay you thought you had an easy case, but——" Fanny had warmed up, and was now reckless of consequences.

"Will you be so very good as to say for whom you take me?" asked Upton, with grave politeness.

"A detective of some kind sent by——"

A burst of good-humored laughter from Upton arrested any imprudence into which Fanny might have hurried.

"I am infinitely flattered," he said, drawing out his card-case, "Allow me to introduce myself."

"Colonel Upton," cried Fanny, glancing at the morsel of pasteboard he held forth, while a quick blush spread over cheek and brow. "I am so surprised! Are you Sir Hugh Galbraith's friend we used to write to for him?"

"The same. And I must say such a premium on breaking an arm as your secretaryship, is a temptation to fracture one's bones I never foresaw."

"I am afraid I spoke very rudely," said Fanny, with evident contrition; "but I felt so sure you were a detective—though now I see you are quite different."

"At any rate, you have taught me a lesson of humility I shall not soon forget," returned Upton pleasantly. "Perhaps you will have no objection to give me some information about the prayer-book, now you know who I am?"

"Indeed I must not—I mean I cannot!" And Fanny stopped, fearful of having committed herself.

"Of course I have no right to press you," returned Upton, noting the change of phrase.

"But wait," cried Fanny, anxious to atone for her scant courtesy; "I will call Kate—Mrs. Temple—and you can ask her. Pray sit down."

So saying she rushed into the shop. "Do come, Kate. There is Colonel Upton asking all sorts of questions about your old prayer-book. And I have been so rude! I thought he was a detective. Was it not *dreadful*? Pray go to him, and I will stay here."

To Kate's hasty, astonished queries Fanny could only reply, "It is Colonel Upton—do go and speak to him."

Thus urged, Kate went into the parlor and stood face to face with the supposed detective.

There was a nameless something, a gentle, composed dignity in her bearing that Upton at once recognised, and his own manner changed insensibly. He rose and stood silent, while he gazed

keenly at the fair, quiet face opposite him.

"I have to thank you for restoring my prayer-book," said Kate, taking the initiative.

"It is yours, then? May I ask if this 'John Aylmer,' whose name is written here, is any relation or connection of yours? Do you know anything of him, in short?"

Mrs. Temple did not reply instantly. She paused, gazing earnestly at her interrogator. "May I ask why you inquire?" she said at length.

"Because I had a relative of that name in India at this date; indeed, to the best of my belief, he was in this very place"—pointing to the inscription. "He is dead, and I have heard nothing of him for years. Yet I should like to know if you can give me any traces of him or his family."

"And you were related to a John Aylmer?" said Mrs. Temple. "How? In what degree?"

"That I can hardly say," returned Upton smiling, and looking in vain for an invitation to sit down, for he was greatly struck by Mrs. Temple's appearance and manner. "I never could thread my way through the maze of cousinly degrees. But the man I mean was a nephew of Lady Styles, and she is a second or third cousin of my father: so you see we are all cousins together. It has roused my memory and my curiosity to find his name in the prayer-book Miss Jenkins left behind."

"A nephew of Lady Styles," repeated Mrs. Temple in much surprise, not hearing the conclusion of his sentence.

"Then you know something of this defunct kinsman of mine?"

"Whatever I may know, Colonel Upton," she returned decidedly, though not uncivilly, "I do not feel at liberty to tell you now, at any rate, so you must ask me no more questions."

"Certainly not, if you put it in that way," said Upton, bowing and handing her the prayer-book. "However, I fancy you put a slight emphasis on 'now.' Pray, will you allow me to call again, when perhaps you will be at liberty to tell me a little more?"

"No," said Mrs. Temple, a sweet, arch smile softening the rugged monosyllable. "I shall not be able to tell

you for some time. But if you really care to hear, leave me your address, and I will write to you."

"Yes, I care very much, and will be greatly obliged by your taking that trouble. Perhaps you will be so good as to write my direction?"

Kate opened her blotting-book unsuspiciously, and traced the words as he spoke them—"Colonel W. Upton, —th Hussars, Cahir, Ireland"—under his eyes.

"Not the first time I have seen your writing," he said pleasantly. "I am almost sorry my friend Galbraith is able to manage his own correspondence—reading his letters has again become a difficulty, whereas—" He stopped abruptly, too genuinely good-natured not to regret having in any way disturbed Kate's equanimity; for, in spite of her strongest effort at self-control, a quick burning blush overspread her cheeks, and even the stately, rich white throat that rose over the Quaker-like frill which adorned the collar of her dress.

"I saw Galbraith in town the other day," went on Upton hastily, "and he seemed all right. You must have taken capital care of him, Mrs. Temple! I really think I shall hunt here this season again, if only for the chance, should I be spilt, of falling into your hands."

"We could do very little for Sir Hugh Galbraith," said Kate in a low voice, but recovering herself; "Nature and his own servant seemed to accomplish everything."

She stopped, and Upton felt he ought to go, but preferred to stay. "I was sorry to hear you had met with such a loss," he continued, for the sake of something to say. "Have you found any trace of your purse yet?"

Again Kate colored; this time with an acute feeling of annoyance. Galbraith must have spoken somewhat freely of her to this chum of his; and the care and delicacy with which he seemed to guard their intimacy, and which had always touched her, must have been in some degree a sham. "I have not," she returned coldly, adding, with a sort of haughty humility, "although, as you are no doubt aware, Sir Hugh Galbraith did his utmost to assist me!"

"Did he?" exclaimed Upton, with such unmistakable surprise that Kate

instantly felt she had made a false move. "Ah, he is not a bad fellow, Galbraith," continued Upton, "though he seems rather a rough customer. Well, I am afraid I have trespassed too long on your time, Mrs. Temple. I must bid you good-morning; and you will, when it suits yourself, give me the history of the prayer-book?"

"I will, Colonel Upton. Meantime will you grant me a favor?"

"It is granted," said the Colonel gallantly.

"Then, if you have not mentioned this matter of the prayer-book to Lady Styles, pray do not. She is one of my best friends here, but you can imagine the effect of such partially-admitted knowledge as mine upon her. I should not be able to call myself or my shop or anything else my own till all was revealed."

"Gad, she would hunt up the scent like a bloodhound," cried Upton laughing. "No, no, Mrs. Temple, that would be too bitter a revenge even for having been taken for a detective. Your charming young friend owes me some reparation. Pray tell her so with my best respects. So good-morning, Mrs. Temple, and *au revoir*—for I have a strong presentiment that we shall meet again!"

With a low bow, Upton retired, leaving Kate still standing in deep thought. No, Galbraith had not made her a topic of idle talk. She had betrayed herself; but Upton, however he heard of her loss, knew nothing whatever of Galbraith's communications with her in London.

"Fanny," she said, slowly returning to the shop, "did you ever tell Lady Styles that I had my pocket picked?"

"No, indeed, I did not!"

"Then who did you tell?"

"Not a creature: that is, yes!—now I remember it. The morning I was going for the post-office order for you, before you had told me not to tell any one, I met old Dr. Slade, and I told him!"

"Ah!" said Mrs. Temple.

"Was it very shocking?" asked Fanny, in deep contrition.

"No, never mind. Do you know, Fan, I quite like that Colonel Upton. I believe he is a gentleman."

"To be sure he is; and to think of

my taking him for a detective! I am sure I shall never look him in the face again."

"You will not be obliged, I imagine," said her friend.

Meantime Upton strolled slowly towards the hotel where he had put up his horse, meditating more profoundly than was usual with him. "I believe I have a clue to the maze," he thought. "By George, I fancy Galbraith has caught it hot and strong!—that Mrs. Temple is just the kind of woman to inspire a great passion, and Hugh, in spite of his cold airs, the very man to feel one. What with his pride and hers—for she will stand no nonsense, I suspect—there will be the devil to pay. I am certain he forsook me that day at H—— to go after her. Ay, it was the next morning he was going down to Scotland Yard; it is as plain as that pretty little Miss Jenkins' *nez retroussé*! Galbraith has had a squeeze: he had better go abroad; change of air and scene is the best remedy; but to apply that nostrum in such a case, the plan would be to take a new love. I have a great mind to offer a remedy to the fair widow in the shape of myself! I should not dislike making love to her at all. There is a world of undeveloped feeling in her eyes. What a 'cheerful visitor' I might make myself to Lady Styles if I were to sit down and treat her to a dish of my surmises and discoveries! But how did that Mrs. Temple come to possess poor Jack Aylmer's prayer-book? I should like to ask Lady Styles more about him and his possible marriage—but no, I have promised silence, and will keep my word in the spirit as well as the letter."

#### CHAPTER XLI.

If Kate and Fanny, especially the former, waited with almost sickening anxiety for news of Tom's proceedings, they had at least the comfort of full faith in him. No doubts of his ardent friendship or his earnest action complicated their pangs of endurance, even when Wednesday and Thursday brought no tidings.

In the meantime, Tom, who was overwhelmed with work on his own account, contrived to see Trape every day, but without extracting any tangible informa-

tion from him. He (Trapes), though recovering, was feeble, and always spoke as if it was his intention to "make a clean breast of it as soon as he had settled a little business he had on hand," or "as soon as he was able to go into the City to see a fellow he wanted to speak to."

"Come, now," cried Tom at last, "do you want to see Ford? for if it is that, I will call and tell him. I shall be passing his place this afternoon, and I suspect it will be some days before you are equal to a journey due-east."

To this, after some demurs, Trapes assented. "Don't you let on that I have seen Mrs. Travers," he urged.

"Of course not. Ford is not to know that she is in England."

"Ay, to be sure. Perhaps after all, Reed, I had better wait and write him a line."

"No, no, have him out here, and say your say! Then make a clean breast of it, and you will be ever so much better."

Tom was growing very anxious for Trapes's revelations. He feared a relapse of low fever, or a sudden failure of intellect. He was evidently linked in some strange way with Ford; how, it was impossible to conjecture. Tom therefore made it a point to call at Ford's office, and, on mounting the stairs, was struck by the evident increase of the ex-clerk's business: various anxious-looking men—some with pocketbooks, some with papers in their hands—were coming up and down; the office-door was open, and several persons were speaking to the clerks or writing on slips of paper.

In the middle of the office stood a very respectable-looking, gentlemanlike man older than Ford himself, evidently the manager. He seemed deeply engaged with an irate personage, whom he was endeavoring to soothe, and who held out an open letter. "I see, sir, that letter is very conclusive," he was saying, "but you need be under no apprehension."

"The delay is most annoying!" returned the other—a young man got up in "country-gentleman" style. "You see he promises to procure me eight hundred pounds' worth of Turkish Fives and Russians, at once. Now, there was a fall of an eighth on Friday in one, and a sixteenth on Monday in the other, and he missed both opportunities!"

"I really am not in a position to

assert anything," returned the manager. "I know Mr. Ford transacted business on the Stock Exchange on Friday and on Monday, but, being suddenly called away, he had not time to leave me full instructions. If you will call to-morrow, I shall, no doubt, be able to arrange matters to your satisfaction, and make the purchases you require. I shall have heard from Mr. Ford by that time."

"I hope so," said the other. "It is altogether very extraordinary; and, with a running growl, he turned to leave, very nearly knocking against Tom Reed, who now advanced.

"Is Mr. Ford away, then?" he asked.

"Yes," said the manager, looking sharply at his interrogator. "Obliged to run over to Vichy for a few days' holiday; but I shall be happy to do anything for you in his absence."

"Thank you," said Tom. "I only wished to speak to him on a private matter."

"Private," repeated the manager, thoughtfully. "I think I remember your coming here with Mr. Ford one day last spring."

"I did do so."

"Then, perhaps, you would do me the favor to call to-morrow, either early or after five? You might—that is, I shall probably be able to tell you something of Mr. Ford's movements." He paused, and then added, "I should feel obliged by your calling."

"I will, then, but it must be nearer six than five," returned Tom, feeling that the request was unusual. So saying, and placing his card in the chief clerk's hand, he left the office.

"I wonder 'wot's up!'" he pondered, as he rolled westward in the first cab he could find. "There is something wrong with Ford! I wonder if he is gone mad? There was a very suspicious glitter in his eye the last time we met." So reflecting, he called to the driver to set him down in B—Street, where he spent a few minutes in explaining matters to Mr. Wall.

"Very well, Mr. Reed—very well," said the lawyer, "but I really begin to have serious doubts that this man Trapes knows anything at all! However, as Mrs. Travers seems content to await your rather tardy operations, I have no right to find fault. But, if I find you



have nothing more tangible to communicate by Saturday, I really must summon Poole! That is our line, I am convinced."

"No doubt, Mr. Wall, you will be all right in that direction; meantime, I hope to bring you a lot of information by Saturday." And Tom hurried off with more of hope in his manner than in his heart. It was too provoking to feel the goal almost within his grasp, yet evading his touch!

The next day was excessively occupied; and six o'clock had tolled from the great clock of St. Paul when Tom Reed ran hastily up the stairs to Ford's office—those on the ground and second floors were already closed—and when he reached the door he met the manager just issuing forth. "I had given you up," he said quickly, and in a different tone from that in which he had spoken the day before. "Pray step in."

Reed followed him. An old clerk was in the act of turning off the gas: "One moment, if you please," said Reed's conductor; "I want to speak to this gentleman. But you need not wait; I will give the key to the housekeeper as I go down."

The old clerk bowed and withdrew, and Tom could not resist a chill, creepy sensation, as if on the verge of a discovery—whether of a crime or a tragedy!—while his companion raked the fire together and threw on some more coals.

"May I ask if you have known Mr. Ford long?" he asked, sitting down at one of the high desks.

"Not very long, Mr. —," returned Tom.

"Rogers," said the other, gravely supplying the word. "My name is Rogers."

"Well, then, Mr. Rogers, I have not known Mr. Ford more than a couple of years."

"But you knew him when he was at Travers's? My reason for asking is, that I am exceedingly perplexed; and not knowing any friend of Mr. Ford's to apply to (for he led a singularly isolated life), I was in hopes you might afford me some information. The fact is, I fear he has committed suicide!"

"Suicide!" cried Tom aghast.

"I am not sure. I will tell you the whole story; it will soon be noised

abroad. I had thought him looking very wild and haggard for a few days, and on last Saturday was rather pleased to hear him say he would go over to Vichy for a week, just to recruit. There was really nothing to prevent him—no business I could not do; so he said he would leave me a power-of-attorney to sign checks and letters, &c. On Monday morning, accordingly, he came in early, and transacted a good deal of business, gave me the power-of-attorney to act for him, and started off with one of those portmanteau-bags to catch the boat-express from London Bridge, saying as he went, 'You shall hear from me fully on two or three points towards the end of the week;' and I thought no more of it. But on Tuesday evening I had occasion to go to the strong-box for some coupons, and to my great surprise I found all the continental securities—Turkish and Egyptian bonds, and a few Americans—which I knew were safe there on Friday evening, had been removed—altogether between two and three thousand pounds' worth. I confess I felt great uneasiness, not knowing Mr. Ford's address; but, remembering his last words, I hoped the morning's post would bring me his promised letter. It did not; but in the afternoon, shortly before you called, I received from his housekeeper, a respectable, elderly woman, this long letter."

"This is very strange! Has he bolted, then?" cried Tom.

"Not in the ordinary sense. I do not feel at liberty to show you the letter," continued Mr. Rogers; "but it is to the effect that I am to use the power-of-attorney to settle his affairs; that he has left ample funds to meet all claims upon him; that I am to act as his executor, for I shall never see him again in this life! I went up to his place last night, and found from the housekeeper that he had not taken any clothes with him, and that on Sunday night he had sat up late writing. On quitting the house he had said: 'If I do not return on Wednesday evening, send this letter'—which he gave into her hands—in the course of the next day to Mr. Rogers, which the housekeeper accordingly did."

"An extraordinary affair!" exclaimed Tom Reed, rising and coming over to the desk at which the other was sitting

"Do you think it was his intention to commit suicide?"

"I do."

"I do not," returned Reed, quickly. "His object is to escape."

"Escape what?" asked the other rather indignantly. "A more honorable, straightforward man never existed! Do you know any reason why he should fly the country?"

"No, Mr. Rogers, I do not. I only judge from what you tell me. A man who is about to terminate his existence does not want a capital of two or three thousand pounds in the world he is going to!"

"Then you believe he removed all the foreign securities?"

"Yes; don't you?"

"I do not know what to think. I hoped you might have known something of poor Ford's real circumstances. He lived singularly alone. I have telegraphed to a brother of his in Lancashire, and have set the police on the track, so far as I know it."

"Tell me, Mr. Rogers, has a man called Trapes—a seedy, flashy, turfy-looking fellow, been in the habit of coming here occasionally?"

"Not of that name," he answered, "but decidedly of that description. He called himself Jones. However, I daresay he went by various names. Yes, a fellow like what you describe has been in here now and then. Sometimes he would be here two or three times running, and would then disappear for a considerable period. Why, do you connect him with Ford's disappearance?"

"I have a vague idea—mind, very vague—that he has something to do with it. Should I ascertain more, I shall let you know."

After some further desultory talk and conjectures, Reed took his leave, very much astonished at the result of his inquiries, and resisting as illogical the tendency of his imagination to connect Ford's strange disappearance with Trapes, and Trapes's alleged knowledge of the will.

He was determined to lose no time in communicating his curious intelligence to Trapes, for he could not help feeling that it would affect his broken-down *protégé* strongly. But the editor of a morning paper is a slave to the thunder

he wields, and it was past Trapes's late breakfast hour before Tom could make his way to him next day.

"He was very bad last night, sir," said the landlady as she opened the door smiling, as she ever did upon the favored Tom. "He had such severe spasms as it took near a pint of the best brandy before he came right, and then he begged and prayed, and cursed and swore, because I took away the bottle, so that, if my son had not been at home, I don't know what I should have done. But he is as mild as new milk this morning, and I have given him a cup of fine, strong tea, but, bless ye, he won't taste a bit!"

"Now, Mrs. Small," said Tom sternly, "Mr. Trapes must have no brandy without medical advice. Provide it at your peril. I will not pay for it, remember that!"

He opened the door of the little sitting-room, and found Trapes—a pipe in his mouth, and *Bell's Life* in his hand—leaning back in one chair, his feet elevated on another.

"Well, so you never looked in last night," he began in a querulous, growling voice.

"My good fellow, I have brought you news enough to atone for any shortcoming. Your friend Ford has disappeared—decamped—is not to be found, in short."

Trapes started up, dropped his paper and his pipe, which smashed on the fender. "Bolted! What then! How the deuce did he get scent of what was brewing?"

"I know nothing of the whys and wherefores," returned Tom. "I only know what his head clerk told me," and he proceeded to repeat what he had learned.

"And has he smashed for a large amount?"

"I don't believe he has smashed at all. I believe no one has any interest in hunting him up, except his attached relatives—unless it's yourself, Trapes—for I strongly suspect you could read the riddle."

"I am not so sure of that. But it's an extraordinary move on the part of Ford. To be sure he threatened; but," checking himself, "that is nothing to the point."

He suddenly lapsed into silence, picking up the fragments of his pipe in an absent, mechanical manner. "And that fellow Rogers thinks he has made away with himself?"

Tom nodded, watching Trapes, who seemed from the changes of his countenance to be undergoing some mental struggle.

"Well, whether he has or not," cried Trapes at length, with an oath, turning his face to Tom, "it seems as if his game was up, and I will make a clean breast of it!"

Whereupon he launched into a long narrative, at the end of which, and some talk with his friend, Tom administered refreshment in the shape of cold beef and a judicious allowance of brandy-and-water. A cab was summoned, and Tom Reed carried off his prize in triumph to Mr. Wall.

It was not until the afternoon post on Saturday that Kate reaped the reward of her faith and patience. The letters were unusually late, and seeing a packet of considerable dimensions, Mrs. Temple had the self-control to put it in her pocket till "closing time" set her free to plunge into its contents. Indeed, she felt she dared not commence its perusal until she was safe from the eyes of her customers. Then with closed doors, and her faithful little friend by her side, she read the following particulars, which are here set forth free from Tom's introductory and explanatory remarks.

About the end of February succeeding Mr. Travers's death, Trapes, who had been suffering from a run of ill-luck, happened to pitch his tent—*i.e.*, take lodgings—in a small street off Gray's-inn-lane, where a former acquaintance—a law-writer in very low circumstances, named Nicholls—managed to drag on a wretched existence. The poor fellow, moreover, was in a rapid decline, and Trapes, with the queer, incongruous generosity which flecked his reckless, ignoble nature here and there, was kind to the sufferer and shared what trifling supplies he managed to pick up with him; in return, the consumptive scrivener was glad to divide any windfall that came to him. The partners were, however, reduced to great straits; when one day, as Trapes returned from an aimless, hopeless walk, the

law-writer told him he had written to a former employer for help, and the employer had replied, promising a visit.

"Now he cannot come and not leave a blessing behind," said Nicholls. "He is coming this evening, and as he is uncommon particular, and a bit of a prig, I think you had better keep out of sight;" to which Trapes acceded. When the visitor had departed, Nicholls informed his friend that he had made him a present of a sovereign, and promised him a job at writing.

"Now I really am not equal to this," said the poor scrivener; "but I saw that his mind was set on it, and that I should get very little out of him if I did not agree. So I thought we might do it between us, for you can write a legal fist; but I did not mention you, for it strikes me there is some mystification in the matter."

In due time the "job" was put in hands. It was to copy out and engross a will, simple and short, with blanks left for all names, sums of money, and dates.

Some slight delay occurred in procuring parchment, &c. However, the task was accomplished in the given time, but by Trapes, as Nicholls, in going to purchase the materials, caught cold, and was really incapable of holding a pen. The gentleman for whom the work was done seemed anxious for speed and secrecy. He came himself for the document, and was satisfied with the manner in which it had been executed. He seemed, Nicholls said, concerned to see him suffering so much. He paid liberally, and called twice again. On his second visit he found Nicholls on his death-bed, and Trapes saw him distinctly for the first time. Very few words passed between them. The employer expressed becoming sympathy with the employed, bestowed an alms, and departed a couple of hours before the sufferer breathed his last, leaving no clue by which Trapes (had he wished it) could identify him. Nicholls had always carefully abstained from mentioning his name.

But Trapes forgot all about him, and scrambled on through another jagged, ragged year, when accident threw him once more into Poole's society, from whom he heard much gossip respecting his former acquaintance, Tom Reed; of his intimacy with

Mrs. Travers (of which Trapes was already aware, forming his own conclusions thereon); also of the general upset in "The House" by the finding of a new will, and the disappearance of Mrs. Travers. This talk of wills did not recall any associated ideas to his muddy brains; he only chuckled with dull, gratified spite to think that Tom Reed was not to have his fortunes crowned by marriage with a rich, beautiful widow after all.

It was not till the previous spring that his curiosity and self-interest were roused by coming suddenly upon Tom Reed in evidently close and familiar conversation with the benevolent individual who had befriended Nicholls.

His visit to Reed followed. Directly he became aware that Ford, formerly manager at "Travers's," and the defunct scrivener's employer were one and the same, a light broke in upon him; ease, indulgence, fortune, were in his grasp! "That fellow Ford" had of course been employed by the baronet, and the thieving rascals should pay for their villany by enabling an honest, well-disposed party (himself) to enjoy a little peace and comfort! With a glow of conscious virtue he proceeded to expend a shilling of the sovereign requisitioned from Tom for permission to peruse the "last will and testament" of Richard Travers, Esq., late of St. Hilda's Place, E.C., &c., &c. A glance at the document confirmed all his suspicions. It was his own

work, written nearly three months after the death of the supposed testator!

A visit to Ford, and an immediate improvement in the appearance of the fortunes—but, alas! not in the habits—of the lucky Trapes ensued. It was evident, even on his own showing, that he had extracted quantities of money from Ford, besides making life a burden to him.

At last Ford rebelled, and declared that, rather than drag on such an existence, he would give up the game, make a clean breast of it, and defy Trapes.

This suggestion by no means suited that ingenuous individual. He therefore strove to collect all moneys due to him by hook or by crook, in order to give Ford time to cool and repent his rash intentions. With a view to turn what he would probably term "an honest penny," he attended the Stoneborough races, and there victimised young Turner, who, not being able to pay up in full, in an unwary moment gave his address at Pierstoffee. Thither Trapes hunted him, and thus stumbled upon Fanny. He knew of her relationship to Tom, of her connection with Mrs. Travers, and once more he felt on the road to high fortunes!

Such were the principal facts contained in Tom's letter. It must be added that a tardy sense of compassion for Ford seemed to have induced Trapes to refrain from speaking out until he could give him some warning of the crash that was impending.

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#### INTERNATIONAL PREJUDICES.

WHEN General Grant delivered an address the other day upon the opening of the Exhibition at Philadelphia, we courteously expressed our surprise that he had not talked greater nonsense. He indulged in pretty good common sense instead of soaring into the regions of bombast upon the wings of the American eagle. He even admitted that Americans might have something to learn from Europe; and that the inevitable struggle with material obstacles had distracted their attention from the pursuits more immediately interesting to the intellect and the imagination. This, doubtless, was all as it should be. A certain lowering of the old tone of patriotic bluster is perceptible just now

throughout the world. It is curious to notice the great waves of sentiment which sweep at intervals across whole nations. Popular fits of depression and exultation seem to propagate themselves like the cholera. At one period in the life of a people everything seems to be rose-colored. A great chorus of self-satisfaction goes up from the whole civilised world. We believe—as people believed at the opening of the French revolution—in the perfectibility of mankind: war was about to disappear; reason was then to take the place of blind prejudice; social wrongs were all to be redressed; man was about to become omnipotent over matter; and all human wants to be supplied by the labors of half

an hour in every day. Then came a change in our anticipations. The dawn was overcast. The old spectres of tyranny, cruelty, and superstition stalked abroad; we learnt anew the old lesson that the cause of our evils lies deep in the hearts and heads of mankind; and that stupid heads cannot be cleared nor corrupt hearts purified by any political catastrophe. A gloom settled over our spirits, and instead of expecting the millennium, we sought for analogies to our position in the periods of decaying empires and declining faith.

The external causes of this revulsion of sentiment are sometimes palpable; sometimes they must be sought for in some obscure morbid tendency. They represent the dim forecasts of

the prophetic soul  
Of the wide world dreaming on things to come.

Nobody can fully explain his own moods, and tell why one hour of his own life is tinged with a mystic glory and the next wrapped in darkness; and still less can we unravel all the symptoms of widespread social disquiet. The race, like the individual, has strange presentiments of coming good or evil, which help perhaps to fulfil themselves. Just now, it may be said, the spiritual barometer is low. We are tormented by a vague unrest. The enigmas of life torment us more than usual; and we know not whether our constitutional twinges forbode a coming attack or are destined to pass away like a bad dream. Men are not disposed either in England or America to indulge in that extravagant exhilaration which greeted the first great show a quarter of a century ago; an exhilaration which, seen by the light of later history, looks almost like a judicial infatuation. Grave men in all seriousness declared that the opening of large bazaar was equivalent to the proclamation of a gospel of peace. We cannot think of such utterances without a cynical smile. We are looking rather at the seamy side of things; we ask whether the old order has vitality enough to throw off its maladies, and whether the new order promised by the sanguine is anything but a skilful pretext for an attack upon the very bases of society. In such a mood, the pleasant old confident formulæ are out of place. We are tired of calculating the number of miles of railway and yards of cotton turn-

ed out of factories and looms; and we cannot speak of the boundless stores of mineral wealth in the American continent without thinking of some mining enterprises which have redistributed rather than augmented the aggregate wealth of mankind. Instead of purple and fine raiment we are disposed to fancy that sackcloth and ashes might be the most appropriate fashion of the day.

Why, indeed, should we not return to the good old custom of days of fasting and humiliation? The practice may have been wholesome in the main, when it did not mean that every man was lamenting his neighbor's sins. A Liberal would humble himself with great complacency for the shortcomings of a conservative ministry; and the Conservative would groan over the long arrears of mischief bequeathed by the supremacy of his antagonists. But if for once we could make up our minds to apply the lash to our own backs heartily and sincerely, some good might be done. The press sometimes affects to discharge the duty; but the affectation is not very successful. When its lamentations get beyond mere party squabbling, they are apt to ring hollow. Even the platitudes about modern luxury and over-excitement—the most popular text of the would-be satirist—do not seem to imply sincere indignation so much as a thinly disguised satisfaction in dwelling upon the vicious splendors described. When a man really quarrels with the world and strikes with all his force at its vulnerable points, he soon finds as of old that the world takes him for a madman. We are melancholy just now; but we have not got so far as to admit that our sins are of a deep dye.

Englishmen indeed boast themselves to be grumblers by profession. We confess, it is said, and even exaggerate our own shortcomings. Surely of all our national boasts this is about the emptiest. I have known a sincerely religious person rather confounded by the discovery that somebody had taken in downright earnest his confession that he was a miserable sinner. He was forced to explain with some awkwardness that though, on proper occasions, he admitted the utter vileness of his heart, yet, as a matter of fact, he was not more in the habit of breaking the Ten Commandments than his most respectable neighbors. The admission that they do



things better in France means just as much or as little as this confession of the ordinary Pharisee. Nations differ widely in their mode of expressing their self-satisfaction, but hardly in the degree of complacency. A German, perhaps, is the most priggish in his consciousness of merit. He expounds his theory of world-history with the airs of a professor, and lays down his superiority to all mankind as the latest discovery of scientific thought. French vanity is the most childlike and therefore at once the least offensive and the most extravagant. American brag is often the noisiest; but it has a certain frankness which is not without its attraction. If you meet an English and an American snob together in a picture gallery, they may be equally indifferent to the fine arts; but the American will frankly confess that he never heard of Raphael before, and dislikes what he now sees; whereas your true Briton puts on a sheepish affectation of good taste and hopes that you will mistake his stupidity for pride. If English patriotism is not pedantic, nor vain, nor bombastic, it has a tinge of sulkiness beneath its apparent self-depreciation which is almost peculiar to itself, and can therefore be more offensively vulgar than that of any other race.

There is, however, little to choose in reality between the varying manifestations of the feeling. A profound conviction that everyone is a barbarian who does not wear clothes of our pattern is common to all mankind. Whether it takes this or that coloring, whether it is frank or reserved, directly or indirectly boastful, is a secondary consideration. And, moreover, the reason is obvious enough; namely, that the conviction does not, properly speaking, represent any intellectual conviction whatever, but is simply the reverse side of the universal instinct of self-satisfaction. When Johnson said, "foreigners are fools," he expressed a belief as universal as the belief that two and two make four. Like that valuable proposition, it may be regarded as really an identical proposition. It means simply, foreigners are foreigners. A man is a foreigner in so far as he differs in some degree from my ways of thinking; that is, as I think that he thinks wrong; but thinking wrong is the mark of folly: therefore, I think that he is a fool. No mathematical demonstration can be more practically convincing, though, from

the point of view of universal reason, it may be possible to detect some error in the chain of reasoning.

So long as we remain in generalities, most people will admit that there is an ugly side to all patriotism. Patriotism is one of the great virtues, and the main-spring of the noblest human actions; but a monstrous brood of mean and ugly prejudices shelters itself under this venerable name. The people of whom we are most ashamed naturally brag the most of our acquaintance; and, on the same principle, the least admirable of Britons are apt to flaunt the silliest British prejudices most annoyingly in the eyes of the civilised world. We often have to blush for the pride of our countrymen. If, however, we were to try to go a step farther and to settle which Britons are offensive and which British prejudices are silly, we should no longer meet with the same agreement. Some people, for example, would begin by condemning all our military self-glorification from the days of Cr cy and Agincourt down to the Balaclava charge. At the outside, a battle should be remembered as long as we love to pay pensions to those who took part in it. But this doctrine is a little premature.

There is another question more relevant at the present moment, which will bear a few words—would that they could be the last ever devoted to it! Englishmen and Americans have had various uncomfortable relations and seem to be endowed with special power for irritating each other's vanity. The Americans, as we fancy, act like the perverse sailor who excited the boatswain's wrath. "A plague on thee!" exclaimed that official as he flourished the cat, "wherever I hit thee there is no pleasing thee!" We have laid on the lash in every possible way: sometimes it comes down with a stinging satire; sometimes with a lofty moral reproof; and sometimes with profound political reasoning. Then, to make things pleasant, we rub in a good unctuous compound of flattery and philanthropy, and to our surprise and disgust our attentions are scornfully rejected. If we condemn, we are prejudiced; if we praise, we are silly flatterers; if we speak calmly, we are treating our cousins like children; if warmly, like rivals; if we say nothing, we show a brutal indifference to their claims; if we say anything, we show our profound ignorance at every word.

We are like people examining some queer chemical compound, which, for anything they can say, will explode if it is touched, or heated, or chilled, or rubbed, or taken up, or set down, or let alone. We only know that our words are pretty sure to be taken the wrong way and our silence to be misinterpreted. That the fault is not entirely our own may be guessed from the remarks of intelligent Americans; but there may be some force also in their statement that we have spoken of their countrymen in every way but one, namely, as ordinary human beings with much the same faults and virtues as ourselves. If we could manage to hit off the mean between the patronising and the sycophantic attitude, we should perhaps succeed better. But it is not surprising that the failure of many attempts to make ourselves pleasant, and our signal success in attempts of the reverse kind, have produced a certain nervousness in our mutual relations.

After all, matters have improved. Americans have become more independent and less sensitive; and Englishmen perhaps have outlived some foolish prejudices. Let us reflect for a moment how a further advance of good feeling may be secured. A century of separation should have taught us to accept our mutual relations with a good grace. Why do, or why did, Americans and Englishmen dislike each other? One fact is plain. It was not because they knew anything of each other. If so, the question occurs whether it can be accurately said that they did in fact dislike each other. Each nation disliked a certain imaginary entity, which it chose to label with the name of its antagonist, but which had of necessity the vaguest possible relation to realities. Suppose, to imagine an impossible case, that Guy Faux was still alive and living in some English village; suppose further that he was in reality one of those highly respectable and immaculate personages who have been made scapegoats by historians to be rehabilitated in later days; suppose that, so far from wishing to blow up the king and the parliament, the true Guy Faux was really a devout Protestant, who occupied the vault for legitimate purposes of business, and that all the rest of the story was a lie contrived by politicians; if, then, the genuine Faux, being now some 300 years ago, should walk abroad on November 5, and see a hideous image of himself paraded,

with a turnip for a head, an old pipe in its mouth, and old rags on its back, and then assist at the conflagration of the said image amidst a discharge of crackers, general exultation, and vows to remember for ever something that never happened, and in regard of which the performers had no conceivable means of judging whether it happened or not—would the respectable Faux be justified in saying that he was hated, or in resenting the hatred? He might be excusably annoyed at the reflection that his Christian name had been converted into a new term of abuse, and regret the fallibility of mankind; but, if he was of a logical turn, he would console himself by thinking that the true object of popular contempt was a mere figment, accidentally connected with his name, and he would admit that the rioters were not responsible for the illusion which they had no means of testing. He would have no more cause for wrath or for a sense of martyrdom than if one of his old hats had fallen into the hands of a tribe of savages and been converted by them into a fetish, which might be accidentally worshipped or regarded as a symbol of diabolical power.

Now the ideal John Bull or Brother Jonathan is to the real Englishman or American what the factitious dummy is to our supposed Guy Faux. He is made up of vague scraps and tatters which have somehow floated across the Atlantic. The steeple-crowned hat of Guy Faux is, perhaps, a traditional portrait of the genuine original; and so the top-boots and knee-breeches of John Bull, and the lantern-jaws and bowie-knife of Jonathan, as they figure in our conventional caricatures, have no doubt a foundation in fact. But what is the substance clothed in this external form? In the case of Guy, it may be supposed, if we are charitable, that the ceremonial partly reflects a horror of dark conspiracy, which is a respectable if not a virtuous sentiment; or a love of Protestantism, with which we may or may not sympathise, but which is at least not intrinsically a vicious sentiment; and whatever the ostensible pretext, the chief constituent of the popular emotion is clearly a love of noise. What are the analogous elements in the absurd fetish which we call by the name of a nation? He is made up partly of vague antipathy—the dislike of a fat man for a thin, or of the man who shaves his chin

instead of the upper lip for the man who shaves on the inverse principle; partly, again, of the pure spirit of combativeness—a very excellent ingredient in national character, though sometimes developed in excess; but chiefly, of course, of what we call patriotic feeling. To an American, John Bull represents simply the outside world; England being the only country with which he has sensibly come in contact. England meant little more than not America; and the hatred of England was merely the shadow cast by his own self-esteem. The English sentiment is, of course, a little more complex. We have been knocked about enough in the world to distinguish between foreigners and foreigners; and the American dummy might be chiefly the reflection of that most sensitive part of national feeling which was bound up with pride in the British Empire. It is not, simply dislike to the non-English world, but dislike to that part of it which had most humiliated England. That is to say, it is the reverse side of the vague but keen sentiment produced by a consciousness of our colonial greatness. To hate the foreign nation is, therefore, at bottom to think with complacency of ourselves. The feeling is of course natural. Not long ago I heard some farm-laborers chanting an old song which ended by a vigorous defiance hurled at "the Pope and the King of Spain." How the poor King of Spain came in for this denunciation I know not. Perhaps it was a tradition from the times of the Armada, or possibly from the more recent excitement in the days of Walpole. Anyhow it was highly probable that the singers did not know whether Spain was nearer to England or Australia, whether Spaniards talked Hebrew or Japanese, or worshipped Mumbo-jumbo or the Virgin Mary. They would doubtless have cheered the monarch whom they denounced if he had presented himself in flesh and blood. But, in any case, their hatred of Spaniards might just as well have been called hatred of the Chinese or love of ourselves. It implied no sort of opinion about the real Spain, bad or good. The ordinary English judgment of Americans is not much more valuable. In the lower classes it means a vague impression that America is the land of promise for laborers; in the higher a vague impression that America is a bad

place for people of artistic tendencies or conservative politics. But in any case it would be ludicrous to consider it as a serious judgment formed upon sufficient evidence.

If, indeed, we consider for a moment what it implies to make any decently satisfactory judgment of thirty or forty millions of human beings; how difficult it is for the imagination to realise different conditions of country and climate and social development; what ludicrous mistakes are committed by the most acute and impartial foreign travellers; how little we know even of our own country; how little an ordinary cockney, for example, knows of the farm-laborer or of the factory hand; how little he knows even of nine-tenths of his fellow-townsmen in this wilderness of brick and mortar; what miscalculations are made even by statesmen whose business in life is to understand their fellows as to the real currents of national sentiment on the most important matters; how hopelessly different are the estimates formed by intelligent persons as to the religion, the morality, the cultivation of classes with whom they are in daily contact; how confidently one man will decide, say, that intoxication is visibly increasing and another that it is diminishing;—we may form some estimate of the utter inadequacy of nine-tenths of our hasty verdicts about nations. We could easily mention writers of great ability who have studied English literature and English characteristics for years, and yet make errors in every page palpable to the most ordinary Englishmen. Our judgment of our neighbors is very unlikely to be as near the mark as (say) M. Taine's judgment of us. And yet what Englishman thinks that he can really learn from M. Taine? We think ourselves entitled, indeed, to form opinions by a very expeditious process. Most people reason by particular instances. An American ruffian plots the destruction of a ship, or a Frenchman cuts half-a-dozen throats, and we assume that they represent typical instances of national development. An international antipathy means a healthy instinct combined with a logical fallacy. The instinct flourishes in proportion as a nation is contented and happy. It is developed when the sentiments of which all the bonds of society are ultimately composed are in a thoroughly healthy

state; its decay would mean the approach of revolution or national dissolution. Its vigor means that the social order is moulded upon the strongest popular convictions. But this most desirable passion gives strength incidentally to a mass of silly prejudices. It encourages us to hate or despise people of whom we know nothing but the name and the fact that they differ from ourselves. We should be ashamed in any matter of daily life to frame any opinion upon grounds so slight as those which determine our judgment of a foreign nation. Those grounds are vague traditions, trifling observations of the external peculiarities of an infinitesimal fraction of the phenomena in question, or hasty surmises of incompetent judges passed through a dozen intermediate stages. But when a proposition falls in with a vigorous instinct, it acquires a strength utterly disproportionate to its logical value, and may produce serious mischief.

Does it really produce such mischief? Are these groundless prejudices really more than a harmless amusement? The mutual dislike of Americans and Englishmen has been lamented, but has it done much harm? So far as it has in fact envenomed diplomatic quarrels it has, of course, been objectionable. It may have made the preservation of peace more difficult, or produced discreditable diplomacy. Of that I can here say nothing; but there is an allowance or two to be made before we can judge rightly. Nothing, in the first place, is so transitory as a sentiment of this kind. Nations behave to each other like a pair of fickle lovers. They kiss one day, and curse the next. When the Northern States were angry with us during the war, some of their papers vowed eternal vengeance. The eternity has not lasted for ten years. The vows were pretty well forgotten before the ink was dry; and the same writers are as ready to talk the regular series of "Anglo-Saxon" platitudes. The reason is, doubtless, that the antipathy lies on the surface of men's minds, and, owing nothing to logic, may disappear without logic. Washington told his countrymen very sensibly in his last message that the national policy could not be determined by sentimental considerations. It is a cardinal virtue in a nation to guide itself by an exclusive regard to its own interest short of absolute

injury to others. The French Government did not help the American patriots because it loved them, but because it thought that it could strike at its great rival with their help. Therefore the French had no real claims upon American gratitude. Sympathy or antipathy between two races does not bring them into alliance or collision, but is caused by their collision or alliance. Frenchmen and Germans hate each other because they have been opposed; they have been opposed by force of geography and by tangible religious or political considerations. The hatred is merely the heat developed by the friction of two neighboring powers. We hated the French as long as we were in the habit of fighting them. Since we have fortunately been at peace for two generations, the hatred has died out, and the desire to avenge Waterloo, which some people thought so dangerous, has calmly gone to sleep.

Men are foolish enough and wicked enough in all conscience. But, foolish and wicked as they may be, they are not generally so bad as to cut each other's throats simply because they dislike each other. Some mistaken view of very solid interests generally brings them into hostile contact, and then the hatred develops itself, and may sometimes pass itself off as the pretext. But the more we look at the history of past wars, the less force we shall be inclined to attribute to this superficial feeling, however ugly it may look and however awkward may be the complications which it sometimes introduces. Desire of wealth or of power, religious or political propagandism have caused innumerable wars, but when has a war been caused by antipathy?

Doubtless, it does not follow that the evil is a trifling one. A better mutual understanding would be an important step towards many good things. It would facilitate the disappearance of the countless fallacies arising from our narrow views of national greatness and our inclination to believe that the gain of one people must be the loss of another. It would, therefore, be desirable, if it were possible, to bring reason to bear upon some of the fallacies involved. What, for example, do we mean when we speak of the faults of rival people? Do we mean that the average American, or a Frenchman, is made of intrinsically worse ma-



terials than ourselves—that he belongs to a distinctly lower type of the race? Surely not, for then we should not hate him in any sense. Nobody despises a child because it cannot talk, or a woman because she has not the muscular strength of a man. We seldom hate a negro; and that is just because we sincerely hold him to belong to a lower order of development. We don't hate a monkey for his want of a moral sense. Many people have, it is true, a certain prejudice against the monkeys, just in so far as they seem to be caricatures of men. We can pardon the ill behavior of a pig, because he clearly belongs to a different genus from our own; but we are more or less offended when a beast of semi-human appearance behaves himself after a fashion totally inconsistent with human dignity. That is, our antipathies become strong just in proportion as we recognise the essential similarity of the offender to ourselves. We should feel the absurdity of hating an insect because it had six legs; but we should be disgusted by a creature, otherwise like ourselves, which so far diverged from the common style.

Thus, antipathy is avowedly based upon an admission of similarity. It is not proportioned to the difference between ourselves and its object; but to the superficial difference, combined with underlying identity. We are startled by a kind of logical contradiction. Different conclusions seem to follow from the same premisses. This man is just like me, yet he acts differently from me. That is the very cause and justification of my offence. To be reasonable, then, we must take account of the implied resemblance as much as of the observed difference. If we really thought that Americans had an inferior nature to our own, we should not blame them, but nature; or rather, we should regard them as an odd phenomenon, not as a standing insult. The very ground of our dislike is that they are about as good as ourselves.

The French, the Germans, and the other European races differ from our own. Nobody will dare to say that any one of these races is intrinsically inferior to its neighbors. Each has its own special aptitudes and deficiencies: but even in the height of national vanity, we don't explicitly hold that an Englishman differs from a Frenchman simply as a superior from an inferior. Americans, again, are de-

scended—the majority within a generation or two—from the European races. Any differences which may appear must therefore be due, not to a radical difference of nature, but to circumstances of climate, social condition, religious persuasion, and so on. We may regard the whole nation, therefore, as the embodiment of a vast and most interesting experiment. We may trace back their characteristics to the circumstances which gave them birth. We have planted offshoots from our own stem in a new and vast territory within historical times. We have poured out these enormous masses of population of our own blood, or of blood closely allied to ours. The existing order of the United States represents the effect of the resulting processes, carried on under conditions all of which are tolerably ascertainable. There cannot be a more interesting field of enquiry; and the philosophical remarks of such a man as De Tocqueville, for example, are of the highest possible interest. Even De Tocqueville made many blunders, as a foreigner was certain to do; but his conclusions, though they may apply as much to France as to America, marked a distinct stage in political speculation, and indicate the true spirit of the enquirer. He began by admitting that American flesh and blood was like his own. Unluckily, very few writers have shown De Tocqueville's impartiality or acuteness. They have tried to justify their prejudices, good or bad, instead of trying to form their judgments; and it is here that Americans have some ground of complaint. If it should be proved that this vast operation in national chemistry has had an unfortunate result, we might be justified in disliking the race. If, for example, the Americans turned out to be rogues, the plea that their roguery was the result of natural causes would not be valid against our antipathy. I have a strong prejudice against the late Mr. Palmer, though I may hold that Palmer's wickedness was caused by temptations acting upon hereditary predispositions. Metaphysicians may settle the free-will question as they please; however they settle it, hatred of evil propensities will be as natural and rightful as before. If we suppose—purely for the sake of argument—that Americans are greater cheats than Europeans, I should take the liberty of disliking Americans in consequence,



though it might be proved by the most invincible logic that their knavery was the inevitable result of their democracy, and that again of their social condition, and that of the conditions of their growth. Trace back the chain of cause and effect as far as you please, and a knave remains a knave, and ought to be a hateful person to the end of the chapter. Scientific observation may to some extent unravel the causes of moral deformity, and thereby teach us very useful lessons, but it certainly should not diminish our disgust at such deformity.

The fact, however, that American vices, whatever they may be, are thus traceable to assignable causes suggest some cautions, though it would not justify indifference. The first is that on which I have already insisted—namely, the utter futility of 999 judgments out of 1000. To say deliberately that the moral standard of a nation is distinctly lower or higher than that of its neighbors, requires an amount of careful observation and candid reasoning, which hardly anybody can give. It is said, for example, that American politicians are more corrupt than our own. What is the legitimate inference, supposing the fact to be proved? One man is content to infer that Americans generally have a low standard of honor. Another explains it as a general incident of Democracy. A third excuses it by the universal excuse—which indeed asserts an undeniable fact—that America is a new country. A fourth sets it down to the unprecedented emigration of ignorant foreigners. A Roman Catholic, perhaps, traces it to the demoralising influences of Protestantism. A Protestant retorts that it is due to the influence of priests upon an ignorant population. A profound philosopher shows his ingenuity by connecting it somehow with the influence of climate. A radical thinks that it is part of the legacy left by slavery. A constitution-monger considers it to be clearly produced by the absence of a system for representing minorities. A sound English constitutionalist remarks upon the want of a House of Lords. An educational reformer thinks that the school system is defective. A believer in race puts it down to Celtic or Teutonic tendencies. A lover of the past says it is caused by the growth of luxury. A "nihilist" says that it is owing to the growth of centralization.

An historian says that we were once equally corrupt in England, and regards the disease as a kind of measles incident to all races in certain stages of development. Each of these and a dozen other causes may have something to do with the phenomenon. I only observe that to consider any one of them fully involves a whole series of complicated observations, and to allow to each its due share would be the work of a philosophic lifetime. The connection, for example, between the standard of honor accepted in private life and that recognized in political life suggests innumerable curious questions, upon which volumes might be written. In some cases, the morality of a nation is very high in particular directions—as, for example, in regard to domestic virtues—whilst it is very low in regard to politics; whilst the reverse is constantly illustrated. One nation, like one man, is more given to drink than its neighbors, or more given to one particular form of drinking, and at the same time less inclined to crimes of violence or to offences against property. To sum up all the lines of enquiry which converge upon such problems is a task of the utmost nicety, for which, perhaps, nobody is fully competent. It implies a combination of the imagination which can see through the eyes of a strange race, with the power of accumulating knowledge which can swallow whole libraries of statistics, and the power of reasoning which can digest them.

When, therefore, a hasty traveller brings out his pat explanation, ascribes the evil to the influence which he happens to dislike, and then ascribes the influence to a natural defect in the character of the people, and further, infers that we ought to hate them instead of pitying, he is guilty of a whole series of doubtful assumptions. So far from seeing this, he probably gives himself the airs of a philosopher, and henceforward takes his little theory for granted, as though it were a proposition in Euclid. The true moral is surely different. We should blame any vices and praise any virtues proved to exist as heartily as if they were our own. We should sympathise with efforts to reform and denounce the fallacies by which errors are defended. On all such matters we should speak without fear or favor. We are on safe ground, and may treat with contempt any resentment that we may excite. Un-

luckily, this is just the course which we generally decline. Either we make a show of shutting our eyes to evils, and are despised as insincere sycophants; or we proceed to make hasty inferences as to causes which are as obscure as the consequences are palpable. Bribery and corruption are abominable—that is an undeniable truth. A or B is convicted of corruption; that is often equally clear, and so is the inference that A or B ought to be punished. It is another and quite a different thing to assume that the forty millions of men represented by A or B must all share his faults, and are therefore corrupt by nature or perverted by that particular influence on which we happen to pitch as most offensive to our own tastes. It is by this error in logic and feeling that we give legitimate ground for complaint, and manage to oscillate dexterously between administering unworthy flattery and unprovable imputations.

This or that, we may most properly say, is bad. As to its causes, we can only form some general conjectures, entitled to more or less respect, but always requiring to be carefully tested by experience. Most of us have no right to any opinion whatever. Our rash conjectures about Americans have often little more claims to respect than a schoolboy's fancies about the ancient Trojans. They are founded upon evidence, so far as they have any connection with evidence at all, which is ludicrously insufficient to justify any distinct conclusion, favorable or the reverse. Conversely, we have no right to be angry when people form utterly absurd opinions about ourselves. They do not really hate us, but a figment which happens to be called by our name. Their error is not in judging wrongly, but in judging at all; but that offence is so universal that it does not deserve to be condemned severely. So long as we take advantage of the liberty common to all men of forming opinions without knowledge of the facts, we must not be angry if other people use the same privilege, and fall into similar blunders.

The argument, it may be replied, would justify a mischievous scepticism. Are we to admit that no judgment can be formed about national character? Are we to assume that all nations, or all civilised nations, are equally good? And are we therefore to love our neighbors as well as

ourselves, and to regard patriotism as a vice instead of a virtue? None of these terrible conclusions really follow; but some things follow which we do not admit so willingly as we ought, because we find it hard to resign pretensions to supernatural sagacity. Judgments can be formed about national character, and certain conclusions established, which are of the highest value in political and historical reasoning. We can assign with great confidence certain distinctions between the great varieties of the human race. We can define with some accuracy the peculiar qualities of temperament which separate the Teuton from the Celt, and the Englishman from the American. But what few people can do with any show of reason, and probably no one can do with any approach to certainty, is to effect a sound analysis of national character, to decide upon the intensity as well as the general tendency of the various constituent impulses, and then to determine the resultant value of the amazingly complex forces which result when these elements are brought together to form the whole which we call a nation. A few acute critics or political reasoners can say pretty accurately in what directions French modes of thought and action diverge from English, and can infer which is best on a given occasion. Even such men will be the first to confess their utter inability to say which type is on the whole the best. But as the overwhelming majority of the race are utterly incapable of taking the first steps in this difficult process; as their hasty conclusions are not even based indirectly upon rational judgment, but reflect a number of utterly irrational prejudices, it may perhaps be said that modesty in expressing their opinions is distinctly desirable. Nor, again, need we assume that all nations, and still less the institutions of all nations, are equally good. To learn in what respects and why one is better than another is precisely the great problem of the philosophical observer. We should be foolish indeed not to take warning by the breakdown of some constitutions or be encouraged by the success of others. A national calamity should be a warning to others besides the persons directly affected. The objectionable practice in this case is the common tendency of jumping at the conclusions which flatter our preconceived prejudices. The action

which takes place is so complex that every party has some excuse for attributing all the evils which arise to its own pet object of detestation. If you had all believed in my creed, we exclaim, this would not have happened; and the retort is easy—neither would it have happened if we had all disbelieved. Both remarks may be right. When two parties are struggling, many evils happen which would not occur if either had converted its antagonist; but that does not show which conversion is desirable. Nothing is easier than to devise taunts to vex your opponents from any historical incident that ever happened. You have only to read it by the light of your own theories. The true reason is that the extreme intricacy of all such problems makes all inferences precarious. Whether the ultramontanes or the unbelievers, the absolutists or the democrats, are most to blame is a question which may be ultimately decided by experience, but can only be confused by these hasty snatches at an immediate conclusion. The great mass may be content with observing frequent illustrations of the great truth that moral enormities bring round their punishment in time. The old maxims that honesty is the best policy, and oppression an evil both to tyrant and slave, are worth hearing afresh because incessantly forgotten. When, not content with those simple truths, we try to pronounce specific verdicts upon the conduct of people of whose motives, designs, characters, and difficulties we know next to nothing, we are apt to make disgraceful blunders and indirectly to flatter our own faults. The chief use of these national prejudices is to blind ourselves to the reflection that, if we had been in the same position, we should probably have done the same thing. The epithet "French" or "American" is easily made to account for everything, and flatters us into the generally erroneous assumption that we are not as those Publicans.

Is not this to preach a futile cosmopolitanism? We are proud of our English descent, and we won't admit that our pride can be wrong, for it is that pride which has made us do things to be proud of. But how can we be proud if we don't hold that we are better than our neighbors? This is, no doubt, the final difficulty which perplexes us, and yet the answer seems to be very simple. A man, for ex-

ample, may respect himself without holding that he is of more value than his neighbors. He may take an honest pride in doing his duty and exerting his talents without holding that he ought to be Prime Minister, or that he is the intellectual equal of Shakespeare and Newton. Or, to come nearer to the point, a man may love his wife and children; he may be ready to fight for them to the death, to work himself to the bone, to prefer their society to that of the best people in the land, and may yet be quite ready to admit that they are not far removed from the average standard. Undoubtedly it is difficult to keep our affections from prejudicing our reason; to judge things by their intrinsic value, and yet to value them in practice by their importance to ourselves; and, in short, to refrain from declaring our own favorite geese to be swans. But that is just one of the lessons which we all have to learn in our private relations, on peril of bitter disappointment to ourselves and serious injury to those we love. A man who is capable of learning by experience finds out that the face of one whom he loves need not be the most beautiful in the world in order to be the most delightful to his eyes; and that he may admit that the maternal instinct which proportions affection to the weakness of its object instead of to its abstract merit is so far from being irrational that it represents the great condition of domestic happiness. The paradox of patriotism is precisely the same. A man may hold that Frenchmen or Americans are every whit as good as Englishmen in all essentials; that virtue and wisdom are fortunately not confined by the four seas or the horizon visible from his parish steeple; and he may yet be as ready as his neighbors to die for his country, to do his best to carry the English flag to the North Pole or Timbuctoo, or to give his whole strength to remedy the many evils which threaten our social welfare. In this sense, indeed, the worse his country may be, the greater its demands upon him; and the more convinced he is that it is behind its neighbors, the greater should be his efforts to bring it up to their level.

The whole difficulty, in fact, lies in this persistent assumption that because I love a country or a person I must logically hold it to be the best of all countries or persons. That is the temptation, not the

legitimate inference. My country is or ought to be dear to me, because I am tied down to it by a thousand bonds of birth, connection, and tradition; because it is that part of the world in which I can labor to most purpose; because my affections are governed by all kinds of associations which have no connection whatever with my intellectual estimate of its value. But this is just what people in general refuse to see. They insist upon my drawing an illogical inference. If I am forced to admit by evidence that another race is in any respect better than my own, they declare that I am unpatriotic. They do not condescend to enquire whether my recognition of that fault leads me to love my country less. That is taken for granted; and therefore the test of patriotism is taken to be my persuasion of the truth of certain conclusions about matters of which, in ninety-nine cases out of one hundred, I am an utterly incompetent judge. It is sought to make patriotism rational by insisting that my emotions shall have a logical basis which may or may not exist. The only result is that I make a factitious basis by inventing the proposition which gratifies my vicarious vanity, and then assuming that it is the cause instead of the effect of the vanity.

I must, for my part, decline to stake my patriotism upon any such test whatever. Something may prove to-morrow morning that another nation is better than mine, and then I must either believe a lie or cease to be patriotic. I claim the right, on the contrary, of expressing such opinions as I can form, with absolute freedom, and without admitting any inference as to my sentiment. I believe that Englishmen are in many and important respects at the rear instead of being in the van of civilised races. As a mere matter of taste I generally prefer the society of intelligent Americans, because they are not hide-bound by British prejudice. I never go to Paris or travel in Germany or Italy without being impressed by the great superiority of foreigners in many respects,

intellectually, artistically, and socially. But, for all that, I may be just as patriotic as the Briton who makes his first trip to the Continent when he is already soaked to the core with native prejudices, and swears that all foreigners are filthy barbarians because he does not find soap by his basin in the first hotel. Why not? A man may love his children better than all the world, and yet know that they are short, ugly, stupid, and far from being models of all the Christian virtues.

And, therefore, I shall be perfectly happy on the next 4th of July. I shall admit most cheerfully that we made a dreadful mess of things a century ago, and that we shall probably make other messes for centuries to come. I shall admit that the United States have a larger territory than the British islands; that they have more coal and iron, and bigger rivers, mountains and prairies; nay, I would admit, if it were proved, that their system of government is in some ways better than ours, that they have better schools, less intoxication, and a greater diffusion of general intelligence. On all these points, and many others, I am perfectly open to conviction. Only I shall look with extreme suspicion upon any attempts to sum up the merits of their national character, and proclaim, as examiners do after a competition, that England deserves only ninety-nine marks whilst America has earned one hundred, or *vice versa*. I have a strong conviction that in such matters our confidence generally increases in proportion to our ignorance; and that the chief result of expressing it is to set up an irritation mischievous as far as it goes, though luckily it does not go so far as we think. And meanwhile I shall be quite content to be in ignorance about most of these problems, which nobody has yet solved, and shall, with Johnson and Savage, "stick by my country" so long as it does not insist upon my telling lies or doing dirty actions on its behalf.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

#### A LADY'S VISIT TO THE HERZEGOVINIAN INSURGENTS.

##### RAGUSA.

It is difficult to imagine, when walking down the Corso of Ragusa, that one is on

the Dalmatian coast, and in an Austrian town. The old Loggia, the Market-place, the Fountain, all recall various Italian cities one has seen.

Its position on the Adriatic, surrounded by olive-clad hills, suggests Amalfi; its terraces of red-roofed houses are like Pistoja; while the architectural features of the principal buildings betray the influence of Venice. But, like her sisters across the Adriatic, Ragusa is only the shadow of her former self. Looking at her deserted palaces and grass-grown streets, one can hardly persuade oneself that her merchantmen once carried "Argosies" to the farthest parts of the civilised world, and that her citizens were (next to the Venetians) the most arrogant race in Europe.

The hereditary aristocracy still retain exaggerated ideas of their rank; but their means are extremely small, and by intermarrying among themselves they have degenerated mentally and physically.

Ragusa, in the days of her prosperity, thoroughly understood the advantages to be reaped by maintaining communication with the inland provinces of Bosnia, Herzegovina, and Servia, and thereby developed her commerce, and infused new Slav blood into her population. Now, however, Austria possesses only the narrow seaboard, and does not attempt any intercourse with the interior, so that Dalmatia is, as the Slavs themselves say, "Like a face without a head." Bravely did Ragusa withstand the incursions of Venetian, Turk, and Slav; asserting her independence until Nature itself conspired against her, and by the great earthquake of 1667 absolutely destroyed her pre-eminence and power. It is curious to note that, in spite of this catastrophe, the inhabitants should have rebuilt their houses on the very site of the disaster, instead of moving a mile away to the shores of the Bay of Gravosa, which is now the principal port.

The Duomo, Custom-house, and Palazzo, are the only remains of the old city; and truly one can say that Ragusa has gone to sleep. Her lethargy is disturbed just now, however, by the fighting which is carried on so close to her, and by the extra call made on her resources by the refugees and wounded combatants, who seek shelter across the frontier. The Austrian Government has given them the "Lazzaretto" to herd in, and nothing could be imagined sadder than the spectacle the place presents. Creatures scarcely human in aspect crawl about on the barren, rocky ground, in front of the long, low

building. They are half-clothed, and scarcely bear the semblance of humanity, wretched-looking women, crouching down, mending the only rags they have to cover them, whilst little naked children appeal vainly to them for food. Old men, dazed and stunned by misery, look on listlessly, as if indifferent to what fate holds in store for them. Six thousand Herzegovinian refugees are here now. The Government has done its best to help them, but the emergency is greater than its powers. An allowance of ten farthings a day has been made per head, but in consequence of the strain put upon the resources of the town, the price of all the necessities of life has doubled; and how, under such circumstances, can ten farthings suffice to keep body and soul together?

Not only are there the refugees to think of, but whenever an engagement occurs between Ragusa and Trebinje, and the wounded have to be brought here (it may be in considerable numbers), they must be accommodated and nursed somehow. In sooth, Ragusa has enough to occupy her, and to stir her to the very heart. One of the best apartments has been taken and fitted up as a temporary hospital, and one would have thought it a haven of refuge for these poor creatures after their privations on the hills. But as well ask a caged eagle to be happy, as one of these wild Herzegovinians to submit to the tedium and restraint of a sick room. As soon as it is possible for them to move, they invariably beg kind Baroness Lichtenberg to allow them to go back to their homes at Cattaro and elsewhere; they will listen to no persuasion, and many must perish on the road. Next to this are some of the dens where the sick among the poorer classes are housed. These consist of one dark, dank room without a window, where, on the stone floor, we saw huddled up in their brown blankets the forms of the wretched invalids. We then scrambled up, through groups of women and girls, who came to gaze on us as a sort of curiosity, to the main building. What we saw there would tax a far more eloquent pen than mine to describe. I should think there were about a hundred and fifty people, living, eating, sleeping, and dying, side by side. The atmosphere was so thick and close that we had to stand for several minutes before we could either see or breathe, and then by degrees weird and



ghastly figures became visible; the most conspicuous being the women, who rushed towards us, gesticulating, and pointing to holes in the roof that let in the rain, and at the hard floor they had to lie on, without any bedding or covering.

Harrowing were the sights of suffering that greeted us on every side. Here lay a poor old man of eighty, stone blind, with hardly a stitch to cover him, moaning piteously; whilst close to him, in a wooden cradle lent by some sympathising mother in the district, lay newly-arrived twins, launched into this world of sorrow and struggle, but as yet conscious only of the pangs of hunger; whilst over them hung their mother, who told us piteously that ten farthings a day were all she could muster for herself and the two helpless beings with whom Nature had seen fit to bless her. We thought of the lines of Shakespeare:—

A terrible child-bed hast thou had,  
My dear. No fire! No light!  
The unfriendly elements  
Forget thee utterly.

Heart-sick and weary, we struggled through them into the blessed sunshine.

The feast of St. Blasrus (the patron saint of the town) is a great day at Ragusa, and the spring sun lit up a brilliant scene; all the windows were hung with tapestry and the doors dressed with banners. The streets were crowded with holiday-makers, early as it was, and all were bound in the same direction to the gates of the town, where the "Communi" of the different villages around salute before entering. It was indeed a picturesque sight that greeted us, as soon as we had passed the draw-bridge. We were not a moment too soon, for the procession of villagers was winding down the hill in the distance, each municipality carrying the banner of the district. The Austrian band led the way, and as soon as the gate was reached, the standard-bearer of each village knelt down on one knee, and twisting his pennon round his head, he saluted the town, amidst the firing of blunderbusses and the rolling of drums.

The peasants' dresses were one mass of gold embroidery from cap to gaiters. Many of them had, I daresay, descended from father to son for hundreds of years. They cannot be purchased now-a-days for less than eighty or ninety guineas, and it

is therefore not wonderful if they represent all the savings made by their owners.

After they had shaken hands with the mayor of the town, they proceeded down the principal street to the square, opposite the Cathedral, where they again saluted, and then depositing their banners in the church of St. Blasrus, they trooped out to have a regular day's enjoyment.

There was to be seen the most singular and striking mixture of costumes—Brenesi, Canalesi, and Ragusan—some of the women wearing the becoming white caps of the country; whilst others had simply the home-embroidered muslin handkerchiefs common to all the female population of the Dalmatian and Albanian coast. The girls had tight-fitting serge bodices, and their hair was plaited and decorated with gold coins. To see them laughing and talking together, made it difficult to believe that danger, sadness, and privation were so near at hand.

Even the poor refugees seemed determined to cast their troubles away from them for to-day; and although one saw a tear let fall, and a bitter sob escape now and then, as some poor mother hears the news of a son wounded, or a wife of her husband being called to join the fighting, joy on the whole wins the day.

Here and there were men with earnest, careworn faces, whose dress and appearance showed they had come from the scene of war. They generally stood in groups, discussing the last news. It was curious to see these same rough warriors kneeling down with the greatest fervor to kiss the relics of St. Blasrus, which, enshrined in silver cases, were carried round the town. We were told that these consist of two left arms. The anatomical knowledge of these poor creatures, however, is not great, and they did not appear to question for an instant the genuineness of what was offered to their adoration. After this operation had been gone through, there was a lull in the proceedings, as the inner man must be refreshed in order to be able to go through the business of the day.

After luncheon came the "Tombola."

The Austrian Government have given three prizes, and these childlike people have entirely forgotten everything relating to St. Blasrus in their excitement about the lottery. The square was a mass of anxious eager faces, and instead of mur-

mured prayers and benedictions, nothing was audible but groans, hisses, and shrieks.

At last the winners of the principal prize (20*l.*) were declared (for it was a "tie" between the letter-carrier of the camp of Peko, the insurgent chief, and an Austrian soldier). As they stood together, they might be taken as types of the two powers that are striving for empire in the land—one, free, easy in all his movements, a thoroughly uncivilised Slav; the other, mechanical, with everything that drill can do for him. After the lottery was over, the peasants again went to fetch their flags, and, proceeding down the main street, repeated the salutation of the morning with even more vigor and impetuosity, owing greatly, we imagine, to a certain amount of stimulant imbibed during the day. The festivities were not over yet, however. There was to be a grand national dance in the theatre, where we had taken a box.

As we arrived at 8 o'clock, it was just beginning. Upon the stage sat two musicians, each armed with a one-stringed violin, from which they managed to extract a most wonderful amount of sound, aided enormously by their feet; sometimes indeed, when their hands, utterly wearied, refused to play any longer, they kept the dancers going by stamping energetically. They certainly were the most untiring votaries of Terpsichore I have ever seen. Round and round they went, like Dervishes, clapping their hands and shouting, sometimes seizing one another round the waist, at others round the neck. It made one perfectly dizzy to look at them, and an hour of the heat and noise was enough. As we came out, we saw the poor refugees clustered round the doorway, for they could not afford the entrance to the theatre on ten soldi a day, and so had to be content with looking on from the outside.

There is a great deal of the old-fashioned ways and manners of their Italian ancestors surviving amongst the Ragusans. It is still the habit for all the politicians and principal men to meet, either at the banker's, barber's, or chemist's, to discuss the political news of the day. It was at first strange to hear a magistrate, or dignitary of the law, talk upon the most solemn subjects while undergoing the operation of shaving; but we soon conquered this feeling, and made a point of turning

into the worthy barber's every morning to hear the last news from the seat of war.

From there we usually went to the banker's on the market-place, where, very often, we met some of the insurgent chiefs, who came in to buy food and get money. Sometimes all business was forgotten in the excitement of listening to an account of the battle just fought. It was impossible not to enter into the spirit of the situation, and very often the necessity of such sub-lunary matters as getting change for our circular notes was ignored whilst we sat listening to the excited Babel of tongues.

There are many pretty expeditions to be made in the neighborhood of Ragusa. The first in interest is to the island of La Croma, formerly the home of the ill-fated Emperor Maximilian and his wife, which lies about half a mile from the entrance to the harbor. Originally it belonged to a monastery founded by our King, Richard Cœur de Lion, who, being overtaken by storms in the Adriatic on his way home from the Holy Land, took refuge in the island of La Croma, and built this monastery and likewise the cathedral in the town. The monks were gradually scattered, and the place eventually bought by Maximilian, who, by utilising the old cloister, and building a new wing, succeeded in making a most comfortable country-house. It was very sad to wander through the rooms once tenanted by him and the Empress Charlotte.

The whole island and house have just been purchased by a gentleman from Trieste for the small sum of 4,000*l.* He has left everything exactly as it was when Maximilian occupied it. There was the blotting-book on the table in the study, with the ink dry in the bottle; whilst above, on the wall, hung a large map of Mexico. Often, I daresay, did he study it, little dreaming of the sad fate that awaited him and his wife amongst the treacherous inhabitants of that Western land. The grounds are very prettily laid out, and one can hardly understand his preferring the uncertainties of an imperial crown to the peace and quiet of this lovely spot.

Another object well repaying a visit are the mills at Ombla. Our road towards Gravosa (the bay that forms the entrance to the Ombla) lay through a country bright with almond and orange trees in full blossom. One crop, of which we saw

many fields, excited our particular curiosity. It consisted of a yellow flower, creeping thickly and closely over the ground; and we were told that this constituted the principal article of commerce of Ragusa, and was the far-famed "Persian Insect-destroying Powder" (the botanical name we were never able to ascertain), which we in England imagine comes from the East, but which in reality is principally grown on the shores of Dalmatia. It can be purchased at wholesale prices, and requires to be used in wholesale quantities if you travel in the interior. A boat was waiting at the entrance of the river, and we were soon enjoying the indolent pleasure of being rowed along through the loveliest scenery. The green and fertile banks sloped down to the water's edge, whilst behind frowned the stony hills of Herzegovina at each new turn of the river; disclosing a pretty glen, with its fishing village, surmounted either by a convent or a palace. The country about here used to be a favorite summer resort of the rich Ragusan nobles, as the many deserted villas that line the river's bank amply prove; one in particular we noticed whose marble stairs were overgrown with moss, and its "Loggia" covered with frescoes, entirely uninhabited; it made one painfully realize the difference between the former prosperity of the town and its present sunk condition.

What a place the banks of the Ombla would be for an artist! Every house almost has its Byzantine window or carved doorway, making delicious little bits of picturesque background. As we rowed along, one of our party, whilst looking up at the dark blue sky overhead, descried a number of vultures wheeling and turning about. We could not understand it at first, until our boatman said, "Oh yes, they are waiting to see what prey they can pick up on the site of the battle-field of the day before yesterday." This rudely recalled us to the tragic events that were being enacted in our neighborhood, but which the beauty and tranquillity of the scene had made us forget for a time. After two hours' row, we found ourselves at the old mills, the bourne of our journey. The Ombla, like all the other rivers on this coast, gushes clear and bright out of the foot of the hill, with the same impetuosity and volume that it displays during the remainder of its course. The mills are

built over its source, where it first breaks over the rocks, and a picturesque and fern-grown place it is, not rendered less so by its groups of Herzegovinian inhabitants. For here we are just over the border and in the insurgent country. All around, the heights are covered with goats and herds of sheep, tended by poor refugee women, who have driven them hither to save them from the rapacity of the Turk.

On our way home we were met by the Russian Consul-General, Mr. Jonine, who is said to be the wire-puller of all the diplomatic intrigues carried on by the Cabinet of St. Petersburg in these provinces. His position can certainly be no sinecure just now, as his wearied and overworked looks prove. His employers are said to have the highest opinion of his capabilities. Canosa is also well worth seeing, and the eight-mile drive to it lies through some of the finest scenery on the Dalmatian littoral; the road winding along the face of the cliff that overhangs the Adriatic, which at this point is studded with islands. The principal sight at the village itself consists of two plane trees, said to be the largest in the world, and not less than 300 years old.

It was festa day when we were there, and the girls in their white aprons and bright-colored dresses formed a charming picture. The priest of the village is a well-known poet, and many is the warlike ode with which he has stirred up the hearts of his countrymen. He was playing "bowls" as we came up, his priestly cloak over his arm, but as much excited as any of his parishioners. When the game was over, he came and sat down, and held forth before us all. He by no means professed to carry out the Christian doctrine of peace and forgiveness, and wherever the Turks were concerned, was uncompromising in his hatred. "Fancy," he said, "the Archbishop having told one of my brother priests that it was not his duty to face the Turk, but that he ought to retire and leave fighting to soldiers! He came and asked me about it, and I very soon sent him back to defend his country and his faith." We thought, as we listened to him, surrounded by his flock, of the description in "Hermann and Dorothea" of the "Edle Verstandiger Pfarrherr," who knew life and the needs of his audience.

## CATTARO AND MONTENEGRO.

Cattaro lies at the foot of the mountain of Montenegro. It is situated at the end of the narrow estuary called the Bocche-di-Cattaro. These Bocche are fifteen miles long, and about half-a-mile broad, and look more like a great river winding between mountains to the sea than an arm of the Adriatic. The scenery is striking in the extreme, reminding one often, in its sternness and ruggedness, of a Scotch loch. The hills rise, black and threatening, on either side, clothed half-way up with oak and pine woods, while the summit is generally bare and stony. It is proverbially the worst place on this treacherous coast for sudden storms, and the "Bora" comes swooping down through the clefts of the hills with extraordinary force. One moment may be clear and bright as an August day, and the next black as night: your pilot will point you out a little fleecy cloud lying on the hill side, and will say, "That means a Bora," and before you have time to shorten sail a tempest is blowing, accompanied by sheets of rain.

We were delayed here five days by heavy rains, which turned the Scala into a running river, and made it impossible to think of starting on our way to Cetigne.

On Thursday, the 10th of February, the wind changed, and although bitterly cold, brought a cloudless sky and clear atmosphere. Our little horses were ordered, therefore, and awaited us on the quay at half-past seven o'clock in the morning. We trotted across the old bridge, through the marketplace, and began the toilsome ascent. The path went zigzag up the mountain side; sometimes it seemed almost sheer over a precipice, making one dizzy as one looked down at the town of Cattaro far beneath.

Clear and piercing did the sound of the church bells come up through the frosty air, and the voices of the mountaineers talking to one another far above were as audible as though they had been close to us. They were trooping down to sell their potatoes, eggs, and milk, to the people of the Bocche, and to carry back in exchange stuffs and other simple luxuries the town affords.

The sight of poor women staggering along under heavy burdens, whilst the men walked beside them perfectly unen-

cumbered, struck us painfully; but we accepted it, after a time, with the same resignation as the women themselves, and learned to look on the Montenegrin warrior as a fancy article, that ought not to be expected to do anything save fight in time of war and saunter about in his splendor in time of peace.

The girls have a certain amount of beauty, but it soon fades, for they are married at thirteen or fourteen, and then enter upon a life of wretched drudgery. The wife of the Prince and of the President of the Senate are the only women who can read and write, and they, even, have to wait at table and do all the household cooking. It is needless to say, therefore, that their education is not advanced enough to have induced them to fight for Women's Rights.

At about 9 o'clock we got on a level with the old Venetian fortress, that protects the wall on the side of Montenegro. At its foot lies a little cluster of houses, for the most part in ruins, showing the lawlessness of their neighbors on the heights; for in times past, when wheat was scarce in Montenegro, its inhabitants made a raid on the adjoining country—Turk or Christian—to supply the deficiency; and many are the traces, both on this side and round about Ragusa, of their depredations.

As we got higher, the number of people coming down the mountain increased. The women were all dressed in the long white Dalmatian jacket; whilst the men wore the round scarlet Montenegrin hat, with the initials of the Prince, N. I. (Nicholas I.), embroidered in gold on the crown, and a black silk band round the edge, put on as mourning for the occupation of Serbia by the Turks.

In their belts gleamed daggers and silver-mounted pistols, whilst all had on the "opanche," or sandals made of ox hide, which we, in our stiff-soled civilised boots, could not help envying when we saw the ease with which they enabled their wearers to climb. The agility displayed by them was astonishing. They quite disdained the winding path we followed, and went straight down the side of the mountain, those at the summit holding long conversation with their friends far below.

After about two hours' ascent, we found ourselves in a region of snow—a white

carpet two feet in thickness, that lay over everything. The country began to grow more and more wild, reminding one of Gustave Doré's pictures of Dante's "Inferno." Not a habitation of any kind was visible until we came to the village of Niëgush, our first halting-place. We drew up opposite the inn, a hovel thatched with straw, from which the icicles hung thick. Luckily we had brought provisions with us, for the place produced nothing but black bread, "starkie" (a strong sort of spirit), and coffee. We were surrounded as we ate by a number of insurgent women and children, who, although they did not beg, looked so longingly at our food, that we had to ask them to share it with us. Poor creatures! they had not yet learnt to hold out their hands for alms.

Gazing at the silver buckles and necklaces these Herzegovinian women wore, we wanted to purchase some of them; but it is curious how loth they are to part with their finery. They will go about in rags, and yet keep their caps covered with silver chains and coins. Our old hostess, seeing I had a fancy for these gewgaws, beckoned me to follow her; and, taking me up a ladder into a garret, the dirt and dilapidation of which it would be hazardous to describe, she unlocked a wooden box, in which was stored finery that might have made many a duchess envious. She had one belt for which, she said, she had given £20. It was of massive silver, with ever so many chains and ornaments hanging to it. Besides this, she had at least forty or fifty shirts, embroidered in colored silks, for festa days. I particularly wanted one of these, and offered her a handsome price, but she would not sell. "No," she said, "I am keeping them all for my daughter, when she marries," pointing to the pretty little girl who held a lamp for us to examine the family splendors; "and *she* can read," she added, "so she ought to make a good match."

Niëgush boasts of one building, a kind of "khan," which is said to be superior to anything at Cetigne. We could not see much in it in the way of architectural merit, as it is a plain stone house, looking uncommonly like a stable. When we had seen all the public edifices of Cetigne, however, we knew why the inhabitants thought so much of it.

After our frugal meal was eaten, and

the horses rested, we again mounted and continued our journey. It now lay over a most fatiguing road, ascending and descending a series of small hills, three or four feet deep in snow, until at last, on our reaching the top of the highest of them, a wonderful panorama burst upon the view. The lake of Scutari lay in the far distance, dark and mysterious, under the Albanian hills; whilst nearer we could descry the beginning of the plain of Cetigne, and even the smoke of the town.

In an hour we entered the principal street. The capital of Montenegro reminds one more of a large village in the Scotch Highlands than anything else. There is one main thoroughfare, intersected by a smaller one, each bordered by rows of, for the most part, straw-thatched cottages, none of which boast a chimney; nor is it till quite lately that it has occurred to a few of the more "advanced thinkers" to insert funnels into the windows in order to admit of the exit of smoke in that primitive fashion.

As we passed down the street, picturesque groups assembled at the doorways, for the arrival of a stranger is not an every-day occurrence in Montenegro. It was curious to see issuing from tenements, which in England would be designated hovels, warriors, gorgeous in green and gold, wearing senatorial badges on their hats. They did not exhibit any obtrusive curiosity, but offered a respectful salute.

Presently an individual, evidently high in office, introduced himself as aide-de-camp of the Prince. He told us that apartments had been prepared for us in the old palace, where we were to be the guests of royalty. "If you wait a moment here," he added, "you will see his Highness pass." We did so, and were rewarded by as romantic a sight as this prosy nineteenth century has to show. It was like a scene out of a mediæval romance. The Prince and all his "Perianikes," or body-guard, were in their beautiful national dress; the Prince being distinguished from his retainers by a light blue mantle thrown over his shoulders. All of them—and they numbered a hundred—were splendid-looking fellows, but none of them surpassed their chief. He was a man of about thirty-five, six feet four in height, and acknowledged as the strongest and most muscular person in his dominions,



which is saying a great deal. His face was open and frank, and usually wore a very sweet smile, which conferred on it a look of singular gentleness. "E bello, il nostro principe?—eh?" said our guide, in broken Italian, and we certainly agreed with him.

As we passed the Prince and his body-guard, they saluted us with distinguished courtesy, and we continued our route to the hospitable quarters prepared for us, right glad to sit by a warm stove and forget the deep snow and bitter cold outside.

After an hour of this luxury, however, we summoned up our courage and determined to sally out and see some of the sights of the place. Close to our quarters, and overshadowing the public fountain, stands the "Tree of Justice," for Montenegro is a happy country that knows neither parliament nor law-court, and where the people address all their appeals and grievances to the ear of the Prince himself, who sits underneath the tree, and either decides between the disputants or refers them to the Montenegrin Code of Laws. During fine and open weather, people come from all the country round to consult their Prince, his decision on any point, we were told, never being disputed. Capital punishment, in the form of shooting, is inflicted for murder. It was instituted by Danilo, to put an end to the *vendette* which existed, and which were transmitted from father to son and from family to family.

Imprisonment follows theft and acts of violence; but the longest term is seven years, during which time the condemned are allowed to go about in the day-time, and although marked men, they are trusted to go even as far as Cattaro. They have to pay so much a day for their keep, and are sometimes employed on public works; the women receive no education, but are nevertheless subject to the same penalty and incarceration as men. Their ideas of morality are extremely strict, and any breach of decorum is visited with the greatest severity.

Next morning we were awakened sometimes by violent storms of rain and wind, for a sou'-wester had set in, bringing with it a thaw. Nothing more dreary could be imagined than the view that greeted us from our bed-room window. A thick mist hung over everything, only allowing

glimpses now and then of the wild-looking hills that surround the plain.

On the right rose a round tower, the one whereon Sir Gardiner Wilkinson, on his visit to Montenegro, had seen the row of Turks' heads hanging, and to which, at his instance, the "Vladika" had removed. To the left lay the New Palace, the residence of the Prince, with its small piece of garden reclaimed from the surrounding waste, but presenting at that moment only the aspect of mud. Just imagine what were our feelings when, under such circumstances, we received an invitation which was equivalent to a command to dine with the Prince that evening! How were we possibly to get across the flooded streets *en grand tenue*? For such a thing as a carriage has never been seen in Cetigne.

As we were in Montenegro, however, we felt we must do as the Montenegrins do. So, braving the elements, we mounted the little horses that had taken us up the Scala, and trotted across to our destination in time for seven o'clock dinner.

We were soon in the well-lighted, comfortable hall of the palace, where with great difficulty we disengaged ourselves of waterproofs and ulsters; thence we were shown upstairs between rows of servants in the national dress. After crossing a small but prettily furnished ante-room, with Eastern carpets and parquet floor, we were ushered into the Prince's presence. Unfortunately the Princess was too ill to appear, but he introduced us to a dear little fellow of seven, his son, who looked quite bewitching in his Montenegrin costume. The Prince has this one son and six daughters. Prince Nicholas talks French with perfect fluency. He spent two years in France, and "all those two years I sighed to be back in Montenegro," he said; adding, "We Montenegrins suffer dreadfully from home-sickness when we are away. There is no pleasure in the world to me like hunting the chamois or the deer on my native hills, and feeling that I am amongst my own people."

After a very good dinner, followed by a capital talk, we took leave of our kind host, and returned to our own quarters. The next day the weather was so frightful that it was not possible to dream of returning. So we remained indoors, except when hunger forced us out to get ou

meals at the hotel. Sunday, however, was nice and bright, and although the ground was rather slippery, we decided on retracing our steps; so, accompanied by a number of the inhabitants who came to bid us farewell and godspeed, we set out on our six hours' journey home, highly delighted at having seen Montenegro, with its quaint institutions and half-civilised people, and wondering if it be destined to remain in the condition it now is, or to be the head, at some future date, of a large and powerful Slav principality in the heart of Europe.

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#### THE INSURGENT CAMP.

Castel-Nuovo is situated at the entrance of the Bocche-di-Cattaro, on the border of the Austrian, and what used to be Turkish, territory; but the latter is now in the hands of the insurgents.

Castel-Nuovo itself is at present the head-quarters of the Slav Committee, and the whole town is in a state of excitement. The market-place was full of fighting men, buying for Peko's and Socica's camp. The latter was stationed at about two hours' distance, the former two hours farther on. When we asked if we could visit them, "Nothing was easier," we were told; "as the ascent to Lutitz, their head-quarters, although steep, was not long." At last, then, our wish to see the insurgent chiefs in their own camp, surrounded by the fighting portion of the Herzegovinians, was to be gratified. One of the poor fellows we had met in the hospital at Ragusa immediately offered his horse, and said "he would act as guide to the place." The only difficulty was how to procure a lady's saddle. Such a thing had never been heard of at Castel-Nuovo. We were not to be defeated in our object, however, and managed, with the help of our kind friend, to whom the horse belonged, to rig out a sort of affair, to which it was, at least, possible to hold on. Luckily, the head of the Slav Committee at Castel-Nuovo was going to the camp himself that day, and he offered to accompany us and act as interpreter.

The road lay up a valley, with a magnificent range of hills on either side. Their rugged sides and stony precipices made a sombre contrast to the bright val-

ley we were traversing, with its olive-woods and vineyards, through which ran a little river, babbling over its rocky bed, as though its waters had never been dyed with the blood of the slain, as was the case in 1862, when the standard of revolt was the last time raised in this district. On we went, past the fort of Sutorina. In the distance, in front of us, a hill was pointed out to us, rising sheer out of the plain, on which the camp was situated. We turned our eyes towards it, as mariners do towards the light they have to steer for, until it got nearer and nearer, and at last we reached the foot of the ascent. The stiffest part of our journey then began. Our path lay straight up the side of the hill. It hardly deserved to be dignified by the name of path, for it had originally been the bed of a torrent, the rolling stones of which did not make a particularly comfortable footing for our little horses. Nevertheless, they began bravely to scramble up it, and, by dint of urging and shouting, we were landed in twenty minutes at the picturesque village of, Lutitz, in and about which the insurgents were stationed.

All the animals, cows, pigs, horses, &c., which generally occupy the ground floor of a Dalmatian cottage, had been turned out on to the hill-side, and their domiciles were occupied by Socica's followers. He himself had his quarters in the "pope's" or "priest's" house. Here we were welcomed by a vast amount of firing and hurrahing.

Knowing the extreme shortness of ammunition in the camp, we suggested to Socica, after a few rounds, that we had had quite enough. "My men have not heard the sound of a rifle for a few days," he said, "and are quite delighted at the opportunity." What a wild set of fellows they were, as they stood around their chief! We might have imagined ourselves in some robber's fastness of the Middle Ages. They were dressed in all sorts of costumes; some in the blue baggy trousers of the Turk, taken in battle, the cartouch-box ornamented with the crescent; others keeping to the white flannel jerkin of their country. All looked well and healthy, and in first-rate condition, although our friend, the head of the Slav Committee, assured us, they had not eaten meat for a week.

"Garibaldi offered to send us up some volunteers," he said, "but they were no

good at all. They required meat every second day, whereas our men would march from here to Belgrade on a little maize bread."

There is no doubt about it, this is one of the great secrets of their success, and of the strength of the insurrection. The Turkish troops die right and left of the privations they have to undergo in this wild country, whereas the Herzegovinians and Montenegrins, who think nothing of walking fifteen miles for a drink of water, and back again, seem to thrive better for the hardships they suffer.

No Emperor welcoming his guests could have shown higher breeding than Socica, who came forward to receive us, introduced us to all his friends and companions in arms, and then begged us to enter the house. The room we were shown into evidently served as bed-room for about a dozen of his staff, and as a banquetting-hall for everyone, for on the table were spread out the principal luxuries the place afforded — black bread, raw mutton, smoked, and goats' cheese. The atmosphere was not sweet, and we begged that one of the windows might be opened: sitting down by it, and looking away over the most beautiful view of mountain and valley as far as Sutorina and the Bocche, we listened to these wild mountaineers, as they told the story of their wrongs, and insisted on the uselessness of Andrassy or anyone else trying to patch up the quarrel between them and their oppressors.

Socica is a man of much more refinement and education than his colleagues. He held a leading position at Piva, where he had amassed a certain amount of money, with which he had to fly, to prevent the rapacious Turk from seizing it. When the insurrection broke out, he gave his life and money to the cause. His wife and family are at Montenegro, and he and they will never be able to return to the Herzegovina as long as the Moslem remains in possession. "But," as he told us, "that could make little pecuniary difference, for before his flight he had been obliged to dispose of all his property." He introduced us to a brother chief, Melentia, who was a priest, but, like all the servants of the Gospel in this country, was ready to fight as well as preach. Nothing was talked about but the war, and the prospect of the coming campaign in the spring. One of the things that struck us

most was the slender resources on which the insurrection existed, and the indomitable energy and courage that must animate the chiefs, to enable them to succeed in defying the Ottoman power with the handful of men and the miserable supply of provisions at their disposal.

After luncheon we went outside, where, after half an hour, we were joined by Peko, Phillipovich, and Vukalovich, and one or two other heads of the movement. All of them were manly, rough-looking fellows, but it was only Peko who gave us the least idea of intellectual force. His massive head and jaw seemed made to command, and judging by the way he was listened to, his fellow-countrymen thought the same. His reputation as a warrior would of itself entitle him to respect, for he is a man who is now about sixty, and during the course of his life has fought sixty-two battles. What particularly excited their ire was the Andrassy Note. "As if," they said, "Turkey could carry out any promised reforms? As well ask a dead tree to bear fruit." Nothing will induce these people to go back to their homes, unless they have a surer guarantee than Turkey seems inclined to give. Their dream, of course, is to have a Slav principality in the centre of Europe, under a prince of their own choosing; but this, we fear, they will never be allowed to realise. They therefore ask, for the present, to be put on the footing of Serbia, only paying a tax to Turkey; and this they might be able to achieve, if not interfered with by one of the greater Powers.

The understanding between the chiefs and their followers seems complete, for whatever Peko said in his dry, funny way, was always greeted with a murmur of assent. There is said to be some jealousy between him and Socica; but of this we could discern nothing, as they were extremely cordial to one another in manner.

As the shadows grew longer, and evening came on, we thought it as well to prepare for our return. Peko and Socica insisted on riding back with us as far as the Austrian frontier. It was a procession that would have astonished Rotten Row. In front rode the two chiefs, whilst behind we were escorted by a number of their followers, whose horses plunged and kicked in a most uncomfortable manner for me, stuck as I was on my insecure side-saddle.

At last we came to the place where we

had to part, and with many wishes for the success of the cause on the one hand, and thanks for our visit and hopes for our speedy return on the other, we bade adieu to these brave fellows.

"Tell everyone in England," said Peko, "that we are fighting for our homes and hearths; and beg them not to support the Turk any longer."—*Cornhill Magazine*.

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#### LUNAR STUDIES.

WE wonder how many selenographers, properly so called, there are in this country. The Moon has been mapped and measured, and surveyed generally; her motions have been determined so precisely, that it was regarded as quite a serious matter when lately a very minute irregularity was discovered in her movements of which astronomers could give no account; her heat and light have been measured, and we have found how little she deserves to be called the "cold, pale moon," seeing that she is, on the whole, more nearly black than white, and at lunar noonday hotter than boiling water. But the selenographers proper form a class by themselves. They take a lunar crater, or walled plain, or mountain range, as the case may be, and in that chosen locality set up their rest. They study its aspect at lunar sunrise, mid-day, and sunset, now when the moon is swayed one way in her libration or balancing, anon when she is swayed the reverse way. Every spot and crevice upon or around the region selected is examined again and again for signs of change, and every appearance which can be regarded as in the slightest degree suggesting that there has been a change, is entered down in the record by which one day the world is to be convinced that the moon is not the dull, dead world astronomers have supposed. It argues well for the cause of selenography that a portly volume has recently been published for their benefit and encouragement. We infer that there must be a tolerably large selenographical constituency. The author of the work referred to, Mr. Neison, has been eight or nine years at work collecting material for this book,—selenographical fragments, so to speak. And moreover, which is even more to the purpose, so far as the future of selenography is concerned, he has made laudable efforts to show that there is certainly a good deal of air upon the moon, probably plenty of moisture, and possibly not a little vegetation. If there is not vegetation, there is, at any

rate, he thinks, a process of alternate tarnishing and brightening-up of portions of the moon's surface; and if this is not exactly equivalent to life on the moon, it has a life-like effect, calculated to be very encouraging to his selenographical brethren.

First, as to the air and moisture, for even selenographers admit that life would not be very comfortable in a dry and airless world. It is reasonable to assume that when first starting in the solar system as a full-fledged planet, the moon had her fair share of both air and water. Her mass being about the eighty-first part of the earth's, she was entitled to an atmosphere similarly proportioned in quantity to the earth's. Now the earth has 5300 millions of millions of tons of air, and therefore the moon in the same stage of planetary existence should have had more than 65 millions of millions of tons. Again, if the average depth of the ocean is about two miles, the earth has some 230 times as many tons of water as of air; and the moon, in the same stage, should have had, therefore, nearly 15,000 millions of millions of tons of water. But then the moon is very old,—not in years, indeed, but as a planet. She is in the sere and yellow leaf, even if she has not reached the winter of her existence. She is decrepit, if not dead; and as planets grow old, they lose more and more of their air, getting at the same time drier and drier. The air and water are not, indeed, bodily removed, but gradually absorbed by the surface. Taking due account of this circumstance, Mr. Neison will only allow the moon about 11 millions of millions of tons of air, and no surface-water at all, only a moist crust. But as he truly remarks, that is a great deal of air, after all, and a great deal might happen with a moist crust which would not happen with a dry one. Eleven millions of millions of tons of air should count for something in the economy of our satellite, and the warm rays of the sun poured during the

long lunar day (a fortnight of our time) without intermission upon the moon's moist surface ought to effect changes of some sort. If selenographers have not yet noted important changes thus occasioned, then all the better reason is there why they should examine the lunar features more and more searchingly, till they find the evidence they require.

There are two lunar spots which the selenographer regards with special favor, because of the evidence they seem to give of change. One is a crater lying on the so-called Sea of Serenity, which some popular lunar observers regard as the left eye of the Man in the Moon. Here there was once a deep crater, nearly seven miles across, a very distinct and obvious feature even with the small telescope (less than four inches in aperture) used by Beer and Mädler in forming their celebrated chart. But, ten years ago, the skilful astronomer Schmidt, a selenographer of selenographers—who has, in fact, given the best energies of his life to moon-gazing—found this crater missing. When he announced the fact to the scientific world, other astronomers, armed with very powerful instruments, looked for the crater which had been so clearly seen with Mädler's small telescope; but though they found a crater, it was nothing like the crater described by Mädler. The present crater is scarcely two miles in diameter, and only just visible with powerful telescopes; all around it there is a shallow depression, occupying a region about as large as the whole crater had been before. It seems impossible to doubt that a great change has taken place here, and the question arises whether the change has been produced by volcanic activity or otherwise. Sir John Herschel pronounced somewhat confidently in favor of the former hypothesis. "The most plausible conjecture," said he, "as to the cause of this disappearance seems to be the filling-up of the crater from beneath by an effusion of viscous lava, which, overflowing the rim on all sides, may have so flowed down the outer slope as to efface its ruggedness, and convert it into a gradual declivity, casting no stray shadows." But how tremendous the volcanic energy required to fill with lava a crater nearly seven miles in diameter, and more than half a mile deep! The volcanic hypothesis seems on this account utterly in-

credible, for if such energy resided in the moon's interior, we should find her whole surface continually changing. Far more probable seems the idea that the wall of this crater has simply fallen in, scattering its fragments over what had been the floor of the crater. The forces at work on the moon are quite competent to throw down steep crater-walls like those which seem formerly to have girt about this deep cavity. Under the tremendous and long-lasting heat of the lunar mid-day sun, the rock substance of the moon's surface must expand, while during the intense cold of the lunar night a corresponding contraction must take place. Under the influence of this alternate expansion and contraction, the strongest of the lunar crater-walls must be tending to their downfall. Their substance must be gradually crumbling away. From time to time, large masses must topple over, and occasionally long ranges of crater-wall must be brought to the ground. It seems conceivable enough, certainly far more probable than any other interpretation which has been offered, that the crater-wall first missed by Schmidt was destroyed in this way.

The other favorite region of selenographers is a much larger one,—the great walled plain called Plato, and by the older astronomers the Greater Black Lake, sixty miles in diameter, and surrounded by mountains, some of which rise nearly 2500 yards above the level of the floor. According to the selenographers, the whole of this floor changes in aspect regularly during each lunar day,—the lunar day, be it remembered, being equal in length to what we terrestrials term a lunar month. In the lunar morning-hours the floor is light, during lunar mid-day it is dark, and in the evening it grows light again. The idea of selenographers as to the cause of this change is that some process of vegetation takes place over this depressed floor (it lies more than half a mile below the mean lunar level); or else that vapors ascend when the sun's heat is poured on the floor and tarnish it in some way, while after mid-day heat has passed the vapors are reabsorbed, and the surface resumes its former lustre. The profane, however, urge that the whole matter is a mere effect of contrast: in the morning and evening the black shadows of the surrounding mountains are thrown on part of the floor,



and the rest by contrast looks light, whereas at mid-day the same mountains (which are white and bright) form a ring of light all round the floor, which, therefore, looks dark by contrast. The selenographers maintain, on the contrary, that they have not been deceived by contrast, and *adhuc sub judice lis est*.

One can understand that to those who have leisure to pore, after the selenographic fashion, into the details of our satellite's surface, the work must possess a cer-

tain charm. Though the nearest of all the heavenly bodies, the Moon still lies so far away that every minute apparent signs of change imply really important disturbances; and though astronomers have given up the idea that there can be life of any sort on the surface of our satellite, yet she still has interest for many, as a world which was probably at one time the abode of many orders of living creatures.—*The Spectator*.

## SKETCH OF A JOURNEY ACROSS AFRICA.

BY VERNEY LOVETT CAMERON, LIEUTENANT ROYAL NAVY.

### PART II.

TAKING up my journey again from where I left off last number, we left Kawélé on the 13th of March, 1874. I could not get away till past one o'clock; as my people spent the beads, which had been given to them to buy food, in getting drunk, I had to wait until they were sober, and we only made a short distance, camping a short way south of Jumah Merikani's permanent settlement at Point Infomdo.

Jumah Merikani (properly Jumah ibn Salim) is one of the largest traders to the west of Lake Tanganyika, and was the second or third that ever went into Manyéma. I had a waggon-roof awning over the stern of the boat, and made my bed up under it, so as to prevent the trouble of pitching and packing up the tent every day.

The next day we passed most lovely country, with red cliffs and the trees hanging over the edges, which were reflected in the beautiful clear water. Had to stop for two or three hours to patch a hole in the boat's stern, and had dreadful difficulty in getting the men to go on again.

In the evening after we camped I was knocked over by a very sharp attack of fever, and had to halt a couple of days until I got better. Soon after leaving the camp we passed the mouth of the Malagarazi, the current of which was perceptible a long way off the land, and after a short day's work camped at Ras Kibwé. In the night there was a thunderstorm, accompanied by a little wind, and my men were all afraid to start next morning be-

cause of a very slight surf and swell, so that we did not get away till the middle of the day, and even then I had to give in to them after an hour's pulling, and camp at Machachézi, where we found three canoes belonging to Wajiji, who were going south to sell goats and corn for slaves. The country all round here is now depopulated, as for many years the Arabs and Wanyamwesi drew their principal supply of slaves from this district, and the population have either all been carried off into captivity, destroyed in the forays of the traders, have died of disease or starvation, or emigrated to some less disturbed locality.

On the 19th of March we passed Ras Kabogo, a sort of double cape supposed to be haunted by a devil and his wife, and my Wajiji guides refused to pass without making an offering, as they were afraid of being lost if they neglected it; but he must be a very poor devil if he was satisfied with what they gave him.

After Kabogo we went round a bay, where Livingstone and Stanley left the lake, between it and Ras Kungwé. The shores of the bay were mostly low and marshy, but high hills spring up close beyond. In this bay we saw a few natives, and a large village of slave and ivory traders from Usukuma, one of the districts of Unyamwesé. Several rivers flow into the lake, but most of their mouths are hidden by the Matété grass; however, the herds of hippopotami are always numerous near to them, and point them out. The reason, I believe, why hippopotami are usually more frequent near the rivers than elsewhere is, because the current brings

down a quantity of mud which is deposited near their mouths and affords soil for the growth of the weeds on which the animals feed. No hippopotami are seen more than a mile from the shore or in very deep water.

On the 23d of March we rounded Ras Kungwé, formed by a bold mass of mountains, down the sides of which torrents fall in lovely waterfalls, and occasionally we saw a few patches of Mtama belonging to some of the wretched remains of the inhabitants who have taken refuge in the more inaccessible parts of the mountains to be more out of the reach of the slave-traders.

In the evening we camped near a village called Kinagari, where the inhabitants were principally dependent on the slave-trade for support. The Wajiji, who rounded Kabogo at the same time as ourselves, sold their cargoes of corn and goats and oil for slaves here, the price of a slave varying from three to four goats, according to quality. We had to stop here a day for my men to pound corn, and I went up to see a dance in the village; they made pirouettes, turned summersaults, etc., to the accompaniment of a big drum, which was vigorously beaten by a man who wore a remarkably hideous mask of zebra-skin, and howled a sort of recitative describing the Wazungu and others.

During our nights here we were very wretched, owing to heavy rain and thunderstorms, which wetted us all through and put out the men's fires. About twelve o'clock on the second night the rain was so heavy as to nearly swamp the boats, and a flash of lightning came down so close that I thought we were actually struck. The glare was intense, and I was quite blinded for some minutes. The cause of this especially heavy rain here was the attraction of the mountains, which almost overhung us. In the morning there was enough sun to dry most of our kit, and we got on a short distance in the afternoon.

On the 26th we passed a small island, and directly afterwards camped, as a little wind and rain came on, and frightened my gallant men. They said at every squall, "Lake bad; canoes will be wrecked;" and get them on I couldn't. The Wajiji, who have lived all their lives either on or close to the lake, were just as timid; they used to bring me their hire, and say, "Let

us go back; we don't want to die," and the trouble and bother they caused was almost indescribable.

The lake here seemed to turn to the south-eastward, and look as if it were coming to an end; the land on our side close to the shores became lower, the hills near the lake being low and rounded, and not running more than two hundred feet or so above the level of the water; the country was very fertile, and would, I fancy, form a splendid position for a mission-station.

On the 28th we came to the island of Kabogo, and pulled between it and the mainland through a broad deep channel, which had bars at each end. The island was thickly populated and well cultivated, and both on it and on the mainland were numerous fan-palms, of which the people eat the fruit, though they have not found out how to make palm-wine; they are quite contented with pombé. Gulls, darters, lily-trotters, and other waterfowl, were numerous, and the natives sold us some fish in exchange for palm-oil, which we had brought from Ujiji with us.

The chief lived on the mainland in a large fenced-in village. In order to land we had to force our way through a mass of weeds and canegrass; there were passages through which the small canoes of the natives could pass easily; but our large boats from Ujiji could only be got along by dint of much hauling, shoving, and tugging. The grass and canes were so thick, that as we beat them down on each side the men could get out of the boats and stand on them.

At the chief's village I found a half-caste Arab trader, who had come here by land from Unyanyembé to buy ivory and slaves. He bitterly lamented the high price of the latter, having to give forty yards of cloth for a man or woman, and twenty or thirty for a child. Ivory, however, was cheap—thirty-five pounds for fifty yards of inferior cloth. He seemed to be afraid of going back the way he came, as the Warori were out, and had stolen some cows sent as a present by the chief Unyanyembé to his son-in-law, the chief here. He at first wanted me to take him with me; but in the long-run decided to remain, as his porters were more afraid of the lake than of the Warori.

We went on from here, passing some more rivers and high cliffs, on the face of

one of which I saw an outcrop of coal and patches of marble and chalk, beside the usual granite and sandstone. Our camps often now had to be formed in places beaten down by hippopotami in their nocturnal rambles; but our fires kept them from intruding on us. The frogs used often to keep me awake at night with their croaking: some make a noise like caulkers or riveters; some of the larger kinds resemble smiths at work, whilst a rarer one makes a noise like a ratchet-drill, so that with a little imagination one could shut one's eyes and fancy oneself in a busy dockyard.

On the 2nd of April we put in behind a spit on account of a sharp squall; there were a few huts on it, and across its junction with the mainland a heavy stockade, with a crow's nest over the entrance. There were a few fires burning when we landed; but the people had all cleared out as soon as they saw the large boats, fearing a visit from the slaves of the Arabs, for they, when away by themselves, are far worse than their masters, as they have no thought, as to what the effect of their indiscriminate plundering and looting may be hereafter.

On the 3rd of April we camped close to the mouth of the Musamwira, the drain of the Likwa lagoon. The lake here is washing away its shores rapidly, and where, a few years ago, were flourishing villages, are now only shoals, spits, and sandbanks, on a few of which some fishermen have their huts. Many very large cages were lying about, which are used for catching fish; but we could get none, although I offered a high price, as I had had no meat, fowl, or fish since leaving the island of Kabogo.

Many points and bays, and the scenery lovely. Sometimes we had a fair wind, and made sail; but whenever a squall came on there was almost a mutiny amongst my men if I did not lower it. Not only were these beauties afraid of squalls, they also funked going any distance from the land, always wishing to hug the shore as closely as possible, and thereby running great risks, as there are many half-sunken rocks in this portion of the lake.

On the 7th of April we passed Ras Mpimbwé, a promontory formed of enormous blocks of granite and conglomerate, scattered about anyhow, as if the Titans

had been playing at building a jetty or breakwater. The cracks and crannies between the masses of stone had got filled with earth, in which large trees were growing, rendering the scene one of striking beauty.

The part of the lake we were now passing had many small islands, and the rocks in several places were of most extraordinary shapes—one pair especially. They were from seventy to eighty feet high, with sheer smooth sides, except where the granite had scaled a little.

Very little trade comes beyond this part, where there is a ferry from the Makakomo Islands to the western shore, the southern part of the lake being an *agua incognita* to all the Arabs whom I met, though they have some routes which go a little to the southward of it altogether. Owing to there being no communication with the outward world, no European cloth finds its way here, the people being dressed in skins, bark-cloth, and cotton of native manufacture. This native cotton cloth is very coarse and heavy, like a superior sort of gunny-bag, and the commonest pattern is a sort of large shepherd's plaid, white divided into large squares by black lines. All, of course, have the fringe, which seems inevitable in African work. The country of Ufipa, which we were now passing through, used to be rich in cows, and even during Dr. Livingstone's journey from Unyanyembé sheep and goats were plentiful; but now the Watuta have destroyed every head of large cattle, and sheep and goats are very rare and dear.

After Ufipa we came to the country of Masombé, where villages were few and far between, and the people were afraid of all strangers, as the Watuta were about in numbers, and every new-comer was suspected of being in league with them. We here came upon a different formation in the cliffs; they were composed entirely of innumerable small strata, looking like courses of brickwork, and were worn and weathered into fantastic forms and shapes, reminding one very much of ruined buildings and ramparts.

On the 18th of April we arrived at Kasangalowa, a large village in Ulungu, the country which forms the southern boundary of the Tanganyika. Kasangalowa we found in the possession of the Watuta, and although they are regular robbers and blackguards, they were very friendly to us—as,

indeed, I believe they are to all caravans. The Watuta require a passing remark, as they are a peculiar people in Africa. Originally they were a nomad tribe who lived by plunder of cattle; but now they are recruited from the off-scouring of all the tribes of the part of the continent they infest; not content with cattle-lifting, they also steal slaves, and everything else they can lay their hands on. They are the same as the Mazitu of Livingstone, and spread from the east coast to Sekélétu's country, travelling about in quest of plunder, and universally dreaded by all other tribes. They enlarge their ears like the Wagogo, and wear peculiarly cut aprons of skin, which expose the upper part of their buttocks.

Leaving Kasangalowa, we crossed the lake about twelve or fourteen miles from its southern end, which is hemmed in by a high table-land, the edges of which overhanging the lake form some of the finest cliffs in the world. Elephants were very numerous about this part of the lake, and one night the trees round our camp were regularly polished by the creatures rubbing up against them after bathing in the blue waters of the lake. On the 22nd of April we arrived at Akalunga, the village of Miriro, the chief of Marungu. Here we found a good many Arab slaves and freedmen for trade; they have come from Unyanyembé without going near Kawélé, having crossed the Tanganyika at the islands of Makakoma.

Bananas, cassava, beans, etc., were plentiful here, but I could only get one wretched goat for about twelve yards of cloth, which made me very angry, as I had been hard up for meat for some time.

The chief Miriro was a very old man with a large white beard, and his moustache and whiskers shaved off: he is much fairer than most of his subjects. He was a very big chief, according to his people and those from the coast; although he got a very good cloth from me, he gave me nothing in return; and when he came to return my call began to beg for guns and powder, which I fancy he did on the instigation of the traders. However, though stingy and avaricious, he was civil, and said that the day on which the first white man had visited his place would always be remembered as a great era.

From Akalunga we went away north with slashing fair winds, mountainous hills

rising straight out of the water with roughly-formed terraces on their sides, the people employed about their cultivation looking like flies on the side of the wall. One day, passing close in to the shore, I saw a couple of gorillas amongst the trees; but we passed them before I could get my gun ready, and when I put back to try for a shot I found that they had disappeared. They were great big fellows, and looked larger than men. The natives say they build a hut every night and make a regular bed-place to sleep on; but they laugh at them and call them fools, as, if caught in the rain, they do not go to their comfortable huts for shelter, but sit cowering out in the open with their hands clasped behind their necks. One or two Arab traders, at different places along the coast, told me they could get thirty-five pounds of ivory for forty yards of cloth, and a good slave for twenty.

On the 28th of April I got into a deep sort of inlet perfectly landlocked, where I had to wait a day for the *Pickle* to come up, as the men in her had been frightened by a stiff breeze the day before, and had put in to a village early in the morning. Here I found a large Arab camp, and two very big boats hauled up under a shed; one pulled eighteen and the other twenty oars, and both were fitted with masts and sails. They were the property of Jamah ibn Salim, who was reported to be away in Itawa (Msama's country), trading for ivory. In the afternoon, just as I was going to send the *Betsy* back to look for her, the *Pickle* arrived, the men protesting that they had not been able to come on the day before. Next day the men all wanted to stop, and we did not get away till late, and could not find a camping place till eight p.m. As it was so late, I did not have my tent pitched, trusting to the look of the blue sky for the weather, but was bitterly disappointed, as about two a.m. it came on to rain in torrents, and in the morning we were all very much like drowned rats. After the things were dry I ordered a start, when all the men refused to go on, and Bombay was useless, saying he could, and that the men would, do nothing. I by force of driving, however, got them away, and a short time after we had got outside found out the reason of their reluctance; a shooting party belonging to Mohammed ibn Gharib was camped near, and my people had

seen some of them and wanted to have a yarn; their canoe put out to have a talk, and I found they had been away from Ujiji for six months, but had only got a very little ivory, and that the next day they were going to cross over the lake on their way back, all their stores being exhausted.

On the 12th of May we reached the country of Uguhha, but only put in at the village of a chief called Luluki, to have a look at a reported hot spring. I had a hot and tiring walk, and my feet being very sore, it was rather nasty work getting to it. The temperature of the water when I got there was 96° Fah., but I heard afterwards that sometimes it was nearly boiling, and that people had been scalded by it. There was a small spring of gas under the surface of the water, which made it keep on bubbling up like soda water.

Two days after this I discovered the Lukuga, a largish stream going out of the Lake. I went down it about five miles, and was then stopped by the floating vegetation; the river there, however, was from three to five fathoms deep, and a current of about a knot an hour set us strongly into the edge of the grass. This river Lukuga flows out in the only break in the line of mountains and hills by which the Tanganyika is encircled, and according to all descriptions joins the Luvua (Livingstone's Lualaba) a short way below Moero.

Having found the outlet of the lake, my next idea was to follow it to its junction with the Lualaba; but I was obliged to go back to Ujiji to get the men and stores I had left there, before I could again start west. When I arrived at Ujiji I found that the greater portion of my stores had been wasted or stolen, and could get no account of how they had gone, and was therefore obliged to buy more to prevent future starvation. My donkeys were reduced to four, and they were not fit for the road, so I sold them for what they would fetch.

I found it utterly impracticable to follow the Lukuga, as none of my men would go anywhere without a guide, and as no one at Ujiji had ever been to the Lukuga, I could not get one, and had to avail myself of the services of a half-caste Arab, Syde Mezrui, to show me the road to Nyangwé. This fellow at first made professions of doing everything in his power for me, and promised to obtain canoes

when I got to Nyangwé, in which I might follow the river to the sea-coast. Whilst at Ujiji I received letters from home, dated the 1st of July, 1873, which had passed through some curious vicissitudes on their journey from Unyanyembé. They were sent on by the Liwali there by an Arab caravan, which was attacked and dispersed by some of Mirambo's people, and those who escaped abandoned everything, including my letters. A short time after another caravan was attacked by the same men, but beat them off, shooting two or three, and on one of the dead bodies they found the packet of letters.

I now discharged such of my men as were afraid or unwilling to proceed, and after packing up a map of the Tanganyika and the journals, and a map of Dr. Livingstone's which I had found at Ujiji, in the possession of Mohammed ibn Salih, and some other small things, and despatching them to the coast in charge of my servant and two other men, set out for Kasengé on the west shore of the lake, in company with Syde.

Our journey to Kasengé was uneventful, except that the night during which we crossed from the east to the west it came on to blow hard, and we had heavy work to reach the island of Kivisa, near the landing on the main, in the *Betsy*; and the *Pickle* got to leeward altogether, and had to put in at Kigoma and wait till the weather moderated before rejoining us. We left the shore of the lake on the 31st of May, and the same day reached Ruanda, the chief town of Uguhha, which was very populous. The people formed a regular lane all the way through the town; and, to add a ridiculous feature to the scene, an unfortunate sheep, not being able to find a way through the crowd, trotted along just in front of me, ba-baing the whole time. At Ruanda I got extra porters to carry some of my loads, as the men of the caravan were all out of condition on account of having been so long without marching; and I also bought some goats, as they were cheap and plentiful. The chief at Ruanda was supposed to be a great swell, and said he was independent, though I afterwards found that he was feudatory to Kasongo, the great chief of Urua.

The day after leaving Ruanda, which we had to do without any extra men, we crossed the Rugumba, a largish stream



flowing fast and swift into the Tanganyika, and with many small particles of quartz glittering in the sunshine, brought down from the mountains of Ugoma, which ended abruptly on our right. On this march, one of my men, in crossing a small watercourse, fell down, and one of the sticks forming the cradle for his load ran into his eye, destroying it completely. Owing to this, and illness of other men, I had to engage more men for part of the road, as the lazy askari would do nothing to assist the pagazi in their work.

We then made a march of four or five days, along the watershed between the Rugumba and the Lukuga, passing many streams going towards both, and arrived at Méketo, a fertile vale, and a scene of almost perfect rural beauty. On our journey here, from the top of a high hill I had my last view of the Tanganyika, its glorious blue showing out against the purple of the mountains of Kowendé. From these same hills we could see the trend of the valley of the Lukuga, which apparently was going to the west-south-west.

Whilst at Méketo, to spoil one's appreciation of the scenery, a wretch of a slave-dealer brought a small boy of seven or eight years old into camp for sale. The poor child was crying bitterly, and his master had him confined in a slave fork, one end of which he held in his hand, and twisted and shoved the poor boy about cruelly. I felt very much inclined to thrash the master and set the slave free, but I knew that directly afterwards he would be worse treated, and therefore contented myself with turning the dealer in human chattels out of the camp.

Leaving Méketo, we passed through a moderately hilly country, crossing a tangled quantity of streams which it was very hard to sort into their right basins, and just as we left Uguhha and came into Ubúdjwa we came upon the Rubumba, a stream which rising close to the Rugumba is often confounded with it, though the Rubumba falls into the Luama and the Rugumba into the Tanganyika.

The Wabúdjwa are also tributary to Kasongo, and the chiefs and upper classes are, I believe, originally of the same race as the Waguhha and Warua. The lower orders, however, are very different. One of the most striking peculiarities of the women of Ubúdjwa is the

custom they have of piercing the upper lip, and in the hole inserting an oval stone, or piece of wood, or bone, which they keep on increasing in size till it sometimes, in the lesser and greater diameters, attains to 1.5 by 1.25 inches. This sticks out in front and gives the wearer the appearance of having a bill like a duck when seen in profile, and prevents her from speaking plainly. Another peculiar habit is that of wearing leather bolsters, made tapering from centre to end like buffaloes' horns, round the waist. Sometimes a dandy lady will wear two or three of these peculiar vestments, though it cannot be for decency, as the barest requisites of what is considered indispensable with most people are scarcely complied with.

Some wear, instead of these bustles, belts split in the rear into two or three parts, where they serve to keep up a small piece of leather about twelve inches by eight, which with the belt and a smaller patch in front, constitutes the whole of a lady's dress, with the exception of a few indispensable articles such as anklets, bracelets, and necklaces.

The largest chief in Ubúdjwa was Pakwanywa, close to whose village we stopped a couple of days. He and his wife came to visit me, and although her clothing was scanty in quantity, she was very dressy in her get up, her apron being ornamented with beads and cowries. She also wore gaiters and bracelets from wrist to elbow, tassels just in front of her ears, and several necklaces, all of good beads. Her hair was done up in a pretty fashion, and ornamented with bright steel and copper ornaments, and across her forehead, just below the roots of her hair, stripes of red and yellow were carefully painted. Altogether she had a very effective appearance, and seemed fully conscious of it, though at the same time she was a ladylike merry body.

Whilst here we heard that a large body of Wamerima and slaves of Syde ibn Habib were close in front of us, and that they were waiting for us to come up, in order to make a formidable body to cross Manyúema. This I was very sorry to hear; I should much have preferred travelling alone, as the traders in these parts are apt to take advantage of the natives having no guns, and to allow their men to steal and pilfer from the huts, often causing rows, which I had no desire of being

mixed up with. I, however, had no choice, as it was intended as a civility, and if I had refused, the natives would have said that we had quarrelled, and, therefore, very likely have attacked one party in hopes of the other joining them; so that I was on the horns of a dilemma.

Two days after leaving Pakwanywa's we arrived at the camp of the other caravan, and were warmly welcomed by Muinyi Hassani, who was the principal trader in the party, although afterwards we did not get on over well together. The next country after Ubúdjwa was Uhiya, where the people wore on the back of their heads enormous leather chignons, with a piece like a tongue sticking out behind, and indulged in tattooing in irregular and diversified patterns. On leaving Uhiya we began to get into a hilly country, the commencement of the offshoots of the Mountains of Bambarré. Here we came into a second country of Uvinza, and different methods of personal decoration: the people pierced the centre cartilage of the nose and ran straws through, and worked their hair into ridges and tufts, with small plaits along the tops of them. Wood carving was here carried to greater perfection than I had yet seen, and clay idols were common outside the villages. Many of the villages had been lately deserted, and I believe that some large party of traders had had a row there, as they could not have been left for what is a very common reason, viz., the exhaustion of the soil near them, as the vegetation was luxuriant close to huts still in good repair.

A very hilly road took us to Rohombo, the first district in Manyúema according to the people, though geographically and ethnologically Manyúema proper can only be said to commence on the northern side of the Bambarré Mountains. The population here was very dense, and the roads were lined by black crowds who had turned out to look at the strangers, and especially at the white man. Oil palms were very numerous at Rohombo, and the natives made palm wine from them, which, when fresh, is very good and refreshing, reminding one something of ginger-beer. They climb the trees with a belt made to go round the tree and themselves, something like the Tamils in Ceylon. Salt was in very great demand here, all that the people get being brought from Ujiji by the traders, as since the Arabs

have come here the Warua, who used to do the trading in Manyúema, have deserted it. A man would cut and bring into camp a large load of fire-wood for a pinch of salt as large as one usually puts on one's plate at one time.

From Rohombo we went over a rolling and fertile country intersected by many streams, all draining to the southwest, till we reached the ascent of the Bambarré Mountains. They gave us a steep climb, standing up like a narrow spine, with very declivitous sides. And we had to camp before reaching the top in a deserted village. The next morning we had another climb before surmounting the crest, and then, plunging into a mass of forest, suddenly commenced our descent amongst a number of ravines and gullies, all crowded with enormous trees. Some of the gorges were over a hundred and fifty feet deep, and trees growing in their bottoms towered to an equal height above the head of one standing on the brink. This was truly a primeval forest; the hand of man had never desecrated these giants of the sylvan world. No sun or breeze reached the dark, damp depths, and every tree seemed to try and force itself aloft into the blue heaven to get a sight of the life-giving sun.

Emerging from the forest at the foot of the mountains, we came upon villages and cultivated land. The villages were entirely different from any I had yet seen in Africa. Huts arranged in long broad streets, the walls and ends of bright red clay, with sloping roofs thatched with yellow grass. The people also presented a change as sudden as that of their houses. The women ("tousjours place aux dames") dressed their hair into the shape of an old-fashioned bonnet in front, with long ringlets, daubed with mud and grease, hanging down their backs. The edge of the bonnet-like part in front was trimmed with beads, cowries, or seeds of the wild banana. Round their waists they wore a string of the same materials, which served to support two small aprons, constituting all their clothing, and which, when going to work in the fields or fishing, they replaced by small bunches of leaves in order to save their go-to-meeting frocks.

The men, in their way, were equally peculiar, plaistering their hair thickly with mud and forming it into cones, lumps, and flat plates, into which they inserted cow-

ries and bits of copper as ornaments. Between the different patches the scalp was shaved perfectly bare. Some wore a cone on top of their heads, and the side and back hair formed into long flat flakes with mud with round holes in them, to which iron and copper rings were hung. The remainder of their dress consisted of leather aprons about six or eight inches wide, reaching to their knees.

The second camp, after crossing the Bambarré Mountains, was at Moéné Bugga's village, son of Moéné Kussu. The latter, who is now dead, was chief when Livingstone stopped here for some months, and many of the people inquired after the "old white man," and seemed very sorry to hear of his death.

The chiefs indulged in more clothes than their subjects, wearing large kilts of fringed grass cloth. Each of them also wore the peculiar Manyéma knife or sword slung over his shoulder by belt of otter skin. Every separate village is independent, and as at the time we were here there was no war going on, several of the chiefs came to see us and have a stare at a white man. They were attended by people carrying rattles, who proclaimed their names and titles; two, Moéné Gohé and Moéné Booté, had dwarfs for their rattlers, and Moéné Booté had also a man playing on an instrument made of different sized gourds fastened in a frame, and over them were keys of hard wood, which, when struck, gave a clear metallic sound, varying in pitch according to the size of the gourd under each key. This instrument is called the "marimba," and is known close to the west coast, from whence it reaches to Manyéma, which was the first place I saw it. The name is the same everywhere.

After leaving Moéné Bugga's we passed through another strip of primeval forest of enormous trees, and came to the village of another Moéné Booté, with whom we had to make arrangements about the crossing of the Luama. Muinyi Hassani and I here began to differ somewhat as to the necessity for numerous halts, as I wished to press forward as quickly as possible, and he took every opportunity to say we wanted to halt for something or another; but alternate dawdling and hurrying are what every European has to put up with when dealing with semi-civilised races.

We had halted a day at the northern foot of the Bambarré Mountains, two or three at Moéné Bugga's, and now again was another delay about getting the canoes, which might have been obviated if men had been sent on in front. I asked about this whilst at Moéné Bugga's, and was told it had been done, but now found that it was a deliberate falsehood.

We got across the Luama safely after all: it is a fine stream two hundred yards wide, and varying from twelve to fourteen feet in depth with a moderate current. Its banks are mostly clothed with fine timber, and its winding course was often visible from some of the small hills over which our path led, forming an agreeable feature in the landscape.

After crossing the Luama we came to rather a flat country, but intersected by many streams and watercourses which had grooved out for themselves deep beds in the sand and shingle of which the strata are composed. Strips of green trees mark the position of these watercourses, and the rest of the country is covered with the Manyéma grass, interspersed with trees stunted by the grass fires. This grass is impassable until it has been burnt down, being often twelve and fourteen feet high, with stalks as thick as one's thumb, and growing in such a dense mass that one may throw oneself against it and make scarcely any impression. Even after it is burnt down, the thicker stalks remain and scratch one's hands and face, and tear one's clothes, besides which the ashes and blacks make one as dirty as a chimney-sweep, which, as soap is a rarity and a luxury in Manyéma, is the reverse of desirable. Soon after leaving the Luama we passed a few hills on our left, and many streams, some flowing to the Luama and some direct to the Lualaba.

Our road took us through many villages, in several of which the men belonging to the Wamerima traders, as they did not receive anything from their masters to buy food, had to steal from the unfortunate natives to supply their wants. I did not know the whole truth at this time, as the traders told me that they served out regular allowances to their men, and that they punished any who stole from the natives. As we formed separate camps, I could not say that this was false, and my men assured me that it was true. However, long

after, I heard from some of the more respectable of my people that I had been wilfully deceived.

At Karungu, a largish village, or rather a scatter of hamlets, matters came to a crisis, and a row between the traders and natives occurred. The true story was that some natives having been robbed, retaliated by stealing from Muinyi Hassani. I was only told at the time that the natives had stolen from him, but nothing of the reason why. The next morning Muinyi Hassani and his colleagues had a palaver with some of the chiefs on the subject, and wanted their property returned, besides a heavy indemnity; and on the chiefs replying that they would pay it with their spears, and brandishing them, they were shot down in the camp.

Instantly there was a regular tomasha, all the people of the caravans rushing for their guns, and the natives throwing their spears at the people nearest them, and then bolting into the jungle. One fellow's spear fell only a couple of feet from where I was sitting quietly writing. In a moment all the people belonging to the traders had got their arms, and rushed out to set fire to the houses near; and it was as much as I could do to keep my men in hand, and prevent their rushing out to join their friends.

For a couple of days we were in a state of semi-warfare, the coast people going out in bodies whenever they saw a chance, and the natives gathering together in the jungle with their spears and shields, shouting and yelling. The traders' people, in their numerous sorties, caught a lot of women, children, and goats, and the natives soon found that spears, their only offensive weapons, were no match for the guns of their opponents, and after several abortive attempts peace was at length made, and Muinyi Hassani and Syde Mezrui "made brothers" with some of the chiefs. After peace was concluded I found that people from several of the places through which we had passed had joined with those of Karungu, and if there had been any equality in the way in which the two sides were armed, we should have been in a fix.

I afterwards exerted myself to get the slaves and goats returned, but was only successful about the former, as Muinyi Hassani and his people said that if nothing was taken from the natives they would

think we were afraid of them, and attack us whilst passing through some of the strips of jungle which lay across our road, and where numbers might have prevailed in spite of gunpowder.

Two days after leaving Karungu we arrived at Mangarah, a village, the chief of which was a friend with the Arabs. His son had come out to Karungu to welcome us, and on our arrival at his father's introduced me to him in the most gentlemanly manner possible. Mangarah is one of several villages in which there are many iron foundries, a beautiful black specular ore being obtained close to the surface.

The day we arrived here a partner of Syde Mezrui came out from Kwakasongo, where several Arabs are settled, to welcome the party and learn the news from the coast. With him came several of the surrounding chiefs. Syde, who had already squandered nearly all the beads I had given him, and now found that I did not part so freely as he anticipated, began to show his bad points. He got hold of these chiefs, and instigated them to tell me most unwarrantable tales of the road in front, and told me that everything they said he was certain was true, although he did not know it from personal knowledge. His partner, a youngster of about twenty, corroborated this, and I was in a greater puzzle than ever about the rivers and everything else in front.

The next day we started for Kwakasongo, and for some inscrutable reason went two long sides of a triangle instead of a short one, thus taking a couple of marches to get there instead of doing it in one short one.

Kwakasongo I found had fourteen or fifteen Arabs, Wasuahili and Wamerima, settled there, including Syde and his partner, and they had about two thousand Wanyamwesi and slaves all armed with guns, so that they had the sway over the whole surrounding country. One man alone had over six hundred armed Wanyamwesi, and in his storehouse he had fifteen hundred frasilah (each of thirty-five pounds) ready for transport, but was waiting to hear of Mirambo's war being finished, not from fear of Mirambo himself, but because he was afraid he and his men would be detained to fight Mirambo by the Arab Governor at Unyanyembé.

We were detained at Kwakasongo for a

week, and after three days marching arrived at Kûmbwi on the Lualaba. The first view of the river far exceeded my previous expectations. Imagine a river varying from a thousand to three thousand yards in width, with swiftly flowing current, and many well-wooded and inhabited islands. At Kûmbwi I got canoes for myself and some of my men, and went down to Nyangwe by water in one day,

leaving the others to come by land. At Nyangwe I was warmly welcomed by Habib ibn Salim, an old Arab who had housed Livingstone during his stay there.

My men, who came by land, arrived two days after me, and then I set to work to try and get canoes to follow the great river down to the coast. My ill success in this, and the reasons for it, will be told next month.—*Good Words.*

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MERVAUNEE.

BY WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

WHEN summer days are hot and blue,  
How well for thee that may'st pursue,  
Far from the city's crowded street,  
The winding brook with wandering feet,  
Conquer the mountain's airy crest,  
Lose thee in woodland glade; or, best,  
Breathe ocean-wind where curl'd waves  
    roar,

Swim from the land, or lie at rest  
To watch mid noonday light's repose  
Cloud-shadows cross the mighty floor,  
Or plighted crimsons in the west  
When soft the lazy ripple flows  
Like sleep upon a wearied brain.

Suppose it thus; suppose thee fain  
Of song or story, some wild thing  
Reported from the mystic main,—  
Of Dalimar now hear me sing,  
Son of a long-forgotten king.

King Erc the Fortunate was dead,  
And Diarmad ruled the clans instead,  
Of West Ierné, strong in war,  
Generous in peace; and Dalimar,  
His younger brother, dwelt with him.  
Nor show'd the sun and moonlight dim  
In those long-faded seasons; bright  
Was many a fresh new morrow's light  
Along the mountains, evening gold  
Fell on the wave, in times of old.

Their Fortress-Hill, a mighty mound,  
With houses built of the strong oak-tree,  
Entrench'd and palisaded round,  
Ring within ring, o'erlook'd the sea  
And rugged woods of wolf and bear;  
A land of gloomy pathways, where  
Wild men crept also to and fro  
To snatch a prey with club and bow,  
Till sharply blew the signal-horn  
The warriors of the Rath to warn,  
And bid them drive the plunderers back

With blood upon their hasty track,  
Or sometimes ocean-rovers fierce  
Dared with their waspish navy pierce  
A river-mouth or guardless bay  
And sting the land with fire and sword;  
Then sped the warriors forth, to slay  
And chase and scatter, and drive aboard.

But when the battle spoil was won,  
Or when the hunting-day was done,  
They heard, o'er fragrant cups of mead,  
Their Bards rehearse each daring deed  
To ringing harps, or duly count  
Those high ancestral steps that mount  
To Balor and to Parthalon,  
Or some thrice-famous story tell  
Of war, or dark Druidic spell  
(To-day no weaker), or how well  
A Spirit loved a mortal Youth;  
And all was heard and held for truth.

Archpoet Conn was old and blind.  
No whiter to the autumnal wind  
Marsh-cotton waves on rushy moor  
Than flow'd his hair and beard, and pure  
His raiment when he sat in hall  
As torrent-foam or seagull's breast.  
The King, in seven rich colors drest,  
Pledged him at feast and festival,  
And gladly to his master's voice  
Conn bow'd the snowy sightless head.  
Young Dalimar, in robe of red,  
Sat next the Bard, of kindly choice,  
And spake to him and carved his dish,  
And fill'd the goblet to his wish,  
That love for loss might make amends;  
For youth and age were steadfast friends.  
And many a time with careful hand  
He led the Sage to the salt sea-sand,  
Slow-pacing by the murmurous flood,  
Or to a shelter'd glen where stood  
One sacred oak-tree, broad and low,  
Firm as the rocks that saw it grow,



A cromlech, and a pillar-stone.  
And, year by year, of things unknown  
He learn'd.

In shadow of that oak  
Conn taught the Prince of fairy-folk  
Who dwell within the hollow hills,  
In founts of rivers and of rills,  
In caves and woods, and some that be  
Underneath the cold green sea ;  
The spells they cast on mortal men,  
And spells to master these again ;  
And Dalimar all that strange lore  
Longing heard and lonely ponder'd,  
Musing, wondering, as he wander'd  
Through the forest or by the shore.  
And when his elder Brother said,  
" My Brother, with the brow of care !  
O Dalimar ! I rede thee, wed ;  
No lack of noble maids and fair ;"—  
Ever the younger Chief replied,  
" Yea—but I have not seen my bride,  
Though many beauties ; when I see,  
Know her I shall, and she know me."  
—" I dread lest thou have turn'd thy  
mind

To something man may never find,  
Some love the wide earth cannot give."  
—" So must I ever loveless live !"  
Nor thought his pensive fortune hard,  
Communing with the wise old Bard.

But winter came, and Conn no more  
Slow entered hall, or paced on sand,  
Or sat in shadow of oak-tree bough ;  
If you should search the sea and land  
You could not find his white head now,  
Unless beneath a cairn of stones  
Where round Slieve Rann the north-wind  
moans.

And young Prince Dalimar thought long  
The nights of darkness ; tale or song,  
Or maiden's eyes, to youth so dear,  
Banquet, or jest, or hunting-spear,  
He nothing prized, or warrior-fame  
Once green with promise round his name.  
Though gentle, he could wield a sword,  
And plunge into the waves of war ;  
Lorcan, who spake an evil word,  
Hand to hand in fight he slew ;  
And when a wildboar overthrew  
His elder brother, Dalimar  
Sprang from his horse with ready knife  
And found the fierce brute's throbbing life  
In one sharp stroke. But weary pass'd  
Midwinter now. The barren sea  
Roar'd, and the forest roar'd, and he  
Was lonely in his thoughts.

At last  
One day 'twas spring. Dim swelling buds  
Thicken'd the web of forest boughs,  
Bird and beast began to arouse,  
Caper'd and voiced in glad relief ;  
The salmon cleft the river-floods,  
The otter launch'd from his hole in the  
bank,

Away went the wild swans' airy rank  
From salt lagoon ; far out on the reef  
The seals lay basking ; broadly bright  
Ocean glitter'd in morning light ;  
And the young Chief sprang to his little  
boat

And paddled away on the deep afloat,  
By dreadful precipice and cave,  
Where slumbers now the greedy wave  
Lull'd by that blue heav'n above.

Then, so it chanced, his coracle  
Glided into a rocky cove  
And up a lonely little strand ;  
And out he stept on sunny sand  
Whereon a jagged shadow fell  
From the steep o'erhanging cliff,  
And drew ashore his fragile skiff.

What spies he on the tawny sand ?  
A cold sea-jelly, cast away  
By fling of ebbing water ?—nay !  
A little Cap, of changeful sheen,  
A seamless Cap of rippled green  
Mingling with purple like the hue  
Of ocean weeds.

He stoop'd ; its touch  
Like thinnest lightning ran him through,  
A piercing shiver, sweet and new,—  
What might it mean ? for never such  
Before had come to Dalimar ;  
He felt as when, in dream, a star  
Flew to him, bird-like, from the sky.

But then he heard a sad low cry,  
And, turning, saw five steps away—  
Was it a Woman ?—strange and bright,  
With long loose hair, and her body fair  
Shimmering as with watery light ;  
For nothing save a luminous mist  
Of tender beryl and amethyst  
Over the living smoothness lay,  
Statue-firm from head to feet,—  
A breathing Woman, soft and sweet,  
And yet not earthly.

So she stood  
One marvellous moment in his sight ;  
Then, lapsing to another mood,  
Her mouth's infantine loveliness  
Trembling pleaded in sore distress ;

Her wide blue eyes with great affright  
 Were fill'd ; two slender hands she press'd  
 Against the roundlings of her breast,  
 Then with a fond face full of fears  
 She held them forth, and heavy tears  
 Brimm'd in silence and overflow'd ;  
 While, doubting much what this might  
     be,  
 He watch'd her.

Swiftly pointed she ;  
 Utter'd some sound of foreign speech ;  
 But Dalimar held out of reach  
 The Cap, behind-back,—and so each  
 Regarded other.

Then she flung  
 Her arms aloft,—stood straight,—her  
     wide  
 Eyes gazed on his, and into him ;  
 And she began a solemn song,  
 Of words uncouth, slow up and down ;  
 A song that deepen'd as she sung,  
 That soon was loud and swift and strong,  
 Like the rising of a tide,  
 With power to seize and drench and  
     drown  
 The senses,—till his sight grew dim  
 And torpor crept on every limb.  
 What could he do ?—an ocean-spell  
 Was on him.

But old wisdom rush'd  
 Into his mind, and with a start,  
 One gasp of breath, one leap of heart,  
 He pluck'd his dagger from its sheath,  
 Held forth the little Cap beneath  
 Its glittering point. The song was hush'd.  
 Prone on the yellow sand she fell.

He kneels, he takes her hands, with  
     gentle,  
 Tender, passionate words—in vain ;  
 Then with a heart of love and pain  
 Wraps her in his crimson mantle,  
 Lifts her, lays her down with care,  
 As she a one-year infant were,

Within his woven coracle,  
 And o'er the smooth sea guides it well,  
 And bears her up the rocky path,  
 And through the circles of the rath,  
 To Banva's bower, his sister dear.  
 There, half in pity, half in fear,  
 The women tend her, till she sighs  
 And opens wide her wondrous eyes.

Dalimar alone of all  
 In his deep heart understood  
 Of this Damsel dimly bright  
 Wafted from the salt-sea flood ;  
 Like a queen when clothed aright,  
 Only a little web, more light  
 Than any silk, that halfway goes  
 Between the fingers and the toes,  
 Her under-ocean breeding shows.  
 She hath wept and ceased to weep ;  
 Slow her wearied eyelids fall ;  
 Lay her softly, let her sleep.

“ Bright and strange One, where wert  
     found ?

(Sleep ! while Banva sings)  
 From caves and waves of the fishful  
     sea,

From swell and knell of the rolling  
     tide,

(Slumber ! while we sing to thee)  
 Borne forlorn to our fortress-mound—

(Sleep ! while Banva sings).  
 Fairest maiden, sea-blue-eyed,  
 Sea shell-tinted, thy unbound  
 And wavy-flowing hair is dried  
 And comb'd away on either side,  
 (While Banva sings, and Dendra  
     sings)

Down from smoothly pillow'd head ;  
 Safe art thou on shadowy bed,  
 Sleep now—safe art thou  
     In the Dune of Kings.”

She slept. They heard a thrush outside  
 Sweet across vernal woods, the tide  
 Searching among his rocks below,  
 And the spearman pacing to and fro.  
     —*Cornhill Magazine.*

## THE FAUST LEGEND.

BY H. SUTHERLAND EDWARDS.

THE once popular delusion which identified Faust the magician with Fust or Faust, the inventor of the art of printing from movable types, is no longer entertained. It is just possible, however, that Faust

the printer may have been the father of that Faust, professor of the black art, around whom have crystallized all the most remarkable stories that had previously been told of other magicians from Zoroaster

to Simon Magus, from Theophilus of Syracuse to Robert of Normandy, and from Pope Sylvester to Cornelius Agrippa—who lived about the same time as the Faust endeared to us by poetry, painting, and music, and, like that personage, kept a black dog. There is nothing to show that Faust the printer had dealings with the devil; though he seems to have been suspected at one time of corrupt practices in that direction. The story runs that after perfecting his system of printing from independent characters, Faust went to Paris, where his invention was not yet known, and there sold as manuscript, and of course at a high price, copies of the Latin Bible produced by his new and comparatively inexpensive method. Faust intended to work printing as a secret process, and the sale of printed volumes at the prices usually charged for volumes copied out by hand would, no doubt, speedily have enriched him. His customers, however, compared what they had bought; and when it was seen that the words and letters in the pretended manuscripts were, letter by letter, absolutely identical in shape, it was difficult not to conclude that the copies had been multiplied by unlawful means. Thus John Faust, in the middle of the fifteenth century, by practising an imposition, acquired the character of a wizard.

It is quite certain that John Faust, the printer, who, unable to patent his invention, had determined to make money out of it by applying it to his own private ends, was not the Faust who, by solemn compact and in return for certain immediate advantages, gave himself over to Satan. Faust the necromancer—calling himself, according to some authorities George, according to others, John Faust—may all the same have been the printer's son. The period of the magician's activity dates from the end of the fifteenth century; and not later than the beginning of the sixteenth we find him installed in the chair of magic at the University of Cracow. "They are not great magicians now," says Heine\* of contemporary Poles, in some remarks on Twardowski, the so-called "Polish Faust," who was doubtless one and the same person as that German Faust

who professed sorcery at Cracow. The Poles, however, must have been terribly addicted to magic in the early part of the sixteenth century if, as appears to have been the case, it was thought worth while to maintain at their celebrated university a lecturer on the subject.

One reason for supposing that Professor Faust, of Cracow—"Faust junior," as he always styled himself—may have belonged to the family of John Faust, the printer of Mayence, is to be found in the lamentable but undeniable fact that he also was given to romancing. Far from denying his alleged connection with the devil, he was in the habit of boasting of his influence in that quarter; and he openly declared that the victories gained by the Emperor's armies in Italy were all due to his occult machinations. The Poles may have been amused by these tales. But Faust's German friends saw no fun in them, and were inclined to look upon their author as the mountebank which he seems really to have been. One of Faust's countrymen, after remarking on the vanity of the man's profession as soothsayer—which nevertheless, he says, gained for him the admiration of the vulgar—adds: "I heard him chattering in the inn. I did not chastise him for his boasting. What is the madness of another man to me?" Another remarks that "Magister Georgius Sabellicus Faustus, junior," as the professor of magic called himself, is a philosopher less remarkable for philosophy than for fatuity, that he ought to be beaten with sticks, and that it is astonishing he can be allowed publicly to profess doctrines and practices condemned by the church. The priests were naturally very much against him, and accused him of having said that if all the works of Plato and Aristotle were lost he could rewrite the whole of them with an added grace of his own. He was also charged with having asserted that there was nothing at all wonderful in the miracles of Jesus Christ, all of which he could at any time perform.

The most noteworthy testimony on the subject of this mediæval conjuror and spirit-rapper comes from Melanchthon, who was personally acquainted with him. In his *Table Talk*, collected by Manlius, Melanchthon is represented as saying that he had known "a certain person named Faust," who was professor at Cracow, where he taught magic; who travelled a

\*See Heine's preface to his ballet-libretto or "Tanz-poem" of *Doctor Faust*, written for Mr. Lumley, Manager of Her Majesty's Theatre in 1852, but never produced.

great deal, had acquired many secrets, and at Venice had astonished the people by flying in the air. The devil, according to Melanchthon, raised the magician aloft, but maliciously dropped him, so that he was much injured by the shock, though not killed. His end came to him at a village in Wurtemberg, where, being very low-spirited one evening, he, in the first place, cautioned the innkeeper with whom he lodged not to be too much terrified if anything alarming happened during the night. At midnight, in fact, the house was shaken as by an earthquake; and the next morning, Faust not making his appearance, the innkeeper went into his room, and found him lying by the side of the bed lifeless, and with his face turned to the ground—a sign that he had been killed by the devil. "Until then," observes the reformer, "he had a dog with him who *was* the devil." Melanchthon sums up Faust's character by calling him "*turpissima bestis et cloaca multorum diabolorum.*"

Wierus or Weiher, writing in 1588, the year after that in which the Faust legend first appeared in print, speaks of Faust as a professor of magic at Cracow and other places, and tells an anecdote of him which is also to be found in the popular story. Faust, when from time to time he diverted his mind from the contemplation of the higher philosophy, was fond of a practical joke; and meeting one day a man who wished to be shaved, he proposed for a sufficient quantum of wine—to which, according to Wierus, he was addicted—to perform the operation without soap or razor. The offer was accepted, when Faust rubbed the man's chin over with arsenic, and so effectually that not only his beard but his skin also came away.

The compiler and commentator of one of the earliest versions of the Faust legend, Widman, whose *True History*, etc., was printed at Hamburg in 1599, represents Faust, at least in his early days, not as a winebibber, but as the sworn enemy of excess both in eating and drinking. Faust had a particular horror of drinking before going to bed, and saw death in that "sleeping draught" which Macbeth seems to have taken habitually, and which he expected Lady Macbeth to bring him the last thing at night in whatever business he might happen to be engaged. Faust felt strongly on this subject, and placed his

views on record in Latin hexameters and pentameters.

"Credite mortales, noctis potatio mors est," is one of his lines; and he wrote a couplet to the same effect in a medical work of which Widman speaks knowingly as though he himself had seen it. Here is the couplet:

"Corporis atque animi mors est impletio ventris,  
Liberat a morbis sobrietas variis."

But from the moment that the chroniclers take him in hand Faust, as we first saw him, "chattering," "boasting," and "astonishing the common people," loses his identity. His actions remain the same, but his character is entirely changed. He keeps a dog, he flies through the air, his house at a critical moment is shaken by an earthquake, and he applies in facetious moods his secret shaving-powder to the chins of the vulgar. Faust's thoughts, however, are now those of his biographer—evidently a theologian of the Reformed Church; and the problems which he sets himself to solve are those which agitated the period in which the materials of what has since been known as the Faust legend were first put together. The so-called story contains more controversy than incidents. Each brief section of narrative is followed by a long section of disquisition; and the result is at once a tale and a tract, in which we are not only informed as to what befell Faust, but are also enlightened as to the errors of the Church of Rome. It is with the Evil Spirit, the enemy of God and of the human race, that Faust enters into relations, and it is between him and Faust that the real drama takes place. But we are reminded from time to time that on many points, as in regard to celibacy and the reading of the Bible, the views of the evil spirit are identical with those of the Roman clergy. Mephistopheles appears in the garb of a monk; which accounts for the hood, though not for the red cloak (borrowed apparently from Zamiel), in which he is exhibited on the modern stage; and in telling Faust what subjects he may and what he absolutely must not discuss he forbids the Bible, but allows him full liberty to occupy himself with "ceremonies, the mass, purgatory, sophistry, legends, councils and school theology." Faust prefers higher themes, and, without touching on the

Bible, disputes with Mephistopheles on the relations of the devil towards God, the nature of heaven and hell, the eternity of punishment for sin, and the possibility in his own particular case of repentance and reconciliation with the Divine Ruler.

Neither Spiess, the author of the earliest version of the Faust story, published in 1587 (on which Marlowe based his *Dr. Faustus* produced the year afterwards), nor Widman, nor any of the German narrators who have treated this theme, take note of Faust's life in Poland, which in due time was made the subject of a separate legend, with Polish details, and with Twardowski, a Polonized Faust, substituted for the Faust of Germany. The Polish Faust behaves with much levity. Like his German cousin, he takes flights in the air with his attendant fiend, and, like the Faust of one of the German ballads, enjoys the right of requiring this personage to execute three commands—the third of which, in the case of Twardowski, was that he should take Mme. Twardowski for his wife. Rather than do this, the devil, who was already acquainted with the lady, broke the compact, and Twardowski was saved. This ingenuity on the part of the national magician has been celebrated by the Polish poet Mickiewicz, in appropriate verse. Is it not remarkable that, whereas the German Faust wished to marry but was not allowed to do so by Mephistopheles, the Polish Faust, a married man, sought to rid himself by diabolical means of his wife? Twardowski seems to have been the only married man who ever sold himself to the devil, though not the only one who endeavored to escape from his matrimonial responsibilities by getting the devil to relieve him of them. But *Le Mystère du Chevalier qui donna sa Femme au Diable* has very little to do with the Faust legend.

The wife of the wicked knight just mentioned was saved by the intercession of the Holy Virgin who sent her, as she was praying in a road-side chapel, into a deep sleep, then replaced her by the side of her husband and rode with him to a wood where Satan was to meet him. "Wretch," cried the indignant Satan when he saw what the wicked knight had been unable to perceive; "instead of your wife you have brought me the Mother of God." "He was not worthy of such a wife," said the Holy Virgin. "But I loved her and

have taken her from him. She is now in my Son's Kingdom."

Theophilus of Syracuse, too, was saved by the Holy Virgin, when, like Faust, he had signed away his soul. But after the Reformation this means of escape was not within reach of those necromancers who had been brought up in the Protestant faith. Faust, moreover, was much more "advanced" in his opinions than the very primitive Theophilus, or than that simple-minded gentleman in the *Contes Dévots*, who was willing, if by so doing he could gain the heart of the woman he loved, to forsake God, but would not on any account abandon the Holy Virgin—a mark of attention for which the Blessed Mary duly rewarded him. Faust did not believe in a future state, or at least had grave doubts on the subject. In his first interviews with Mephistopheles he was uncertain whether he should sell himself at all; and he felt tolerably confident that if he did sell himself he would be able at the last moment, either through repentance or by some other means, to cheat the devil, and regain his liberty. Mephistopheles showed himself willing to make things easy for him, and contented himself as a first step with presenting for his consideration, in diplomatic fashion, a little convention in five points.

No. 1 exacted the denial of God; and Faust accepted it without much hesitation, resolved as he was at a fitting moment to abjure his impious renunciation. No. 2 obliged him to hate the human race, a condition which grieved him, as his fellow-creatures had done him no harm, and he bore no ill towards them. He could not, however, but yield on this point as on the preceding one. No. 3 required him to hate the clergy, who seem to have been regarded by the author of the legend—doubtless himself a clergyman—as holding a midway position between God and man; No. 4 bound him never to set foot in a church; and No. 5 forbade his getting married. As Faust cared neither for church nor clergy, and had no wish to get married, he agreed readily to the three last points. Mephistopheles, on his side, pledged himself to execute all Faust's commands during a period of twenty-four years, at the expiration of which term Faust became his, body and soul. When everything was settled, Faust was informed that he must sign with his blood.



A vein was opened; the precious liquid was put in a vessel on the fire; it boiled; Mephistopheles handed Faust a pen; and the business was finished.

Meanwhile, there had been no question of Helen, still less of Gretchen, of whom no trace or suggestion is to be found in the earliest versions of the Faust legend. The primary object of the baffled magician had been to extend his knowledge, and it was not until later chroniclers had developed the story in various directions that, in connection with Article 5, the shadowy figure of a young German girl was introduced, which took form in subsequent editions, until at last, in the hands of the poet, it bloomed into the personage of Margaret.

But for the famous fifth point in the treaty between Faust and Mephistopheles, Margaret might never have existed; and, as in the sixteenth century, the story of Faust would still have remained that of his selling himself to the fiend; of his disputations with Mephistopheles on the mysteries of earth, heaven, and—above all—hell; his repentance; his vain attempts to escape from the power of the devil; his increasing despair as the term of his compact draws to an end; his exhortations to his admirers, the students, that his example may not be lost upon them; and finally his death. Helen of Troy, with her "coal-black eyes, cherry lips, and neck like a white swan," as she is described in old Spiess's narrative, would probably not have been forgotten; though her part in the drama of Faust's career, despite the fact that she lives with him as his wife and bears him a son, is not an important one. Lovers of analogies may, perhaps, say that Helen is to Faust what Venus, in another legend based on the same fundamental idea, is to Tannhäuser. The principle is laid down in one of the numerous popular versions of the Faust story, that the devil likes "the word" to be followed by "the deed;" and though Faust, under pressure, has declared himself in writing to be the enemy of God, man, the clergy, the Church, and marriage, he does not, in practice, show himself to be anything of the kind until Helen is introduced as if to console him for his inability to take a wife. He passes his time in holding "disputations" with Mephistopheles on high theological and metaphysical subjects; in playing ridiculous

practical jokes; and in summoning to his presence the heroes and other personages of the Homeric poems—including Polyphemus, whom the author of the narrative compares with Goliath, and thereupon launches into the history of Samson. At last, in Spiess's original version, Helen appears, and, remaining with Faust, becomes the mother of a child, who receives the name of Justus. But in this story of the year 1587 the appearance of Helen does not follow closely on Faust's unlawful desire to get married. It was reserved for Widman—who published his elaborate narrative and commentary twelve years later, and who considered himself better informed than his predecessor as to the true history of Faust—to establish the connection between Faust's desire to get married and the substitution by Mephistopheles of Helen for the legitimate wife who could not on any account be allowed to him.

In a much shorter version than either of the preceding ones, published in 1728, and described by Scheible, is *Das Kloster* as the first of the "little story-books" on the subject. Faust's wish to get married takes the form of love for "a beautiful but poor girl who was in service at a tradesman's in his neighborhood, and who would permit him nothing out of wedlock." Faust had a very serious quarrel with Mephistopheles in regard to this damsel; and when he declared his intention of marrying her, whether the diabolical agent attached to him liked it or not, a mighty wind arose and shook the house (as when "Georgius Sabellicus Faustus," of the University of Cracow, gave up the ghost); after which the building burst into flames, so that Faust was near being tormented with fire before his time. All the authors testify to the occurrence of this phenomenon as the emphatic expression of the devil's aversion to matrimony. But the editor of the narrative published in 1728 seems to have been the first to show that, as soon as the devil had frightened Faust out of all idea of marrying the future Margaret, he at once calmed and demoralized him by giving him Helen in place of the "beautiful but poor girl who would permit him nothing out of wedlock."

In yet another edition of the Faust legend dated 1839, and which may possibly, therefore, have been founded, in part

at least, on Goethe's dramatic poem, the Margaret episode, which was destined to be gradually developed, until it should at last fill the whole framework of the story, has assumed larger dimensions and gained new features. The "beautiful but poor girl" has now become the "beautiful and modest daughter of honorable people," whom Faust, "through the assistance of a procuress, and by means of rich presents and deceitful promises, befools and brings to ruin." Thereupon, when she became a mother and found herself deserted by her faithless one, "she in her distress killed her own infant, and was sentenced to undergo the punishment for child-murder. The story is quite credible," continues the writer. "The devil would take good care that each word given by Faust should be followed by a deed; and when one bears on his soul the soul of another he is already on the way to eternal damnation."

Neither Spiess nor Widman says anything to indicate the existence of a Margaret beyond telling us that Faust wished to get married; from which it may not unreasonably be inferred that there was some one he wished to marry, for we had already been assured that marriage in the abstract possessed no sort of attraction for him. It is remarkable, however, that the charming personage who in the end was to become the most interesting figure in the Faust story should in the earliest versions have had no definite existence. Her place in the tale was already marked from the beginning. She is the natural dramatic consequence of Article 5, which Faust is bound to observe, and which he is led through the unconscious girl to set at defiance, that he may fall more surely into the power of the fiend. But, though century by century she grew in importance, it was not until Goethe breathed into her the breath of poetic life that this innocent and suffering agent in the damnation of Faust was known by a name. Since Goethe's time Margaret, adopted by painters, dramatists, and composers, has had new beauty bestowed upon her, or, at least, has had her own native beauty presented in new lights. Rembrandt painted Faust, Christopher Van Sichem painted Faust and Mephistopheles. But Ary Scheffer painted Margaret and scenes in which Margaret is always the principal figure. In Goethe's *Faust* the

first part—what is generally accepted as the whole work—ends with the death of Margaret; nor does the real drama commence until Margaret is accosted by Faust as she leaves the cathedral, in which we afterwards see her unable to utter a prayer.—Margaret, moreover, as a lyrical personage in the fullest sense of the word could not but engage the attention of composers; of whom the first to set her beautiful songs to music was Schubert.

When just fifty years ago Prince Puckler-Muskau told Goethe that he had seen *Faust* performed with music by Prince Radziwill, the venerable poet replied that "it must have been very strange." Far stranger would the ingeniously constructed—or rather cleverly trimmed—drama of *Faust and Margaret* have appeared to him; and curious, indeed, would he have found the opera composed by M. Gounod on the *Faust and Margaret* drama as converted by its skilful arrangers, MM. Barbier and Carré, into a libretto. Herr Wagner has expressed, in *Opera and Drama*, needless indignation at the thought of *William Tell* having been set to music by an Italian; and he has, at least, equally good reasons for complaining that *Faust* should have had what threatens to be its permanent operatic form given to it by a Frenchman. The French have, indeed, during the last thirty or forty years, shown a curious persistency in taking as a subject for music what they knew perfectly well to be a German legend. Three French composers of very different degrees and kinds of talent, Mdlle. Louise Bertin, Hector Berlioz, and M. Gounod, have sinned in this manner; and, to speak only of M. Gounod's charming opera, it must be admitted that the two principal male personages of that work, wandering about as if in search of adventures, bear a far greater resemblance to the Lionel and Plumkett of Flotow's *Martha*, than to the Faust and Mephistopheles of necromantic tradition. Goethe's *Faust* was never intended for the stage; nor even in the abridged stage version prepared for the German theatres could it ever have become a popular stage play. M. Gounod's opera, on the other hand, has pleased the public everywhere, and nowhere more than in Germany, where, however, the managers, to mark their sense of the difference that exists between the work of the German poet and that of

the French dramatists and composer, give to the latter the name not of *Faust* but of *Margaret*.

Thus, in the course of three centuries, the popular story of "Faust" has gradually become transformed into the popular opera of *Margaret*. It is for Margaret, according to Gounod's opera, that Faust sells himself; and, Margaret having been loved, ruined, and abandoned, Mephistopheles claims Faust as his prey. The Faust story is converted into the story of an aged student, who gives himself to the devil for renewed youth and the love of a pretty girl, and who is carried off to the devil as soon as the pretty girl has been destroyed in body and mind, if not in soul. The public might say to Margaret in the eloquent words of Faust himself—

"One word, one look, from you is more to me  
Than all the teachings of philosophy."

They prefer the story of Margaret's love to the records of Faust's "disputations" with Mephistopheles, and to the history of his spiritual experience as he finds himself sinking more and more hopelessly into the power of the devil.

Neither in Goethe's *Faust* nor in the *Faust* of the popular story-books is the principal personage carried off to the infernal regions for his conduct to Margaret; which, if it might make angels weep, could from devils only elicit a smile. In Germany, as in England, an idea has got abroad that at the end of the First Part Faust is seized by Mephistopheles and borne away. So, indeed, he is, but to fresh adventures, not to eternal torments. Otherwise the action of the Second Part would take place in the lower world; and "Helen of Troy" would not be Helen resuscitated, but Helen's ghost. Goethe seems to have intended at one time to follow in the second part, as he had done in the first, the main incidents of the popular story. After the "beautiful but poor girl" of whom Faust became enamoured but whom he was not allowed to marry comes, as an essential part of the tale, the brilliant Helen with whom there would be no question of marriage. In the old legend Faust further visits the Court of the Emperor; and this also he does in Goethe's Second Part. But the last few years of Faust's life in the old story-books (as also in Marlowe's *Dr. Faustus*, based on Spiess's narrative) are

passed in ever-increasing mental and moral torments; of which, in the popularized operatic version of Goethe's dramatic poem, we naturally find no more trace than in the poem itself. The Faust of Spiess's and of Widman's narrative repents, is thereupon called to account by Mephistopheles, and forced to renew his engagement, so that there may be no mistake about the matter. He then questions his "dear Mephistopheles" more earnestly than ever as to the nature of eternal punishment; and Mephistopheles civilly explains it to him by the example of a stone which, heated, made red-hot, and left to cool, may be heated again and again for an indefinite period. The pain of hell consists, moreover, says Mephistopheles, in hell's lying at the foot of heaven, which from the infernal abyss is plainly visible, but quite inaccessible. Vividly realizing the terrors of his approaching end, Faust now suffers so much that one night he wakes Mephistopheles, and asks him whether he is not already in hell. Mephistopheles scouts the idea. The torments that await the damned go far beyond all that can be pictured by the imagination, he tells him; adding, when Faust shudders with alarm, that he is grieved to see him so timid. "Put a bold face on the matter," he adds with truly diabolical pleasantry, "and think of the number of Jews, Saracens, and sinners of all kinds whom you will have with you." Before his death, Faust, who has already written his memoirs for the benefit of humanity, addresses some last words to the students. He prays in vain that the devil while torturing his body to all eternity will yet spare his soul. Then at night a noise of hissing and shrieking is heard; and when the students enter his room next morning they find the remains of the unhappy doctor scattered about the floor.

Of Zito, the Bohemian Faust, some account may be found in Scheible's *Kloster*. Zito possessed neither the intellectual elevation nor the spiritual aspirations of the Faust celebrated by Spiess and Widman. But he mystified peasants, cheated horse-dealers, and indulged in various "shaves," including the removal of the beard by means of arsenic, like the Faustus of the German chroniclers, and of our own Marlowe.

Twardowski, the Polish Faust, besides

being a great practical joker, is popularly believed—as was at one time the Faust of Germany—to have invented printing. His life may be studied in a monograph with illustrations, published some fifteen years ago at Vienna, under the title of *Twardowski; oder, Der Polnischer Faust*. Entering Russia, from Poland, in the year 1863, with a copy of this harmless work in my possession, I was required to give it up; and on claiming it afterwards at the censor's office at Moscow, whither it had been sent on, was assured that it was

a political pamphlet of the most revolutionary character. "Twardowski," said the far-seeing officials, "represents Poland, the devil is Russia, and the author of this insidious publication would show that Poland is bound to Russia by a compact of diabolical origin." Thus, several centuries after his death, Twardowski was still destined to mystify the vulgar. I, however, was the victim of his last practical joke, for my monograph was confiscated.—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

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THE KORAN *VERSUS* TURKISH REFORM.

THE entire fabric of Mussulman society is woven upon the Koran. That is the fibre and tissue of the body-politic, so minutely intertwined with it that to attempt to disentangle them is to destroy life. What patriotism was to the Roman citizen, religion is to the Mussulman. The Sultan happens to be temporal ruler of the Turks; but it is to his spiritual authority that the orthodox Mussulman population of the world yields obedience. He is to them the Pádisháh; but he is also the Vicar of God, the Successor of the Prophet, the Pontiff of Mussulmans, the Refuge of the World, and the Shadow of God. What the Pope is to the Ultramontane Catholic the Sultan is to the devout Mohammedan. He has received his investiture from the Prophet, and, were he to preach a crusade against Christendom, every true believer would flock to his standard. Religion has set a strong stamp on other nations—witness the gloomy and fierce fanaticism of the Spanish soldier of the Cross, *i.e.* of the priest. But to find anything like a parallel we must go back to the Jews, the prototypes of the Mohammedans. There we see the zeal, the ruthless barbarity towards aliens in faith, the clanship, the Pharisaic washing and attention to minutiae, the contempt for the general humanities of life which still distinguish the followers of the Prophet.

Such being the case, if we are to form any just estimate of the Turk's capacity for reform, it will be necessary to observe the attitude of the Koran towards this question. At first sight all looks hopeful. There is an air of sententious philanthropy about it. Its pages teem with precepts of charity and hospitality, and of care for the

interests of women, orphans, and the weak. Nay, its protecting arms embrace even the brute creation. It breathes the very essence of the purest democracy, and establishes a community in which all outward distinctions vanish in the presence of religion. But the most casual observation reveals the fact that these benefits are reserved for co-religionists alone. Here is the flaw. That wide philanthropy which seemed to hail all men as brothers is narrowed to the circle of a sect. Thus, in proportion as the conscientious Mohammedan follows the teaching of the Koran, so does he find himself departing farther from that law of cosmopolitan love which seems to be gaining ground among Christians. He is forced in upon his own people. The love that he lavishes on them widens the gulf which separates him from the Christian. 'Come out from among them and be a peculiar people,' is the keynote of the Koran. 'O true believers, contract not an intimate friendship with any besides yourselves. If good happen unto you it grieveth them; and if evil befall you they rejoice at it.' Their hatred is plainly evident; but their breasts conceal even more, and when they meet in private 'they bite their finger ends out of wrath against you.' Therefore say unto them, 'Die in your wrath.'

It may be hard for anyone reared amid the busy life of the West, which day by day assumes, Proteus-like, some new shape, to picture to himself a government which is content to make every new problem as it arises square with a code inelastic as the Mosaic dispensation. Yet this is the case in Turkey. The author of the Koran knew the power of dogmatic assertion

He made no wavering bid for supremacy. When Moseilama, a religious rival, wrote a courteous request to Mohammed that he would share the world with him, the Prophet began his reply, 'Mohammed, the Apostle of God, to Moseilama the liar.' This was typical of his treatment of dissent. If anything could argue the divinity of his commission, it would be the marvellous fact that he stereotyped a society, and it has retained the distinct impress of his hand down to the present day. The 'unchangeableness of the East' is due to its intolerance of foreigners; but its intolerance of foreigners is due to the teaching of the Koran, which is as applicable now as in the days when the Prophet received his revelations from the Angel Gabriel. Each promise of reform extorted by Western diplomacy is glibly made by Parisian-taught Pashas who know its value. But it is resented as an impious insult to their creed by the fanatics who form the bulk of the nation.

There have been reformers in Turkey, notably the Sultans Selim III. and Mahmoud II. But they were branded with the titles of Giaour and renegade; and every amelioration which they were enabled to effect in the condition of their people had to undergo the determined opposition of the old Turkish party, goaded on in their fanaticism by the Ulema, from which both the Church and the Law are recruited. In both professions an accurate and detailed knowledge of the Koran qualifies for the highest offices. Let anyone who would form an idea of what liberality of mind is to be expected from the members of the former profession, picture to himself a Pharisee of the Pharisees, educated solely in the sacred writings, his mind warped from early childhood by a slavish obedience to the letter; or, if he would estimate the intelligence of the lower ranks of the Church, the Dervishes, let him witness a band of these fanatics seated on the ground, their bodies swaying to and fro as they chant their low, monotonous wail, in ever *crescendo* tones, till at length they fall foaming on the ground in epilepsy. One might as well look for the virtues typical of a priesthood in a swarm of negroes maddening themselves for some bloody 'custom.' Till a very recent change transferred the patronage, the person chosen to fill the supreme judicial post in

Egypt was appointed by the Sultan, his sole qualification being that he should know the Koran by heart. What reform in judicature can be expected from a Turkish judge whose only guide is the Koran, supplemented by the Multeka, the digest of the canon law to which he refers for precedents? If ordered to admit a Rayah's evidence, he replies that it is superfluous, the Koran declaring that the Christian is necessarily a liar. Why should a case be decided in his favor? He is not even a man! When the judge studies his legal handbook he finds such precepts as 'Slay the unbeliever: set a mark upon him, so that everyone shall know him as he passes, and heap every indignity on him as a sacred duty.' What likelihood is there of such men abating one iota of the law? The most crass ignorance prevails among them; ignorance, not of indolence, but of purpose. They resist all external knowledge. Geography, science, and mathematics are useless, and even worse. For all men were born naturally disposed to the Mussulman faith; it is education which perverts them. Thus every official brings to the exercise of his profession a mind warped by special study, whose aim has been to subordinate every inquisitive thought to the written law. As the Chinaman goes to search his archives for a precedent at every turn of life, so the Turk resorts to his Koran. If the injunctions of the Koran coincide with the *Tanzimat* of Abdul Medjid, well and good; if not, the devout Mussulman knows his duty. The Sultan is his Pádisháh, and can frame any law that he likes. But God is greater than the Pádisháh, and He revealed to His Prophet every law that it was necessary to obey. It was, however, in this unlooked-for quarter that the late movement originated, and these are the men who must assume much of its direction. The policy which they have inaugurated will demand heavy sacrifices—little short of self-effacement. They will have to wean themselves from their most cherished convictions, and strain every nerve to calm the irritated fanaticism of the laity, which they have so long been engaged in fostering.

When we see such men as Fuad and Ali Pasha crushed, by a fanatic and priest-ridden people, in their noble efforts to redeem their country, we gain some idea of the paramount influence of the Koran.



Every incident in its history tends to enhance its awe and confirm its authority. It is eternal and uncreated. The original copy, bound in silk, and studded with jewels of Paradise, has lain from everlasting beside God's throne. Even the Prophet was only permitted to assure his faith by seeing it once a year. The Mussulmans typify this reverence by the outward respect which they pay to the book. They are forbidden to touch it without having first undergone the legal purification; and lest anyone should err through inadvertence, they write on the back, 'Let none touch it but those who are clean.' It is instructive to observe how even such a man as Fuad Pasha found it necessary to enlist the Koran on his side. It was the same attempt that Montalembert and others before and after him have made to reconcile the irreconcilable; and it met with like success. They rose in rebellion against the power which crushed individual thought, and they retired crushed and broken-hearted from the conflict. This has been the case with every innovator in Turkey. Sultan Selim was met in turn by the sullen opposition of every interest with which he attempted to deal. Army, Church, Law, and Diplomacy alike closed their ranks against the reformer; and it was not long before the hand of the assassin checked his career. Mahmoud followed resolutely in his steps, having first freed himself from the overshadowing influence of the janissaries by the simple process of extermination. But he lived isolated from his people—a mark for their scorn as the 'Infidel Pádisháh.' Then came the reign of Abdul Medjid, bright with its prospect of reform. But his *Tanzimat* met with the fate of the *Tanzimats* of Pio Nono and Ferdinand of Naples, and many another parchment which raised the hopes of Liberal Europe. How little came of it we can judge by a brief retrospect of the last five-and-twenty years. He struggled nobly to dispel the torpor which was stifling the national life; but all his efforts were vain. Then Abdul Aziz ascended the throne, a ruler after his people's heart, *i. e.* a staunch upholder of the Sacred Faith. His impotent and selfish reign is now a completed chapter of history; and once more we see a reforming Sultan on the throne.

If anything could make one doubt the incompatibility of the Koran with reform,

it would be the assurance of that true patriot as well as Mussulman, Fuad Pasha. He distinctly asserts, not its compatibility only, but its actual advantage over every other form of religion for the work. Islamism, unfettered by dogmas and the narrow prejudices of Christian sects, is free as the wind of heaven to catch up every wandering current of opinion. Islamism is the repository of all truth, therefore she opens her arms to science. Each rediscovery that Christendom makes is not to be scouted as the invention of the Giaours, but gladly received as a lifting of the veil from the secrets hid from all time in the Koran. We might fancy we were reading some Papal allocution, making curious assumption of brotherhood between Ultramontaniam and Liberalism—between Science, which spurns all obstacles, and the Papacy, which casts down its gauntlet '*impossible*' in the path. Rather, perhaps, we should sadly mark the incongruity of the deductions of a high-minded man, whatever his creed may be, with the vulgar realities of life. Fuad Pasha, in his spiritual reading of the Koran, closed his eyes to the fact that others read it by the letter.

When Christianity, leaving the catacombs in which it had lurked, dared to measure itself against the polytheism of Rome, it was in its dogmatic certainty that it found its keenest weapon. Rome had become the *diversorium* of the religious world. New and fantastic forms of worship jostled one another in their pursuit of proselytes, each one pointing out some new path to heaven. The Epicurean had a pitying smile alike for all; but the Stoic's earnest nature could not rest. He sought for some clue to eternity; and, finding none, fell back on annihilation. But even here his wavering voice betrayed his doubt. Thought might recoil, dazed by its effort to pierce the future. But when driven in upon itself the soul refused to believe that it was born to perish. It was to this disorganized mass that the trumpet notes of Christianity rang out with their clear sound. There was no need to listen to the claims of rival religions. All alike were false. Liberality was but another name for indifference. There was the certainty of Heaven for the Christian, of Hell for the Pagan. So, too, the strength of Mohammedanism lay in its exclusiveness. With

one stroke the Prophet cleared the ground of rivals. There had been prophets, it is true, from Moses to Jesus, and their writings were contained in 104 books. All, however, were lost but the Pentateuch, the Psalms, the Gospel, and the Koran. The first three of these were pronounced so corrupt as to be worthless. One, therefore, alone remained—the Koran. The Reformer tolerated no lukewarm partisans. They must believe *in toto* or not at all. For the opinion which some have held, that a man might be saved in his own religion, if sincere, is directly contradicted by the Koran—especially in the words, 'Whoever followeth any other religion than Islamism, it shall not be accepted of him, and at the last day he shall be of those that perish.' In the oft-repeated petition, too, which answers to the Lord's Prayer, the Moslem begs that he may be kept 'in the right way'—*i. e.*, in the Mohammedan religion, 'not in the way of those against whom God is incensed'—*i. e.*, Christians. The Prophet will not stay to parley with dissent.

Those who are not with him are against him. It is true that, as though foreseeing the schisms of later days, especially the bitter animosity of the Sunnite and Shiite factions, he exclaims bitterly that his own people will be more rebellious than the heathen. The Jews have 71, the Christians 72, but his disciples will have 73 sects. But whatever may have been his fear for the future, he never betrayed it in his language. There is the true dogmatic ring about that. 'Good and evil shall not be held equal.' He swept away the superstitions of the Arabs like the wind of the desert, and proclaimed anew the religion which Abraham bequeathed to his posterity and Ishmael handed down to the children of the desert. The Law was the rule till Christ came, then the Gospel; but both were set aside by the Koran, which, however, does not contradict, but is more explicit, and enforces the observance of much that was negligently performed before. Men were originally 'professors of one religion' only, but they dissented therefrom.' This was Islam, which was held till the murder of Abel, or, as some think, until the time of Noah. Such being the case, it was the duty of believers to spread the true faith. 'Fight for and contribute to your religion, and beware of the fate of the Israelites who

did not do so,' were the Prophet's words; and, as soon as he had collected a sufficient force under his banner, he preached a crusade against his enemies—*i. e.*, those who differed from him. This ordinance has never been annulled. The growing power of the West may have admonished the Turk to suspend the performance of his duty, but it remains a sacred duty for all that.

How well the founder of Islamism succeeded in his endeavor to establish an enduring theocracy, we see in the case of modern Turkey. The Turkomans have squatted on the country which they seized under Osman, and are to this day the same people. They hold it as a foreign garrison, without an attempt at assimilation with the natives. The tide of European progress surged around them, but they built it out with a wall of resentful prejudice. Their only effort at civil government was to put in practice the regulations suitable to a tribe of predatory herdsmen. Small wonder, then, that the country should languish under such a rule. A well-tilled, fruitful land became a waste; its desolation made more appalling by the vestiges of ancient civilisation. Where the horse of Attila trod, the grass never grew again, and it withered beneath the Turks' feet. Their creed condemns them to stand still when all around is life and movement. Even could the Turk consent to shake off his fetters of custom and imitate his neighbors, religion would forbid him. It is the clear and explicit preaching of predestination that has accomplished this physical and moral death. Why trouble oneself? 'Death will overtake us even in lofty towers.' 'There is no change in what God hath created.' 'Islam' signifies 'resignation;' and the term 'Moslem' (Moslemúna), or, as Europeans write it, 'Mussulman,' has a like derivation. The calm demeanor of the Turk under the terror of plague, or any similar visitation, which excites the admiration of the restless Frank, is no matter of disposition, but the ingrained teaching of religion.

'Lord make us resigned unto Thee, and of our posterity a people resigned unto Thee,' was the solemn prayer of Abraham and Ishmael when they laid the foundations of 'the House,' *i. e.*, the Caaba. Again and again the merit of unreasoning obedience is insisted on by

the Koran. In questions of faith, it is 'better to follow the steps of the primitive Moslems, avoid disputations, and leave the knowledge of the matter wholly to God.' The same moral is enforced by the story of the patriarch Mâlec Ebn Ans, who, being inquired of why he wept when he was dying, made answer, 'How should I not weep? Would to God that for every question decided by me according to my own opinion I had received so many stripes! Then would my accounts be easier. Would to God I had never given any decision of my own!' We can not be surprised that such a system has reared a race of officials too indolent to study their profession, and too fearful of responsibility to depart one hair's breadth from the beaten track. If a question arises, there is no light to be thrown upon it from without; therefore, if it is to be answered at all, it must be by precedent. If, however, the doctrine of blind acquiescence in a predetermined fate has removed from the Mussulman every incentive to exertion, in one case it has had a directly opposite effect. In the days when the Prophet was struggling to assert himself against a powerful opposition, he saw the advantage that was to be gained from a fanatic soldiery. The doctrine of predestination is clearly laid down in the dispute between Moses and Adam. For, Adam, having learned from Moses that his rebellion was written in the law which was made forty years before his birth, asks how he could be blamed for doing what God wrote of him forty years before he was born, 'nay, for what was decreed of him 50,000 years before the creation of heaven and earth.' This was undoubtedly to be received as an axiom of faith. It was specially revealed to Mohammed that every soldier who fell fighting for his religion was predestined to an eternity of bliss. 'Whatever good or ill shall happen is irrevocably fixed and recorded from all eternity in the preserved table.' God has secretly predetermined a man's faith or infidelity, and consequently his eternal happiness or misery. No foresight or wisdom can alter this. Hence, argues the Prophet, since aught that you can do will not lengthen your life by a span, fight against the enemies of God, and beware lest God give you over to a reprobate mind.

It was from this small cause, viz., the

necessities of the rising Prophet, that arose the implacable hatred of the believer to the infidel. At first it was a struggle for existence; but as the young faith gathered strength it became aggression. Time rolled on, and what had been a matter of policy, hardened into habit. The motive was gone, but the feeling remained. The Koran is the staple of education. Thus, the earliest words that the child learned to repeat breathed malediction against the Christian. When the Mussulman attends his mosque, he listens to such injunctions as 'Fight against the unbelievers till the strife is at an end, and the religion is all of God's.' 'Despise every other nation; regard them with horror and distrust. They are impure; in you alone is purity.' 'Fight for the religion of God. He who lends on usury to God, God will double it.' One of the seven deadly sins is desertion during a religious campaign. Every spring of human pity is purposely dried up against the unhappy Christian. The Mussulman is taught to believe that he is not only doing God service in persecuting the infidel, but that he is specially favored in being set apart for this duty; and that God is visibly present assisting at the work. 'When ye encounter the unbelievers, strike off their heads;' for though God could have avenged himself, 'He commandeth you to fight His battles, that He may prove the one of you by the other.' The evil deeds of the infidels have been prepared for them, for God directeth not the unbelieving people. Nevertheless, they had their chance; for no man was condemned to punishment until an apostle had first been sent to warn him. Therefore, God declares that He will chastise them by the hands of the faithful, and will cover them with shame. In the same chapter, moreover, it is declared that the giving of drink to pilgrims, and visiting the temple, are things of little merit compared with the glory of fighting for the religion of God. A grievous punishment is ordained against those who refuse to go out when summoned to war. They shall be rooted out, and an obedient people shall be planted in their stead. The believer is enjoined to slay his enemy wherever he finds him, even in the sacred months. He may feel compunction, but this arises only from his ignorance. It is a grievous thing to war in the sacred

months. But to obstruct the way of God, and tempt men to idolatry, is worse.

The cruel teaching of the Koran sows discord even at the hearth. Its disciple is bidden to separate from a brother or a sister who may be an idolator. Even marriage is prohibited with one of these social outcasts. The Turk, however, gets over this difficulty by forcing the bride to adopt the religion of her husband.

The line which divides the two peoples in life may not be overstepped at the grave. 'After it is known that he has become an inhabitant of Hell' is the mode of expression for a Christian's death. The Mohammedan is forbidden to pray over such, or linger near their grave—the spot which the soul haunts after death. When the Prophet stood by his mother's grave, he burst into tears, exclaiming, 'I asked leave of God to visit my mother's tomb, and He granted it me; but when I asked leave to pray for her, it was denied me.'

We might multiply instances without end to prove that the Koran creates an impassable gulf between Mussulman and Rayah. Be it remembered, too, that these are no obsolete statutes, like the Jewish denunciations, remaining in the book but allowed to slumber there. They are living words in the ear and on the tongue of every Mohammedan, fresh as when they were uttered, and incapable of adapting themselves to the requirements of an altered society.

When the Turk leaves the mosque for the market-place, the seat of judgment, or the camp, he merely puts in practice what he has learned if he displays a disdainful brutality to the Christian. Such bloody outbreaks as the 'Lebanon Massacre' are the natural outcome of his creed. Hatred is ever simmering there, and any access of religious excitement suffices to make it boil over.

The Rayahs are the 'fuel of Hell,' 'brute cattle,' 'too unclean to approach Allah's temple;' why, then, accord to them the common rights of humanity? Some even deny that God created them, 'because He is not the creator of infidelity.' It is minutely specified by what marks you shall know the leprous Christian. He must place a sign on his house so that the passer-by may not bid him 'God speed!' On every occasion he must show his humility. He may not

ride in public places or past the tomb of Moslem saints—an order which the writer of this paper once saw carried out with true Turkish simplicity—a *sabti* throwing the offender violently from his horse.

It is difficult to imagine that people reared under such a system can be willing to concede religious or social equality. It is but of late years that a Christian could set foot in a mosque without the certainty of assassination if detected. Even now his presence is looked on as a defilement. The curse of Allah is invoked on the Cross; the foulest ribaldries are openly perpetrated on the worship of the Rayahs and its ministers. One of the most constant demands of the non-Mussulman population has been that they should no longer be debarred from military service. They have perception enough to discover that this prohibition degrades them in the eyes of the Turks, who consider them unworthy to take part in the protection of their common fatherland. But this is the teaching of the Koran. The ranks of the Faithful are closed against every Infidel. For the Mohammedan soldier exists for his destruction; and war is to him a holy crusade against the Giaour.

In any serious question of reform among Mohammedans, the position of women must occupy a prominent place. We are not now speaking of polygamy, but of the seclusion of women, the abnegation of their influence, and, as a corollary of this, the rearing of the entire population in frivolity, ignorance, and vice. The Koran bids men 'respect women of whom they are born;' but a few isolated precepts like this are powerless against its general tenor. The Turkish women shuffle unnoticed through the streets in their yellow slippers, or sit for hours in the meadows of the 'sweet waters,' their bright *ferejehs* gleaming like a particular bed of tulips. If their owner is a man of mark they are taken for an airing in a gilded coach, or they are huddled like sheep by their black wardens into a separate pen on the little steamers which pant busily across the Golden Horn. The life of a Turkish woman is vapid and meaningless; she is as ignorant as a child,—yet even the Grand Vizierat is often at the disposal of harem intrigue. And if we would discover the canker which lies at the root of Turkish society, we must seek it in the practice which condemns the chil-

dren of both sexes to the vicious atmosphere of the harem during the most plastic years of life.

The origin of this treatment of women, we shall find not in the dictates of Oriental jealousy but in the teaching of the Koran. The divine book by no means ignores the existence of woman. It lays down most careful and minute rules for her walk in life. But it treats her rather as an adjunct to man than as an independent, responsible being. Obedience is the corner-stone—obedience to him who rules over her. Home is her proper place, but if she goes abroad she must veil her face and breast; nay, some say, even her hands. 'Speak unto thy wives and thy daughters and the wives of the true believers,' says the Koran, 'that they cast their outer garments over them when they walk abroad—believing women must not discover their ornaments . . . and let them throw their veils over their bosoms.' It is in such light matters as these that we see the difficulty of a change in the current of Eastern thought. It is not merely the inveterate habit of centuries, though this is stronger than law, but also a matter of religion. The Spanish lady may exchange her *mantilla* for a Paris bonnet, with a sigh perhaps at the despotism of fashion; but if her Turkish sister lays aside her *yashmak* she infringes solemn ordinances of her religion and degrades herself in the sight of all.

If, however, as we have seen, the Koran awards a very modest place in the scheme of society to women, it does not, as many have supposed, absolve her from responsibilities here, or exclude her from participation in the life to come. This would be manifest, even though no other duty had been enjoined than performing the pilgrimage to Mecca, which is of such paramount importance that it is declared that a man might as well die a Jew or a Christian as neglect it. It has been erroneously supposed that the Koran allows women no souls. But it expressly states that the devout Mussulman, in addition to his seventy-two celestial brides, shall be allowed the company of any of his wives in Paradise, of whom he may not have grown tired on earth. The Prophet, too, finding that his interrogator, on one occasion, was not satisfied with the declaration that there would be no old

women in heaven, hastened to add that he only meant by this that all would be restored to youth. Though, to be sure, when he was permitted to take a bird's-eye view of Heaven and Hell, he saw that most of the inhabitants of the latter place were women. The absence of women from mosques has probably led hasty observers to the above conclusion. But this is only due to the desire that they should not distract the attention of the male worshippers.

Some enthusiasts, led away by the simplicity of the Mohammedans' creed, look forward to their conversion to Protestantism at no distant date. They welcome even vice in one of an alien faith, because it indicates a loosening of the bands of religion. Drunken and dissolute lives are common among modern Mussulmans; but even these bad specimens are not necessarily apostates from their religion because, like many Christians, they choose to live at variance with it. We speak of course of Mohammedans, not of the hybrid, Europeanised people who have no religion, or at least have lost all hold upon their countrymen, and are stigmatised as innovating *Giaours*. The Turk has naturally derived his notions of Christianity from the Greeks, with whom he comes most in contact. Their Church may be pure in theory; but in practice it is more degraded and superstitious than the worship of a Calabrese peasant. It is little to be wondered at, then, if the Turk seeing this grovelling idolatry casts his eyes to heaven with a sententious '*Bismillah!*' thanking God that he is not as other men. But though he may be disgusted by the absurdities of the Greek Church, it is no reason that he should turn to Protestantism. He may confess a half-contemptuous admiration for its comparative simplicity; but, from his point of view, we, equally with the Greeks, insult God by giving Him an equal. There are ministering 'prophets' in the Mussulman's heaven, but only one Allah. Even the noble persistency with which the Rayah has clung to his faith in spite of the misery which it has entailed upon him, becomes a crime in the Moslem's eyes. For it was prophesied of them that 'though a Koran should be revealed, by which mountains should be removed, or the earth be rent in sunder, or the dead be



caused to speak,' it would not suffice to convert them. Their souls are perverted of God's set purpose.

The Prophet expressly warns his followers against this temptation of their faith which they will undergo in later days. 'The unbelievers,' he says, 'will not cease to war against you until they turn you from your religion, if they be able. But he who shall turn back from his religion and die an infidel, his works shall be vain in this world, and in the next he shall be the companion of hell fire and shall remain therein for ever.'

It would be easy to give various reasons why such reforms as are promised by the Turk appear well-nigh impossible of accomplishment. We have preferred, however, to limit ourselves to one consideration, and to show that his present condition is the direct product of his religious teaching.

What the Turk is, the Koran has made him. It may have mitigated the native brutality of his character; but it is on one side only, viz. that which comes in contact with his brothers in the true faith. The other side it has added brutality. It has whetted his natural ferocity against his Christian neighbors, and has lent a harder tone to his cynical contempt for them. He remains at heart the untutored nomad he ever was. He has piled up in his palaces the luxuries of Western civilisation without culture to understand or enjoy them. The square patch of carpet which lies on the floor in the midst of its costly surroundings still typifies the sheepskin of the Tartar tent; and on this he is most at home. The sons of Ishmael have a euphemism for brigandage. When Abraham turned out their father, God gave him the open plains for his patrimony; and whatever roamed through the desert was his. Therefore, when they swoop down on a caravan, they merely resume their own. In like manner, the Turk feels that the Rayah and all that he has exists for his benefit alone. It is enough that he be tolerated among them; he is the Mussulman's born tributary—far meaner than the pariah dog, for whom the pious Turk sets aside part of his store.

We have seen the contrast of Turk and Christian in this life, and how little inducement it offers to the former to desert the faith of his fathers. We will now briefly glance at their relative positions in the life

to come. As a wind laden with scorching cold strikes the growing corn, so does a blight rest on the temporal affairs of the Christian. But it is not till the Prophet comes to treat of the after-state that he calls into play every artifice of that rhetoric in which the Arabic language excels all others. Persuasion and denunciation succeed and enhance each other. It is significant that the last words appointed to be read over a dying Moslem arrest his fleeting spirit to listen to the recital of an unbeliever's torment. The burden of the Koran is an antiphon of the joys of the believer and misery of the infidel. When the Turk closes his eyes to the murmur of his *narguileh*, he dreams of the pleasant glades of Paradise and its rippling streams. His heavenly Brides beckon him on, and their black eyes gleam with a light which even his most sensuous dream on earth has never pictured. The heat of the sun shall not weary him; for Tuba, the tree of happiness, spreads a pleasant shade around, so vast that a swift horse could not gallop from one end to the other in 100 years. Its boughs hang low, and offer to the passer-by the food he may desire; and as its fruits burst open they disclose robes of silk and richly-caparisoned horses. Israfil, most melodious of God's creatures, shall sing to him, and the daughters of Paradise, the Hur-al-oyun, from their caves of pearl. And as the wind, blowing from God's throne, murmurs among the trees of Paradise, it will wake sweetest chords from the bells with which they are hung, as they clash their jewelled boughs in unison. If any of the inhabitants of this garden shall, like Achilles in Hades, grow weary of inaction, he shall be permitted to exercise his former pursuits. The meanest foot-soldier who falls beneath a Rayah's bullet shall enter at once into this inheritance of bliss; for he, as a 'martyr,' takes precedence of others. He will exchange his bivouac on the ground and scanty fare for a tent of pearls and jacinth. Food shall be offered to him in 300 golden dishes, and wine forbidden to his lips on earth. His wives and his goods, his gardens and his servants, shall occupy the space of 1000 years' journey; and yet he shall never know satiety. For he shall continue ever in the prime of life, and be gifted with the capacity of 100 men. It is in sure anticipation of this blessed des-

tiny that the Mussulman has his grave built vaulted, that he may sit up confidently and answer the questions of the examining angel.

But if the Mussulman is bidden to meet the terrors of the day of judgment without quailing, far different is it for the infidel. At the instant that he is hurried to his defiled grave, his torments begin. For when the livid angels Monker and Nakir come to examine him as to his faith, they will beat him on the temples with iron maces, and then press the earth on him, where he will be gnawed and stung by his own sins turned into venomous scorpions. There he shall lie until Israfil sounds his trumpet from the mountain of Jerusalem, and Gabriel summons the dispersed bones and flesh to unite and come to judgment. Then every soul shall appear, guarded by a driver and a witness, the angels who in life kept account of their good and evil deeds. The infidel shall come forth blind, deaf, and dumb, and branded with the Cain mark, *Kiafir*, on his brow. As he rises from the grave a hideous apparition will confront him, foul in smell and terrible of aspect. In his horror he will cry out, 'Who art thou? I never saw any thing so detestable.' But the monster shall answer, 'Marvel not at my deformity; I am thy evil works. Thou didst ride upon me while thou wast in this world; but now will I ride upon thee.' Thus saying, it will leap on him, and all who meet him will upbraid him, crying, 'Hail thou enemy of God!' The true believers shall remain before the throne only so long as shall suffice to say the appointed prayers, and their bodies shall shine like light; but the unbelievers shall stand in weary expectation for 50,000 years, tormented with a fearful sweat; for the sun shall be brought so near them that their skulls will boil like a pot. The brute creation shall fare far better than they, for when their deeds have been recounted they shall be resolved into dust. The soul and the body will begin to quarrel, asserting that but for one another they would not have sinned; but this plea will be met by the punishment of both. Then God will deliver judgment. 'Cast into Hell every unbeliever and doubter of the faith; who set up another God with the true God.' On this the terrified soul will turn to the devil to whom he is chained and begin to charge it with having se-

duced him. But God will bid them not to wrangle in His presence; and Hell will come roaring along to receive him, dragged by 70,000 halters, each halter being held by 70,000 angels. The wretch will have a last chance to cross *Al Sirât*, which is stretched over Hell, fine as a hair and sharp as a sword; and no light of Paradise shall come to guide his feet. At the first step, therefore, he will fall headlong into the abyss, and dwell there amid burning winds and scalding water, under a black smoke which shall yield no shade, but will send forth sparks of fire. The tree *Al Zakkum* will afford him food with its bitter fruit, growing like devils' heads, and he shall have boiling pitch to drink. Only the narrow wall *Al Araf* will part him from the blessed; but he will never cross it. There is a tradition that no Jew but Dathan and Abiram is adjudged to an eternity of punishment; and the most wicked Turk will not continue in Hell for more than a year, but the unbeliever shall abide there for ever.

A combined feeling of patriotism and self-interest may warn the Turk at the present moment of the desirability of concession. Yet many will doubt whether an ignorant and fanatic race will be content to forego the temporal and eternal advantages which their creed does not merely sanction but enforce. Centuries of this teaching have planted a feeling of hatred and disdain in their hearts which cannot easily be eradicated. Nay, should they concede the most elementary principle of reform, they would infringe the Prophet's law, which is life to them. They would lie under the Prophet's curse declared against those who have fellowship with unbelievers, and would prepare for themselves a place in torment beside them. It may seem puerile to insist on the omnipotence of religion in daily life. With some Western nations it may be the cloak taken out for Sunday wear. But to the Turk, with few exceptions, it is the mainspring and mainstay of life. He directs each footstep by the precepts of the Koran, assured of its guidance till that day comes which will close all accounts with him — when the cold wind, springing up in the confines of Arabia Damascena, shall sweep away the Koran (and him too), leaving the world in darkness.

Time will prove how far the stiff tenets

of a theocracy will bear the tension of modern government. Meanwhile, Europe stands in expectation, willing to hope that

the hard problem may be solved by other means than ironclads and rifled cannon.  
—*Fraser's Magazine*.

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HARRIET MARTINEAU.

BY THOMAS HUGHES.

ON July 1 the grave closed over the remains of one of the bravest and hardest-working women whom our time has known; and no time has been more fruitful than ours in women of mark. Harriet Martineau was buried in the old cemetery, Birmingham, on Saturday. We should have expected Norwich—the city in which she was born, and which had been the home of her family for the two hundred years since the revocation of the Edict of Nantes brought them to England—to have been selected for this honor, if she had made up her mind to leave her beautiful little home in the Lakes, in full view of Rydal Mount. As she seems, however, to have made every last arrangement herself, the selection of her resting-place was probably her own; but it is Ambleside and not Birmingham which will always be connected with her name. It is true, no doubt, of the greatest of us that

“Day by day our memory fades  
From out the circle of the hills,”

but we venture to predict that the fading in her case will be slow in the Westmoreland hamlet, which was her chosen home for more than a generation. The figure of the invalid deaf lady—so loving in her family life; so simple and neighborly, in the truest and deepest sense of the word, with rich and poor; so old in years but young in heart; so courageously tilling and cropping her two acres of ground; so full of the brightest and freshest interest in all political and social questions; so ready to make experiments in all realms visible and invisible, and to state results as she saw them, with a candor and fearlessness as valuable as they are rare—is one which will not be lightly forgotten, even in the land of Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, and Arnold.

Hard work and high courage were, to our thinking, her most noteworthy characteristics. Even those most familiar with her life and work will have been startled at the list of her writings drawn up by

herself, “to the best of her recollection,” which appeared in the *Daily News* as an appendix to the autobiographical sketch left by her for publication with the editor of that journal, to which alone in her later years she had contributed no less than 1642 articles. From this list it appears that her first book, *My Servant Rachel*, was published in 1827, her last, *Biographical Sketches*, in 1869. In those fifty-two years more than 100 volumes (103 we believe to be the exact number) appeared from her pen, besides which she was a constant contributor to quarterlies, and monthly magazines, and newspapers, and carried on a correspondence which would of itself have been enough to use up the energy of most women. Apart from all question of its contents, the mere feat of getting such a mass of matter fairly printed and published could not easily be matched, and the more the matter is examined the more our wonder will grow. In all that long list there is not a volume, so far as we are aware, which bears marks of having been put together carelessly, or for mere book-making purposes, and her fugitive articles are as a rule upon burning topics, the questions by which men's minds were most exercised at the time. Indeed, though she lived by the pen, no writer ever wielded it with greater independence and single-mindedness. What she says of herself in the autobiographical sketch already referred to is most true, “her stimulus in all she wrote from first to last was simply the need of utterance.” And in her resolve to keep that utterance perfectly free she again and again refused offers of a pension from the civil list.

Of her quiet courage perhaps the most memorable example is her conduct in the angry discussion which took place over her recovery from a dangerous illness in 1844 by means of mesmerism. The story was published at first without her sanction, and soon the fight over it raged fiercely in the scientific world. Misrepre-

sentation as usual abounded, so she came forward and stated what really happened, with the views derived from her own experience of mesmerism as a curative agent. This drew upon her, as she truly says, "an amount of insult and ridicule which would have been a somewhat unreasonable penalty on any sin or folly which she could have committed." To friends who pressed her not to publish, foreseeing what it was likely to bring on her, she simply replied that it was hard to see how the world could be ripened if experimenters in new departments of natural philosophy concealed their experience.

Her main work was done before the present generation of readers can remember, but those whose memories carry them back to the time of the first Reform Bill, and whose opinions on political and social questions were forming in the uneasy years which followed, will readily confess their debt of gratitude to her. For she did more than any other writer, not excepting Archbishop Whately, to bring home to them the fact that the questions which political economists were discussing, and especially those connected with the Poor Laws, were not mere abstract problems for philosophers to argue over, but issues involving the welfare of every member of society. As one writes the words now they seem to express a mere truism, but that this is so is due in no small measure to her. And she rendered that generation of readers a yet higher

service by the tone of these social and economic writings. They are, we think, the first popular works of a class now so common, distinguished by a genuine and discriminating sympathy with the hopes and aims of the poor, and an understanding of their trials and temptations. The improved tone of thought and feeling on all social questions has arisen from many causes, and is due to many workers, but of these none have been more earnest than, and few so successful as, Harriet Martineau. Her forthcoming Autobiography will be looked for with deep, if somewhat painful interest, for it is to contain "a full account of her faith and philosophy." In the sketch already referred to she tells us that the cast of her mind was "more decidedly of the religious order than any other, during the whole of her life," and that "her latest opinions were in her own view the most religious;" and at the same time "that she was not a believer in revelation at all" in her later years. Her firm grasp of her own meaning and her singular power of expression will probably stand her in good stead in making her faith, whatever it may be, clear to those who have never yet been able to understand it. In any case it must command the most respectful attention, for even if not the motive power in, it was at least consistent with, a singularly noble and courageous life.—*The Academy*.



#### NEST BUILDING FISHES.

ONE of the most common of our British fishes, the tiny stickleback, has attracted considerable attention on account of its curious habit of building a nest—rivalling in intricacy the homes of our feathered friends—in which it deposits its eggs, and over which it keeps watch and guard till the tiny family are able to enter on the responsibilities of stickleback-life. Such precautions are unusual among the finny tribes, whose eggs are generally left to chance, or, in some cases, adhere to friendly weeds till they hatch out, and the young ones face life in the world of waters, without a parent's care to guide them. The lordly salmon makes an apology for a nest by scooping out a hollow or 'redd' in the gravel bed of the stream which it

ascends for the purpose; but this, compared with the beautiful workmanship of the stickleback, is as the rook's collection of sticks to the mossy ball prepared by Jenny Wren for her bantlings.

The instances of nest-building fishes are rare, and it is among tropical species that the majority of them occur. One of these—whose lovely colors have caused it to be christened the 'rainbow fish'—has lately been introduced in limited numbers into Europe, where its beauty has created quite a *furor* amongst the aquarium-keepers, and where it excites additional interest on account of its possessing the peculiarity of building a nest for the reception of the eggs. Probably the first person who has watched the whole of this

operation was Monsieur Carbonnier, a French naturalist, who lately gave an account of his observations before the Paris Acclimatisation Society.

As in the case of the stickleback, it is the male fish which performs the principal duties of nurse and cradle-keeper; but the nest of the rainbow fish differs from that of the stickleback in the fact that it floats on the surface of the water, whereas the latter is built among the weeds beneath. The approach of breeding-time is marked by the increasing beauty of color in the male fish, who dons his best robes in order to find favor in the eyes of his mate. His scales then assume all the varied tints of the rainbow, every movement causing them to scintillate with a metallic lustre and ever-changing hue, now flashing forth with increased splendor, now dying away for a moment, only to reappear with greater variety and intensity of color.

But his time is not all given to courting. He enters on the duties of his prospective position with vigor; and his instinct, amounting almost to sagacity, is thus exemplified in Monsieur Carbonnier's narrative. The weeds growing in the aquarium in which some of his specimens were confined were of a kind which would not float. The fish tore off bits of the leaves in his mouth, and expelled them towards the surface; but their specific gravity was too great, and his efforts were unavailing. Monsieur Carbonnier, with a quick perception of the fish's wants, replaced the plants with others of a finer texture, and then had the pleasure of seeing the fish renew its attempts with complete success.

But the fish was too cunning an architect to trust to the natural flotation of his building materials, and after placing a few pieces together in position, he formed several air-bubbles in a viscid secretion, which he was able to eject from his mouth, and placed them in contact with his floating nest. Just, in fact, as engineers among ourselves have proposed to raise the *Vanguard* by means of immense air-bags, the rainbow fish, wiser than ourselves, formed

his air-bags and attached them to his ship as a precautionary measure, to prevent its sinking from natural instability, collision with piscine *Iron Dukes*, or other untoward causes.

Day by day the work of knitting together the little morsels of weed progresses, till a floating, domed island three inches in diameter is formed (the fish itself is not more than half that length); but this is, so to speak, only the foundation of the edifice, the roof being in reality constructed before any other part. Beneath this roof a complete circular nest is built, which the fish welds together with the greatest industry and patience; and not till it is complete does he seek his companion. All this time the female has kept aloof, neither assisting her companion nor encouraging him by her presence in the work of nidification. But now she is induced to visit the home of her future progeny, and the labors of the exemplary parent are redoubled. When the minute eggs are laid, he collects them in his mouth, and places them carefully within the nest, which he continually supports with fresh bubbles, lest the precious cargo should overweight it. When all is safe, he stations himself on guard before the only opening in the nest, and awaits the course of events, ready to defend his handiwork against all comers, while his better-half retires altogether from the scene. In about three days the eggs begin to hatch out. The parent fish then destroys a number of the supporting air-bubbles, causing the nest to sink deeper into the water, so that none of the young ones may be 'drowned' for want of water. As long as he can, he prevents them from escaping from the paternal roof—the title is hardly appropriate, however, for neither father nor mother has inhabited the house: but their strength rapidly increases; and, just as boys and girls leave home to better themselves, the young rainbow fish burst from the father's apron-strings and are soon exulting in their new-found freedom.—*Chambers's Journal*.



## SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

BY FREDERICK WEDMORE.

## I.

Two portraits of Sir Joshua Reynolds represent him at periods separated by long years and many events. In the first, which hangs, or hung, in the Council Chamber of the Royal Academy, the artist—whose fame was not slow in coming—is in his early prime; a successful and confident man; calm, plump, courtly, yet resolute. In the second, the figure has shrivelled, not extended, with time: spectacles are over the thin bridge of the nose; the mouth is drawn wiry; the brown eyes are quicker and more restless, and startled white hair is brushed from the forehead. The honors now are thick upon him that are to compensate for age. It is in 1784. Sir Joshua is sixty-one. And the print, after the picture, duly sets forth his dignities: "President of the Royal Academy, Principal Painter to His Majesty, Doctor of Laws of the Universities of Oxford and Dublin, Fellow of the Royal and Antiquarian Societies, and Member of the Imperial Academy of Florence." A man who, like the Roman bishop in Mr. Browning's poem, has long been "motioned to the velvet of the sward."

And never, perhaps, in the whole history of art has a great artist lived as much as did Sir Joshua in the world of fashion and ease. But for the first years, in which difficulties, long to some, were easily surmounted, and but for intellectual friendships, which sweetened and purified his life in the great world, mere fashion might have claimed him as wholly her own. It is fortunate for us that his career—something too prosperous for unalloyed greatness—did not, while it limited his art, take any cunning from his hand, nor lessen the simplicity and directness of his work, and of the best side of his mind. One doubts if a genius less fully equipped could have borne up against an influence often debilitating. Romney succumbed to somewhat kindred influences; Gainsborough, by the bent of his own nature, caused himself to be far removed from them, for his spirit was never more in the woods of Suffolk than when he was known

in the flesh by all the fashion of Pall Mall. But Sir Joshua, stronger than the one as a man, was stronger than the other in his training as an artist; and if the secret of English landscape had been whispered to Gainsborough in the wide and uneventful pastorals of East England, a higher mission of pictorial art had been preached to Reynolds silently, but with lasting effect, during three years in Italy. And from Italy Sir Joshua brought back not only color and style, which, deftly adapted, were to enable him to put on canvas the quiet English beauties among whom his work would lay; but the strength of vision and rightness of artistic feeling which were to save him, in the main, from a merely flattering and feeble grace.

Born on the 16th of July, 1723, at Plympton, Devonshire—where his father, a clergyman, was master of the free grammar school—young Reynolds was first destined to be a physician, but his yearning for art prevailed, and in 1741 he came to London and enrolled himself as a pupil of Hudson. Hudson at that time was the portrait painter in repute, and the prosaic age had found its prosaic interpreter. Hudson was an artist devoid not altogether of an honest merit, but with no winning accomplishments. He drew the face well, but in color, in drapery, in the arrangement of group or figure, he had little art, and seemingly little ambition. Despite all the disparaging things that have been said of him, a youth like Reynolds, in the dawn of English portraiture, might have had a more harmful instructor; and it was not very many years after the coming of the new light, that old-world Hudson contentedly retired, leaving place to the more gifted. Of these, the more gifted, Reynolds speedily showed himself the first; or rather, at the time when Reynolds declared himself, Romney was a lad in Lancashire, and Gainsborough was but settling down to paint, at the suggestion of Thicknesse, the frequenters of Bath. It was in 1749 that Reynolds, travelling to Italy by the aid of Lord Keppel, landed at Leghorn; he was nearly two years in Rome, afterwards in Florence, in Venice—other great centres

besides; and then, coming back to London in 1752, he entered himself at the St. Martin's Lane Academy; was soon, while still a student, recognised a master, so that, prospering greatly in material things, he could move quickly onwards on to a house of his own purchasing, a gallery of his own erecting, on the western side of Leicester Square; and there, for thirty years, he practised his craft with a good fortune constant to him to the end. A bachelor, devoted to art and to society, Sir Joshua found time, during those thirty years, to make great friendships, to paint three hundred pictures, and to amass the then considerable estate of eighty thousand pounds. He was born in a grammar school, and buried at St. Paul's. His painting room was so frequented that wit and fashion and beauty had no surer meeting-place; his lectures at the Royal Academy were not only among the most thoughtful, but quite the most finished expressions of a painter's mind in an art other than his own; and he earned such praise of Samuel Johnson, that Samuel Johnson said of him that he knew no one who observed life better, and "When Reynolds tells me anything, I am possessed of an idea the more."

## II.

Catching something of the dignity of his Italian masters, and adding to it the dignity of gentle life in England in his day, Sir Joshua had little of their inventiveness when he touched high themes. He was accepted in his own time as a painter of history, because he draped and posed models, and gave them historical names. But invention and a high imagination were lacking to him. Scenes which were meant to have the reality and force of history became theatrical. His allegory, when he essayed allegory, was of the least fanciful, was of the simplest, the most obvious kind. So that the more one considers his work and becomes impressed with its great qualities, from which no familiarity can detract, the more also one must perceive its limitations. He lived with what was loveliest and most refined in England, and something of the loveliness and of the refinement that surrounded him he carried into his ideal work. Thus, the five angelic heads in the National Gallery, five studies of the head of one child, Frances Gordon—a harmony

in rose and gold—may match in beauty and sweetness of form and of color the angelic heads imagined and realised by the masters of Italy. But in rapt expression, in religious thought, in pathetic intensity, they stand for how little against the wistful faces of the child-world of Botticelli. But the lighter themes touched by the allegory of his day—the themes which delighted Cipriani and his school, and of which the flowing unlabored treatment gave popularity to the facile touch-and-go pencil of Angelica Kaufmann—these Sir Joshua took up as with a master's hand: he is sometimes perfect in these. See, for instance, his exquisite group of two: 'Hope nursing Love.' It is the portrait of one knows not what child, but the young English Madonna, from whose breast the child takes suck with so pure and significant a zest, is the exquisite Miss Morris, now with the mobile supple plumpness of young girlhood quickly developed, but already with hectic flush bespeaking the fate which her story tells us.\* The picture is of that time which those who are careful to divide an artist's work into periods would claim as Sir Joshua's best. Painted in 1768, it is an achievement of his full maturity, when his endeavor had relaxed nothing of its strenuousness. Its subject is the idealisation of a healthy human appetite, the idealisation of zest; its success is in a treatment felt, as one looks at the picture, to be so wholly ideal and refined. Nor in its own slight way, even, is the damsel's face—Hope's face—in this picture devoid of subtlety. There is no touch here of a mother's abandonment, of a mother's joy. Against the child's eagerness stands in contrast the hesitation, the uncertainty, the timidity almost, of the girl. So much for the mind in the picture—it points the level Sir Joshua could reach, is on the boundary line of his attainment—but it is also a composition somewhat more intricate than usual, and freer in its flow of the lines of the figure; less dependent than usual upon draperies for its grace, and in command and contrivances of color even more than commonly admirable. The red hair, for example, strong and abundant as it is, falls subtly

\* She became poor. She tried the stage, and failed through alarm. She died on the day on which this picture of her was first shown at the Royal Academy.

into tone with the pale red gown and the red-browns of the hanging leafage.

Successful as he is here, with the highest success any such subject can claim, we have seen Sir Joshua more often quickly limited in his ideal work, and the conditions of his life made limits for him in portraiture. The range is great indeed from 'Garrick as Kitley' to the 'Child feeding Chickens' (Lady Catherine Pelham Clinton). But such a picture as the 'Parish Clerk' of Gainsborough is outside of it—beyond it altogether. From his habitual practice Gainsborough escaped at times to the ideal, and found it in English landscape. Sir Joshua escaped, too, from the long lines of draped countesses and do-nothing peers waiting to be immortalised, and found the best ideal for him in 'Hope nursing Love,' and in those heads of the child-angel. But Gainsborough found it to boot, sometimes, within the range of his habitual practice, and showed, in an art of no "gently trivial humor," and guided by no "wave of a feather," nor "arrested by the enchantment of a smile," what I should call a deeper appreciation of natural character, of the record of years, of the havoc of time, of the caprices of fate, of the not-to-be-forbidden brooding on the final things. Sir Joshua was a painter not so much of the whole of character, as of certain manifestations of it in dignity and charm. Whole sides of it are closed to him—to him and the observers of his work. His sitters are either before the eyes of society, or relaxing themselves with that graceful, never-abandoned relaxation which has a sense of habits formed and to be immediately resumed—an ease on which the shadow of elaborate manner still rests.

He was from first to last a paid painter of portraits, and his sitters were the accomplished players on a large stage; and that accounts for something of this fact. But it does not account for all of it. There was wanting to Reynolds the greatest portrait painter's complete sense of the dignity of man and of work, and that unswerving truthfulness of Velasquez or Rembrandt, which could make at need a monarch like a poor man, and a poor man like a monarch. And so Sir Joshua, having never quite forgotten the social distinctions of an aristocratic time and of an exclusive society, rarely, I think, sounded the depths of human character,

touched its deepest and half-veiled pathos, depicted the strenuousness of human endeavor. For these things, and for the complex expressions of absorbed attention and rapt thought unconscious of self which these demand—in a word, for portraits in the highest sense dramatic, since utterly untinged with the prejudice or predilection of the artist, we must go, if once we are out of Italy, to Hals and Holbein, Rembrandt and Velasquez—not to Reynolds. He is hardly even of the class; at all, which is headed by these immense masters. But of the second and much larger class below their own—the class admitting men who, with whatever high gifts, were not always and altogether proof against the portraitist's temptation towards a somewhat superficial effectiveness, in the place of an entire truth—of that second and much larger and much more popular class, Reynolds is well nigh the chief.

It does not follow, however, that he always yielded to the portraitist's temptation. The momentary expression sought and rendered in the 'Garrick as Kitley,' in 'Every Man in his Humor,' is the revealing expression of an individuality and of a whole. And that may be true also of the Bowood picture of Garrick in *propria persona*. Nor can much less be said of the portrait of Mrs. Abington as Miss Prue in 'Love for Love.' The 'Garrick as Kitley' is of the middle time; it belongs to the same year as the 'Hope nursing Love,' and it is one not of two only, but of several portraits of the great comedian painted by Sir Joshua himself, not to speak of those others painted by Hogarth, De Loutherbourg, Zoffany, Gainsborough. Garrick was fifty-two, actor and painter, both in the fullest possession of their means, and the painter has caught the full sagacity of that sagacious head, a *finesse*, a seeming mobility of facial expression none the less marked and true because the painter has caught also the steady fixed eye so characteristic of a comedian, whose features, completely controlled, are half the weapons he has to use to give not only effect to his impersonation, but to gain mastery over his audience. Habit and need have sometimes made a great comedian's eye as "constraining" as the Ancient Mariner's.

Mrs. Abington, as Miss Prue, in 'Love for Love,' though far from standing among the loveliest of Sir Joshua's works—in-

deed by reason of that very fact, that it does not so stand—may be named, as I said, with this Garrick. Several times, too, did Sir Joshua paint Mrs. Abington, now as Roxalana in 'The Sultan,' in which thought and vivacity have made the face beautiful; now as the 'Comic Muse,' of which I shall a few lines farther on; but no portrait of the versatile comedian who was the original Lady Teazle, is as generally fascinating, and certainly none is in expression as subtle and complex as this of Lord Morley's, which is a late work, moreover, painted in 1787. Mrs. Abington was never a purely formal beauty, but the charms of saucy and exuberant youth, immense vivacity, and alert intelligence were hers when Sir Joshua painted her. Though otherwise in good condition, her colors, I think, have somewhat gone; but in her own way the representative of Miss Prue is unique, as she, from her fine Chippendale chair, the envy of collectors—she with frothy drapery and neat arm bare to the elbow—turns round upon the spectator the face of as sparkling and triumphant a damsel as Sir Joshua, in all his gallery, has to show.

More characteristic, certainly, of the unhurried grace which we associate with the time and master is the portrait of Mrs. Abington as the 'Comic Muse,' familiar to us, at least, through Watson's engraving. With head slightly inclined, as in an interval of rest, she stands neither too erect to be at ease, nor too lounging to be serenely elegant. The dropped hand at her side holds the discarded mask, and all the figure rests, from its high hair-crowned head to where the foot peeps below the edge of figured gown, and the face surveys an imaginary audience, with an unconcern for which the quiet absorption and quiet self-dependence sufficiently account. And to this the most complete companion is 'Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse'; the majestic woman, full length, seated on a throne in the clouds. Behind her stand two mutes, one representing Remorse, and he holds a bowl; the other Pity, and he holds a dagger dropping blood—and behold the insignia of tragedy. More or less closely this has been repeated; but it was the original, now belonging to the Duke of Westminster, that called from Mrs. Siddons, when it was painted, in 1784, the expression of a hope that Sir Joshua would not

go further and finish it—it could not be improved. He took her counsel, and left the unfinished face—that is, the unelaborated face—as it stood at that successful moment; an allegorical portrait of a very simple sort, a commanding figure set off in admirably sober harmonies of brown; brown hair, brown furs, amber necklace, fawn-colored robe.

Beyond such simple allegory Sir Joshua does not go, or goes but once successfully, as in 'Hope nursing Love,' and even there, though charming, is still light. The imagination is not a profound one, with Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic, Mrs. Abington as the Comic, Muse. Dignity secured by classic dress, or at least, as he says, in his seventh discourse, not imperilled by modern; grace which leans a little for its maintenance on draperies of which the value was found in Italy, and not on lines of the true Greek purity—that dignity, that grace, never quite supreme, never quite beyond a thought of posing—you get these in Sir Joshua; happiest when brought into the service of reproducing the great world of his day; least happy when strained to tasks which that courtly and splendid talent must needs be short of accomplishing—the transfer or realisation, say, in the art of painting, of the highest imaginings of the art of poetry; records of a real and not theatrical terror; glimpses of a paradise only open to the art of Italy; strange fables of love and death. With these, Sir Joshua has little to do. They are beyond him—all these things.

One high theme, however, he draws from nature and Italy—the relations of mother and child. In Italy, it was the divine mother and the divine child. A dozen reasons have been given why that one subject, of the Madonna and Child, was endlessly acceptable, and much of its acceptance has been assigned to material causes; this church, that monastery needed its decoration, and its walls must teach a lesson. But why, among all the subjects of sacred history, this, with everlasting reiteration?—and often chosen at moments hardly dramatic; barren, one would say, of definite subject; no action, no narration, but just the Virgin and Child, and again the Virgin and Child; and this still lingering, when the devoutest time was past, and early art, the art of Angelico and Perugino and Bartolomeo,

was no more, and in the flush of the Italian Renaissance the world of heaven had yielded precedence to the world of earth. Why, it is the human relationship in its most ideal form. Representations of that relationship in Modern Art we are inclined to scoff at. Twaddling literature and trivial painting have played with it at will, so that we see it awry. And unconsciously our mind throws on the subject something of the reproach of the habitual weakness of the treatment in modern times. But the theme remains a great theme, have we but the master to treat it; a relationship giving worth and poetry and the interest of high moments and great possibilities to the dulllest lives, the humblest and the commonest. Nor are we to get good art by passing it by merely because it is familiar, for, treat, what we will life will be the same in its elemental forces, its springs of pathos and joy. Well, it is his recognition of some such common truth as this, that the root of art is in the feeling of men, that has given something of an imperishable charm to the canvas of Sir Joshua. And so, in his portrait groups—color and composition apart—there is something of an inheritance from the elder masters of Italy; not in religious significance, but in that message of human relationship and the nobility of affection. The time was past for Immaculate Virgin and Immaculate Child; past, first, as a spiritual need in Perugino and Bellini; next, as a formal presence in the later work of Raphael. That was long gone, and gone never more wholly than from the eighteenth century, whose intellect was serious only in its scepticism. But in the homely life of the eighteenth century, in its art and literature and common ways, there was much to encourage a sense of the sweetness of children and women and of all the tender relationship between the two. And that—with infinite variations of dignity and grace—Sir Joshua painted.

### III.

A notice of Sir Joshua Reynolds can hardly close with no word given to the prints after his works. They were bought during the painter's life much as common photographs or flashy popular engravings are bought by the many in our own day; not of course so extensively, since there existed neither the supply nor the demand;

but the prints were bought then, there can be small doubt, with little general appreciation of their artistic value as singularly perfect reproductions of the mind and grace of the master. Reproduction by means of mezzotint engraving was indeed the fashionable process for reproduction and multiplication at the moment. But the great engravers of that day hardly knew themselves that they were great. The generation that lost them had to find that out. The generation that kept them paid them for their work; and work paid for at the moment—work with a moderate market value—is not generally held to be immortal at the time that it is done. Sir Joshua himself was, however, one of the first to recognise the surpassing merit of these mezzotint engravings—the perfection which the method had then attained. Looking at a print by McArdell, after one of his works, he said, "By this man I shall be immortalised!" When he said that, was he thinking only of the excellence of the print and of its wide publication, or was he foreseeing the day when owing to his never-tiring experiments with the palette so much of the charm of the color of his own work should be gone? when time should have ruined, or at the least damaged too much. He was happy in living in an age when there were men to translate or to transcribe his work; for transcripts even more than translations these prints may indeed be called, for many of them reproduce the touch with a fidelity second only to that with which they reproduce the subject.

To us, too, these things have all the interest of an art that is peculiarly English. If we are first in water colors, we are almost alone in mezzotint. The art, if not of English invention, is essentially of English practice. And mezzotint engraving reached its highest point when the best of these works after Sir Joshua were executed. That was chiefly during the last thirty years of the eighteenth century, when the work of Morland was popularised in the same way, and when fine things were done—but more rarely done—from the work of Gainsborough. Of the engravers, some lived on a good many years into the nineteenth century. One or two of them took part in that combined work of etching and of mezzotint by which, between 1807 and 1819, the great 'Liber Studiorum' was produced.



But the work in pure mezzotint, executed during the last part of the last century, was the finest any such work could be, and was the best of all possible means for conveying the impression of Sir Joshua's paintings—subject, spirit, and touch. Unlike the prints of 'Liber Studiorum' these prints are wanting in the severe beauty and value of *line*, which of course mezzotint, pure and simple, can never have. The whole process forbids it. Turner got that by his etched work in 'Liber Studiorum,' and of many etchings proper, this beauty of line is a very high and peculiar property. But 'Liber Studiorum' is well nigh the only work which combines the extreme softness and richness of mezzotint with this beauty of line—now fine, now strong—which is at the command of a great etcher.

Of the men who practised mezzotint engraving, many were themselves painters. Hodges, the engraver of the 'Contemplative Youth' and of 'Lady Dashwood,' was a portraitist of some distinction. Dr. Hamilton tells us that he spent many years in Holland, and that he is there considered as a Dutch artist. Richard Houston was a miniature painter. S. W. Reynolds, who produced some of the smaller plates, began as a landscape painter. But generally the greater masters were engravers only. The entire company numbers one hundred and three,

and probably the greatest among these are McArdell—an Irishman—James Watson, J. Raphael Smith, and Valentine Green. Raphael Smith—first, and I suppose most industrious of them all—himself executed more than forty plates after Sir Joshua: men, women, children; an archbishop, a dancer, a woman of the great world. He began his work young, and before he was thirty years old he had done much of that which is now most famous. Engraving altogether one hundred and fifty plates, he died, hardly an old man, at Doncaster, in 1812. His print of 'Mrs. Carnac' alone would be enough to mark his distinction. But the history of these men, the achievements of these men, we cannot here follow out in detail. They were for generations neglected. Now a caprice of fashion, of which we take no count, has restored them to fame. Some slight general view did nevertheless require to be had of them ere we turned the page on which they had helped us to estimate Sir Joshua's art. For to know them is to live with the artist and his times. 'Mrs. Carnac,' 'Emma Hart as a Bacchante,' 'Miss Bingham,' 'Miss Jacobs,' 'Nelly O'Brian'—to see them is to drink

"At such a magic cup as English Reynolds  
once compounded."

—*Temple Bar.*

## A SONG IN SEASON.

BY ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

### I.

THOU whose beauty  
Knows no duty  
Due to love that moves thee never,  
Thou whose mercies  
Are men's curses,  
And thy smile a scourge forever,

### II.

Thou that givest  
Death and livest  
On the death of thy sweet giving,  
Thou that sparest  
Not nor carest  
Though thy scorn leave no love living,

### III.

Thou whose rootless  
Flower is fruitless  
As the pride its heart incloses,  
But thine eyes are  
As May skies are,  
And thy words like spoken roses,

### IV.

Thou whose grace is  
In men's faces  
Fierce and wayward as thy will is,  
Thou whose peerless  
Eyes are tearless,  
And thy thoughts as cold sweet lilies,

## V.

Thou that takest  
Hearts and makest  
Wrecks of loves to strew behind thee,  
Whom the swallow  
Sure should follow,  
Finding Summer where we find thee,

## VI.

Thou that wakest  
Hearts and breakest,  
And thy broken hearts forgive thee,  
That wilt make no  
Pause and take no  
Gift that love for love might give thee,

## VII.

Thou that bindest  
Eyes and blindest,  
Serving worst who served thee longest ;  
Thou that speakest,  
And the weakest  
Heart is his that was the strongest ;

## VIII.

Take in season  
Thought with reason ;  
Think what gifts are ours for giving ;  
Hear what beauty  
Owes of duty  
To the love that keeps it living.

## IX.

Dust that covers  
Long dead lovers  
Song blows off with breath that brightens ;  
At its flashes  
Their white ashes  
Burst in bloom that lives and lightens.

## X.

Had they bent not  
Head or lent not  
Ear to love and amorous duties,  
Song had never  
Saved forever  
Love, the least of all their beauties.

## XI.

All the golden  
Names of olden  
Women yet by men's love cherished,  
All our dearest  
Thoughts hold nearest,  
Had they loved not, all had perished.

## XII.

If no fruit is  
Of thy beauties,  
Tell me yet, since none may win them,  
What and wherefore  
Love should care for  
Of all good things hidden in them ?

## XIII.

Pain for profit  
Comes but of it,  
If the lips that lure their lover's  
Hold no treasure  
Past the measure  
Of the lightest hour that hovers.

## XIV.

If they give not  
Or forgive not  
Gifts or thefts for grace or guerdon,  
Love that misses  
Fruit of kisses  
Long will bear no thankless burden.

## XV.

If they care not  
Though love were not,  
If no breath of his burn through them,  
Joy must borrow  
Song from sorrow,  
Fear teach hope the way to woo them.

## XVI.

Grief has measures  
Soft as pleasure's,  
Fear has moods that hope lies deep in,  
Songs to sing him,  
Dreams to bring him,  
And a red rose-bed to sleep in.

## XVII.

Hope with fearless  
Looks and tearless  
Lies and laughs too near the thunder ;  
Fear had sweeter  
Speech and meeter  
For heart's love to hide him under.

## XVIII.

Joy by daytime  
Fills his playtime  
Full of songs loud mirth takes pride in ;  
Night and morrow  
Weave round sorrow  
Thoughts as soft as sleep to hide in.





Engraved for the Editor by J. J. Smith, New York.

THE DUKE OF AROYLE.

## XIX.

Graceless faces,  
Loveless graces  
Are but motes in light that quicken,  
Sands that run down  
Ere the sundown,  
Rose-leaves dead ere Autumn sicken.

## XX.

Fair and fruitless  
Charms are bootless  
Spells to ward off age's peril :

Lips that give not  
Love shall live not,  
Eyes that meet not eyes are sterile.

## XXI.

But the beauty  
Bound in duty  
Fast to love that falls off never,  
Love shall cherish  
Lest it perish,  
And its root bears fruit forever.

—*Belgravia Magazine.*

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 THE DUKE OF ARGYLE.

THE following sketch of the Duke of Argyle, a portrait of whom embellishes this number of the *ECLECTIC*, is reproduced in substance from *Chambers's Encyclopædia* :

"George John Douglas Campbell, eighth Duke of Argyle, was born in 1823, and succeeded his father in 1847. At the age of 19, his Grace, then Marquis of Lorne, wrote a pamphlet entitled, "A Letter to the Peers from a Peer's Son," on the subject of the struggle which ended in the disruption of the Scottish Church. Seven years later he published an essay on Presbytery, which contains a historical vindication of the Presbyterian system. On taking his seat in the House of Peers he soon commanded the respect of that dignified assembly. On the formation of the coalition ministry by Lord Aberdeen, his Grace was invested with the office of Lord Privy Seal, which he continued to hold in Lord Palmerston's administration. In November, 1855, he relinquished his office, and accepted that of Postmaster-General. On the fall of Lord Palmerston's

administration, he retired into opposition; and in 1859, on that nobleman's return, he again accepted the office of Lord Privy Seal. On the formation of Mr. Gladstone's cabinet, in 1868, he was appointed Secretary of State for India. In 1854 he was chosen Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow; in 1855 presided at a meeting of the British Association in that city; and in 1861 was elected president of the Royal Society of Edinburgh. His Grace is hereditary master of the Queen's Household in Scotland, Chancellor of the University of St. Andrews, a trustee of the British Museum, also hereditary sheriff and Lord Lieutenant of Argyleshire. Other literary works by this Scottish nobleman are "The Reign of Law," 1866; "Primeval Man," 1869; and a small work in 1870, on the history and antiquities of Iona. In 1844 he married Lady Elizabeth Georgiana Gower, eldest daughter of the Duke of Sutherland; and in 1871 his eldest son, the Marquis of Lorne, married the Princess Louisa, fourth daughter of Queen Victoria."

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 LITERARY NOTICES.

A STUDY OF HAWTHORNE. By George Parsons Lathrop. Boston : J. R. Osgood & Co.

Since Mr. Lathrop's book has been made the subject of a family quarrel, it has become a somewhat delicate topic for a critic to deal with; but as it is liable to take a somewhat important position in our literature, it is our duty, perhaps, to record our opinion of it. We may say, therefore, that, aside from the question as to Mr. Lathrop's right to use the material to which his close connection with the Hawthorne family secured him access, it

is a book which ought not to have been written. Everybody is aware that Hawthorne had very strong and often-avowed objections to a biography of himself, and that he took great pains to prevent it; but we are sure that he would cheerfully have furnished material for a dozen of the ordinary biographical narratives and collections of letters rather than submit to the sort of prying, psychological post-mortem to which Mr. Lathrop has subjected him. It is true that, in his opening chapter, Mr. Lathrop disavows the intention of writing a biography, and declares himself



to be engaged only in a critical and interpretive literary study; but this has not prevented him from using all the details concerning Hawthorne that the most diligent search could gather from published, unpublished, and personal sources. In fact, the reader speedily discovers that, however widely the book may diverge from formal biography, it takes its whole value from the fact that it is essentially a narrative of Hawthorne's life and an analysis of his works in their relations to that life. It is impossible, too, to avoid being repelled by what appears to be a bit of deliberate disingenuousness on Mr. Lathrop's part; especially when we find that it permeates and characterizes the entire work. From beginning to end he seems to be trying to maintain the appearance of respecting the letter of Hawthorne's injunction while palpably violating its spirit, and to be making an indirect use of materials which he did not feel justified in using directly and avowedly. Only thus can we explain the frequent substitution of inferences from implied facts for a categorical statement of facts, and of paraphrases of letters and notabilia which, if introduced at all, should be presented in their original form, so that we may see for ourselves precisely what they mean.

Nor are its violation of taste and lack of straightforwardness the only grounds of objection to the "Study." It contains many suggestive observations, and its expository analyses of Hawthorne's romances and literary method are remarkably good; but it is deformed by much hazy thought and wordy phrasing; and with all his admiration for Hawthorne, Mr. Lathrop seems to us to fail signally in discriminating his peculiar qualities as an author. For one thing, we regard his elaborate attempt to establish some kind of undefined literary relationship between Hawthorne and Milton and Bunyan as entirely fallacious; and the same may be said of his still more labored effort to construct, after the manner of Taine, the external antecedents and circumstances—the "atmosphere," as he calls it—which moulded or influenced Hawthorne's genius. Perhaps it is satisfaction with his own ingenuity that leads him to exaggerate the force of these influences, and thus to do less than justice to Hawthorne as an artist. We take Hawthorne to have been one of the sanest, most deliberate, and most self-contained of literary workmen, and his productions were neither the result of unconscious cerebration nor appreciably colored by his surroundings or circumstances. Subject, method of treatment, and style were all the result of a careful, conscious adaptation of means to a preconceived

and clearly-defined end, and there are very few authors whose works stand in so little need of being interpreted by his private life.

"A Study of Hawthorne" unquestionably has a certain value as the nearest approach to a biography of Hawthorne that we have, or are likely to have for the present; but it is a book which no intelligent admirer of Hawthorne can read without pain, and it would probably have been subjected to severer criticism were it not that its publication has involved Mr. Lathrop in one of those unfortunate controversies which conscientious critics are reluctant even to have the appearance of participating in.

REVOLUTIONARY TIMES. By Edward Abbott. Boston: *Roberts Bros.*

MEN AND MANNERS IN AMERICA ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO. Edited by Horace E. Scudder. (Sans-Souci Series.) New York: *Scribner, Armstrong & Co.*

Both these books have the same general object—that of bringing before our minds the contrasts and differences between the habits, customs, manners, and modes of life of our day and of our Revolutionary forefathers. While thus agreeing in purposes, however, the one may be said rather to supplement than to supersede the other; Mr. Abbott's primary intention being to instruct, while Mr. Scudder aims more particularly at being amusing. Mr. Abbott's little book presents a compact, concise, and readable summary of the geography and politics of the thirteen original colonies; of the distribution of population in cities, towns, and country; of the social characteristics of the Revolutionary period; of its domestic life; of its modes of conveyance and intercommunication; and of its education and literature; ending with brief sketches of the most prominent men and women of the time. In preparing his digest, the author has made liberal use of the memoirs, local histories, and newspapers of the period; and though the book is written for the most part in his own words, it contains many curious and suggestive extracts, among the most noteworthy of which are those from the narrative of Elkanah Watson, who, in 1777, made a horseback journey from Providence, R. I., to Savannah, Ga. Not the least valuable feature of the volume is a bibliographical appendix, in which Mr. Abbott gives a classified list of the books which he himself consulted, or which would prove useful to the reader desirous of attaining a more detailed acquaintance with Revolutionary times.

Mr. Scudder's book, following the plan of the Sans-Souci Series, of which it forms a

part, is more distinctly a compilation than Mr. Abbott's, and contains nothing from his own pen except a preface, remarkable for its graceful humor, and the few notes necessary to link together the various and somewhat promiscuous materials of which it is composed. Its contents were gleaned from the obscure and little-known memoirs of the Revolutionary and pre-Revolutionary period, and consist chiefly of personal sketches and gossip, anecdotes, "domestic interiors," and society pictures. The stores which Mr. Scudder's industry has accumulated prove richer than we should have expected; and, as here arranged, they furnish the easiest and probably the most entertaining method of becoming acquainted with men and manners in America a hundred years ago.

As we have already said, the two books are really supplemental to each other, and the reader could use them to the best advantage by first giving "Revolutionary Times" a careful perusal, and then dipping into Mr. Scudder's book to round out the outline thus obtained and to fill in its *lacune*.

SILVER PITCHERS: AND INDEPENDENCE. A Centennial Love Story. By Louisa M. Alcott. Boston: Roberts Bros.

Miss Alcott is seldom at her best in short stories, and of the nine contained in the present volume, there is only one that will compare either in interest or in deftness of literary workmanship with "Little Women," and its charming congeners. The one to which we refer is the "Centennial Love Story," which has not, like the others, been previously published, and which is supposed to have a special appropriateness to the anniversary we are all celebrating, though it must be confessed that the relation established by marrying the lovers and sending them to the Exposition to seek their fortunes is rather remote. Aside from its relevancy, however, the story is excellent, possessing, among other things, the rare merit of treating the delicate subjects of love and marriage in precisely the spirit with which it is desirable that our youths and maidens should be familiarized—neither morbid nor mawkish, neither preachy nor frivolous. "Silver Pitchers" is a temperance tale, and the book carries about as many morals as it contains stories; but if Miss Alcott's ultimate aim is "improvement," she disguises it wonderfully well, and her instruction is livelier than other people's fun. Vivacity, indeed, is Miss Alcott's most conspicuous and most persistent characteristic, and in these her latest stories it shows no sign of depression or abatement. Her writing seldom exhibits wit, and is rarely humorous, but it is inspired by an overflowing spirit of

fun, which seldom subsides to a point where it can be characterized as mere cheerfulness. A child's outlook upon life is not more wholesomely optimistic than Miss Alcott's, and her books communicate happiness to children by sheer contagion.

A STORY OF THREE SISTERS. By Cecil Maxwell. Leisure Hour Series. New-York: Henry Holt & Co.

This is a most pleasant and satisfactory story—deficient perhaps in dramatic power, but unmistakably the production of a refined, cultivated, penetrative, and sympathetic mind. There could hardly be a more marked contrast than that which it presents to the current novels of the intense or sensational school; but there is no lack of interest, and the aroma of it haunts the mind afterwards, like one of Tennyson's semi-melancholy and wholly-musical idylls. The author touches the springs of pathos with a sure hand, and it might be objected to her story that it is too sad, were it not that the sadness is of that delicately appealing kind

"Which is not akin to pain,  
And resembles sorrow only  
As the mist resembles rain."

Tragic-ending novels are seldom agreeable, and there is nothing which a reader has a better right to resent than a deliberate attempt to harrow up his soul; but the death of Pamela, while it stirs within us a feeling of infinite pity, is acquiesced in as a more appropriate fate than any that would have bid her live the conventional life of ordinary heroines.

We consider "A Story of Three Sisters" one of the best and most enjoyable of recent novels, and it may be unhesitatingly commended to those who regard the average fiction of the day with a not undeserved suspicion.

#### FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

THE *Temps* announces the publication shortly of a review of M. Rénan's "Dialogues Philosophiques" by the late Madame Georges Sand.

WE understand that Professor Max Müller has selected M. Darmesteter, of Paris, a highly promising young scholar, to undertake the translations from the Zend Scriptures in the series of the Sacred Books of the World.

HARRIET MARTINEAU's autobiography, though it has been in print fifteen years or more, is not to be published for a few months, as it is to be accompanied by a supplementary volume, in which a friend will recount the later history of her life.

MR. MASKELYNE, the conjuror, whose mechanical figures do such wonderful tricks

at St. James's Hall, has published a pamphlet, wherein he contends that all the phenomena of Spiritualism are based on trickery. In support of his view, he brings as many facts together as he can lay hands on, and throws them down, so to speak, as a challenge.

VICTOR HUGO must have made a fine fortune by his writings. It is stated that he has, among other investments, eight hundred shares in the National Bank of Belgium, which are worth 2850 francs per share; so that here we have a sum of over £3,000 to start with, and it is understood that he has other property.

A CURIOUS volume containing the biography and autobiography of Elizabeth Evans, the alleged original of Dinah Morris in "Adam Bede," has just been published by Messrs. E. Moxon, Son & Co. The book, which is entitled "George Eliot in Derbyshire," appears with the names of Guy Roslyn and George Barnett Smith on the title-page, and contains a letter from George Eliot concerning her characters in "Adam Bede."

THE discovery by M. Albert Ménard is announced of two manuscripts of Bossuet, consisting of notes on Juvenal and Persius. They appear not to be wholly written by Bossuet's own hand, but to contain autograph corrections by him, and the style of the text is said to bear the unmistakable mark of the genius of the Bishop of Meaux.

As a contribution to the literature of the war between the Servians and the Turks, the third part of the publication called "Apropos de l'Herségovine" is worthy of notice. It is devoted to Montenegro, and is written in French by Suavi Effendi, a learned Turk, and one of the leaders of the "young Turkey" party. It enters fully into the history of the question, and the suzerainty of the Porte.

THEY are now organizing at Prague, as we are informed by the *Bibliographie de la France*, an exhibition of newspapers and MSS. on a large scale, which will shortly be thrown open to the public. Already 7000 articles have been contributed, many of them rare and curious. Among them is a Lord's Prayer in 324 languages, exhibited by the Imperial Academy at St. Petersburg. There is also a fine collection of autographs of the most distinguished persons of all ages.

A WORK is in the press which is to contain, together with much other matter, many observations on the character and customs of the Turks, gleaned from the papers and correspondence of a late official resident in Syria and Egypt, Mr. Consul-General Barber, whose career there extended over a long course of

years. It is edited by his son, Mr. Edward B. B. Barber, who, having been himself long a resident in Asiatic Turkey in official situations, has been enabled to supplement and annotate the observations of his late father. The title of the book will be "Syria and Egypt under the last Five Sultans of Turkey."

THE number of newspapers published at Constantinople at the beginning of the present year was seventy-two, of which twenty were in the French, sixteen in the Turkish, thirteen in the Armenian, twelve in the Greek, four in the Bulgarian, two in Hebrew-Spanish, and one each in Persian, German, Arabic, English, and Italian. Of the sixteen Turkish journals, three only are daily, but the one Arabic journal, *al Fawaid*, is daily. The Persian journal is called the *Akhbar*. There are nineteen official journals in the provinces, in Egypt, and in Crete, and at Smyrna, Broussa, Conia, Bagdad, Prizrend, Angora, Rustchuk, Sérajevo, Damascus, Adrianople, Diarbékir, Erzeroum, Salonica (two), Castambol, Aleppo, and Trebizonde.

A RECENT official investigation of the Parisian libraries has furnished the following statistics: the library of the Arsenal possesses 200,000 volumes and 8,000 manuscripts; the library of the Sorbonne, 80,000 volumes; the library of the School of Medicine, 35,000 volumes; the National Library, 1,700,000 volumes, 80,000 manuscripts, 1,000,000 engravings and maps, 120,000 medals; the Library Mazarin, 200,000 volumes, 4000 manuscripts, and 80 *relief* models of Pelasgic monuments in Italy, Greece, and Asia Minor; the library Sainte-Geneviève, 160,000 volumes and 350,000 manuscripts; making a total for all the public collections of Paris of 2,375,000 volumes and 442,000 manuscripts.

A TELEGRAPHIC announcement in the *Times* a few days since, which mentioned the attempt that is being made to establish a free unsectarian university at Madrid, calls for comment. It will be in the remembrance of many that soon after Don Alfonso's accession to the throne, when Señor Orovio was Minister of Public Instruction, a most stringent decree was promulgated and resulted in the dismissal from the Royal University of many of the most learned professors, who declined to accept a return to the legislation with reference to Catholic dogma and monarchical principles that existed prior to 1868. Several of these professors were violently treated and sent into exile, and all are deprived of their professorships and left without resources. They have appealed to the Council of State, and in the mean time have decided to open a *free* col-

lege, where education of the highest standard may be acquired without reference to creed or any interference with religious opinions. As the promoters say in their prospectus, "Cette institution est entièrement étrangère à tout esprit ou intérêt de communion religieuse, d'école philosophique ou de parti politique : elle proclame seulement le principe de la liberté et de l'inviolabilité de la science, et partant l'indépendance d'indagation et d'exposition, vis à vis n'importe quelle autorité, par la propre conscience du Professeur." Many shares have been subscribed for in and out of Spain, and when more publicity is given to the scheme, no doubt ample funds will be forthcoming.—*Athenæum*.

#### SCIENCE AND ART.

THE MOON'S CONDITION.—Whatever may be the theories of modern geologists, or whatever changes may yet await some of their conclusions, one thing seems evident, that the eruptive force which has moulded the surface of the moon into its present strange configuration has been decaying down to either comparative or absolute extinction. It is certainly not very material whether our generation may be contemporary with its expiring efforts, or with a subsequent state of quiescence; but it is a question not without much interest; and few observers would not hail with pleasure an opportunity of witnessing the activity of a lunar volcano. However, it is still *sub judice* whether anything of the kind has occurred since the invention of the telescope; and there is more difficulty than might be supposed in forming a reliable opinion, partly from the inaccuracies and mistakes of the earlier observers, partly from the deficiencies of existing maps, and partly from the backwardness to supply those deficiencies at the hands of the possessors of the powerful instruments of the day. Close investigation and careful drawing is required, and that under several angles of illumination; and though photography may render most important service, as that of an eye which never omits anything, yet the circumstances would be very exceptional which would give to its renderings the keenness and certainty of ocular inspection. Each mode may help the other. It is, of course, among the minutest craters, and, according to that great authority, Schmidt, among the fissures or cracks, that we must seek for the evidence of remaining chemical life. But change of perhaps a less intelligible nature may be detected among the multitude of light streaks and brilliant patches which variegate the fully-enlightened moon with such perplexing intricacy. There

is strong evidence of altered brightness in some places, and it is much to be wished that some careful, patient observer would undertake the task of giving us a portion, at least, of a map of the full moon.

PERIODICITY OF HURRICANES.—Vice-Admiral Fleuriot de Langle has published in the last two numbers of the *Revue Maritime et Coloniale* a long discussion on the periodicity of cyclones in all parts of the world. The paper seems to have been first read at the Geographical Conference in Paris last autumn. M. de Langle seeks to connect these storms directly with astronomical phenomena, as will be seen from the conclusions which he gives in the following sentences:

"We may deduce from the preceding investigations that when the latitude of the place, the declination of the sun or the moon resume the same values respectively, and these phenomena coincide with an eclipse of the sun or the moon, or with a phase of the moon, on its approach to its apogee or perigee, there is danger of a hurricane. If at these critical periods there is any unsteadiness in the winds, extra caution is required when the apogee or perigee occurs near the time of full or new moon."

Of course the statements are corroborated by a copious array of diagrams and tables, but after a careful study of the paper we fail to find that much has been added to our knowledge of the subject. There seems to be one radical defect in the reasoning, which influences all discussions of the relation between the moon and the weather. The hour of occurrence of a phenomenon at one station is taken, and the relation of that occurrence to the moon's age and position is investigated; but it is persistently ignored that the hurricane moves over the earth's surface, so that if its occurrence at A coincides with the period of any other phenomenon, it must necessarily fail to coincide with it at B.

ARCHÆOLOGICAL DISCOVERIES IN ROME.—The excavations undertaken at the Esquiline to clear what remains of the nympeum, designated the temple of Minerva Medica, have been terminated. The ruins are surrounded with bath-rooms and porticoes of more recent construction. On the south side of the Piazza Dante vestiges have been discovered of a large edifice, having formed a portion of the Lami-ani garden, enclosing two large reservoirs for water, and two semicircular rooms, and where were found three fragments of statues, a portion of a column of African marble, and some pieces of sculpture which belong to a group of figures discovered nearly in the same local-

ity in 1874. In the Piazza Vittorio-Emmanuele, on the Esquiline, there have been brought to light thirty-one coffers of white stone, containing iron arms and an Etruscan vase of earthenware, ornamented with red figures on a black ground. Near the ancient Villa Casella has been found a cube of amethyst, one inch and a fifth on the side; and in some old cellars at Campo Verano, some amulets in the form of divers animals, two plates of lead with inscriptions, objects in cornelian, and a ring of chalcedony. In the new quarter of the Castro Pretorio, near the road which leads from the Porta San Lorenzo, two mosaic pavements have been discovered, arranged in geometrical figures in chiaro-scuro. In the garden of the Ara Coeli has been found the head of a female, life size, of baked earth, in the Etruscan style, and beautifully modelled, with traces of several colors still apparent. In the Strada Nazionale, the terrace works brought to light a statuette in Greek marble, representing a male figure recumbent and asleep. The head is covered with a *penula* (hood formerly made of leather), and by the side is an amphora.

THE SUN.—Secchi has published a report on solar phenomena during the second half of the year 1875. He finds a *minimum* of activity, the culminating epoch of which would be in March 1876. The number of protuberances has been very varying, from 2 or 3 one day to 10 or 12 the next. The jets of hydrogen were usually straight, even if attaining 2' or occasionally 3' in height; an indication of great tranquillity. The chromosphere was low at the equator, but often very elevated (24" to 30") at the poles, from the displacement of *maxima* in that direction.

THE RECENT TRANSIT.—The reduction of the English observations is proceeding vigorously under the superintendence of Captain Tupman. The amount of work involved has been marvellous. About 5000 transits of stars were taken for the correction of clock and instrumental errors. The longitudes of the stations at Mauritius and Rodriguez were measured from Suez by Lord Lindsay with fifty chronometers; and Mr. Burton has made more than 6000 microscopic measures to determine the optical distortion of the photo-heliographs. It is self-evident that a considerable time must elapse before the final result, even of the British observations, can be made known; and it is not as yet decided whether a separate value shall be deduced from these, or whether they are to be combined with the results of all other nations.

IMITATION SNOW CRYSTALS.—M. Dogiel, of St. Petersburg, selects a substance which

crystallizes like snow, in a great variety of forms of the hexagonal system. And this substance is iodoform. To show the multiplicity of forms, M. Dogiel dissolves iodoform in boiling (90 per cent) alcohol, and lets the solution cool in water of different temperatures. He gets mostly tabular crystals, when a solution containing 15 to 30 per cent of iodoform is kept ten minutes in water of about 14° to 15° C; whereas star-shaped and often very complicated crystals are had at temperatures of 26° to 37°. Some other modifications of the result are described by M. Dogiel, in a paper recently published, and he also gives drawings of the crystals he obtained.

A NEW METHOD OF TREATING ASIATIC CHOLERA.—Asiatic cholera is so well known to be such a terribly fatal disease, that any plan of treatment that gives promise of success must excite general interest. A method has lately been introduced by Surgeon-major A. R. Hall, of the Army Medical Department, which, it is hoped, will lessen the mortality caused by this fearful malady. It consists in putting *sedatives* under the skin, by means of a small syringe (hypodermic injection), instead of giving stimulants by the stomach. Surgeon-major Hall has served nearly twelve years in Bengal, and has suffered from the disease himself. In most accounts of the state of the patient in the cold stage, or collapse of cholera, the heart is described as being very weak, and the whole nervous system much exhausted. Stimulants have, therefore, almost always been administered; but experience has shown that they do more harm than good. Surgeon-major Hall observed, in his own case, while his skin was blue and cold, and when he could not feel the pulse at his wrist, *that his heart was beating more forcibly than usual!* He therefore concluded that the want of pulse at the wrist could not depend upon want of power in the heart. A study of the works of a distinguished physiologist, Dr. Brown-Séquard, with some observations of his own, suggested the idea, that the whole nervous system is *intensely irritated*, instead of being exhausted; and that the heart and all the arteries in the body are in a state of spasmodic contraction. The muscular walls of the heart, therefore, work violently, and *squeeze* the cavities, so that the whole organ is smaller than it ought to be; but it cannot dilate as usual, and so cannot receive much blood to pump to the wrist. Surgeon-major Hall *looks upon the vomiting and purging as of secondary importance*, but directs special attention to the spasmodic condition of the heart and lungs. The frequent vomiting generally causes anything that is given by



the mouth to be immediately rejected ; so it occurred to him that as the nervous system appeared to want soothing instead of stimulating, powerful sedatives if put under the skin would prove beneficial. A solution of chloral hydrate (which has a very depressing action on the heart) was employed in twenty cases where the patients were either in collapse, or approaching it, and eighteen of these recovered. They were natives of Bengal. It is probable that, among Europeans, in severe cases, more powerful depressants may be required ; and Surgeon-major Hall recommends the employment of solutions of Prussic acid, Calabar bean, bromide of potassium, and other true sedatives. Opium (which is not really a sedative, but a stimulating narcotic) and all alcoholic stimulants are to be avoided, and nothing given to the patient to drink, *in collapse*, except cold water, of which he may have as much as he likes.

#### VARIETIES.

**BELLS.**—To a greater extent than any other author Charles Dickens recognizes and plays with the beauty of the bells. Even at an early age he began instinctively to classify bells as the "delightful dinner bell," and the "abominable getting-up bell." On his nurse's knee, spell-bound and agape, he listened to the thrilling legend which tells how some infant knight-errant of the reign of Edward III. "rode a cock-horse to Banbury Cross, to see the fine lady who wore bells on her toes, and bells upon her palfrey hung." He heard how the bull tolled the bell at the funeral of poor Cock Robin ; and that the sounds of the Bow-bells, which summoned little fortuneless Dick Whittington to "turn again," echoed through his after-life, is plain from the fact that he recurs to the story again and again, especially in "Dombey and Son." By the mouth of quaint little dreamy Paul Dombey, Dickens evinces his child-love of bells, asking the workman who was mending the clock at Dr. Blimber's academy for young gentlemen "a multitude of questions about clocks and chimes, as, whether people watched up in the lonely church-steeples by night to make them strike, and how the bells were rung when people died, and whether those were different bells from wedding-bells, or only sounded dismal in the fancies of the living ;" and then proceeding "to enlighten his new acquaintance on the subject of the curfew-bell of ancient days," and on the general history of bells, as the precocious lad was well qualified to do, doubtless somewhat to this effect : Bells, you must know, have, possibly from the time of Jubal, always sounded in the

martial pomp, the religious ceremonials, the wild festivities of barbarism. Was it not Layard who discovered small bronze bells in the palace of Nimroud ? Aaron's robe was fringed with tiny bells of gold in token of his office, just as the Kings of Persia and the Princesses of Arabia wore golden bells upon their fingers and in their hair in token of their rank. Picture lovely Herodias dancing before Herod,

"While from her long dark tresses, in a fall  
Of curls descending, bells as musical  
As those that on the golden-shafted trees  
Of Eden shake in the eternal breeze  
Kang round her steps."

At the worship of Isis and Osiris, at the rites of Cibebe, at the mysteries of Bacchus, sculpture proves that bells were used. They tolled in the temples of Brahma, were worn on golden zone by the nautch girls, were shaken in Indian jungles by the fleet courier to scare away the hyena and the man-eater. The continual jingling of the camels' bells is the marked characteristic of the Oriental caravan, except in the desert, where their sound might attract Bedouin freebooters to the spoil. They are as distinctively the Christian church-call (ordained by symbols, baptized by bishops, christened by Popes) as trumpets were the Jewish, as the muezzin was the Mahometan, the tocsin the Mexican, as the symbol was peculiar to the mythologies of the East, the tom-tom to the rites of the African. At the elevation of the Host, on the garments of Greek bishops, at feasts, funerals, triumphs, massacres, sounds the ubiquitous bell, even in the very anathema of the Church : recollect how the Pope, when Sir Ingoldsby Bray confessed to the murder of "only a bare-footed friar," exclaimed—

"Go fetch me a book ; go fetch me a bell  
As big as a dustman's ; and a candle as well ;  
I'll send him where good manners won't let me tell."

Again, recall how the great Lord Cardinal of Rheims solemnly called for his candle, his book, and his bell, and then excommunicated the sacrilegious little jackdaw, causing its premature moulting and ultimate remorse, and discovery of the ring hidden in its nest up in the belfry. Perhaps on account of their sacred character, perhaps because most nations have endowed music with potency to dispel delirium, depression, insanity, the people invested church-bells with mysterious attributes : they could exorcise evil spirits, calm hurricanes, defy lightning, appease the bloodthirsty, expel disease ; lo ! are not these things all written in Longfellow's "Golden Legend ?"—*Belgravia*.

MAX MULLER ON CHARLES KINGSLEY.—Never shall I forget the moment when for the last time I gazed upon the manly features of

Charles Kingsley—features which death had rendered calm, grand, sublime. The constant struggle that in life seemed to allow no rest to his expression, the spirit, like a caged lion, shaking the bars of his prison, the mind striving for utterance, the soul wearying for loving response—all that was over. There remained only the satisfied expression of triumph and peace, as of a soldier who had fought a good fight, and who, while sinking into the stillness of the slumber of death, listens to the distant sounds of music and to the shouts of victory. One saw the ideal man, as nature had meant him to be, and one felt that there is no greater sculptor than death. As one looked on that marble statue, which only some weeks ago had so warmly pressed one's hand, his whole life flashed through one's thoughts. One remembered the young curate and the Saint's Tragedy; the chartist parson and Alton Locke; the happy poet and the Sands of Dee; the brilliant novel-writer and Hypatia and Westward-Ho; the rector of Eversley and his village sermons; the beloved professor at Cambridge, the busy canon at Chester, the powerful preacher in Westminster Abbey. One thought of him by the Berkshire chalk-streams and on the Devonshire coast, watching the beauty and wisdom of nature, reading her solemn lessons, chuckling, too, over her inimitable fun. One saw him in town-alleys, preaching the Gospel of godliness and cleanliness, while smoking his pipe with soldiers and navvies. One heard him in drawing-rooms, listened to with patient silence, till one of his vigorous or quaint speeches bounded forth, never to be forgotten. How children delighted in him! How young, wild men believed in him, and obeyed him, too! How women were captivated by his chivalry, older men by his genuine humility and sympathy! All that was now passing away—was gone. But as one looked on him for the last time on earth, one felt that greater than the curate, the poet, the professor, the canon had been the man himself, with his warm heart, his honest purposes, his trust in his friends, his readiness to spend himself, his chivalry and humility, worthy of a better age. Of all this the world knew little; yet few men excited wider and stronger sympathies. Who can forget that funeral on the 28th January, 1875, and the large, sad throng that gathered round his grave? There was the representative of the Prince of Wales, and close by the gypsies of the Eversley common, who used to call him their Patrico-rai, their Priest-King. There was the old squire of his village, and the laborers, young and old, to whom he had been a friend and a father. There were governors of distant

colonies, officers, and sailors, the bishop of his diocese, and the dean of his abbey; there were the leading Nonconformists of the neighborhood, and his own devoted curates, peers, and members of the House of Commons, authors and publishers; and outside the churchyard, the horses and the hounds and the huntsman in pink, for though as good a clergyman as any, Charles Kingsley had been a good sportsman, too, and had taken in his life many a fence as bravely as he took the last fence of all, without fear or trembling. All that he had loved, and all that had loved him was there, and few eyes were dry when he was laid in his own yellow gravel-bed, the old trees which he had planted and cared for waving their branches to him for the last time, and the grey sunny sky looking down with calm pity on the deserted rectory, and on the short joys and the shorter sufferings of mortal men.—*Preface to New Edition of the Roman and the Teuton.*

## SONNETS.

## I.

O NATURE! thou whom I have thought to love,  
Seeing in thine the reflex of God's face,  
A loathed abstraction would usurp thy place,—  
While Him they not dethrone, they but disprove.  
Weird Nature! can it be that joy is fled,  
And bald unmeaning lurks beneath thy smile?  
That beauty haunts the dust but to beguile,  
And that with Order, Love and Hope are dead?  
Pitiless force, all-moving, all unmoved,  
Dread mother of unfathered worlds, assuage  
Thy wrath on us,—be this wild life reprov'd,  
And trampled into nothing in thy rage!  
Vain prayer, although the last of human kind,—  
Force is not wrath,—but only deaf and blind.

## II.

Dread force, in whom of old we love to see  
A nursing mother, clothing with her life  
The seeds of Love divine, with what sore strife  
We hold or yield our thoughts of Love and thee!  
Thou art not "calm," but restless as the ocean,  
Filling with aimless toil the endless years—  
Stumbling on thought, and throwing off the spheres,—  
Churning the Universe with mindless motion.  
Dull fount of joy, unhallow'd source of tears,  
Cold motor of our fervid faith and song,  
Dead, but engendering life, love, pangs, and fears,  
Thou crown'st thy wild work with foulest wrong  
When first thou lightedst on a seeming goal,  
And darkly blunder'd on man's suffering soul.

## APRIL: A SONNET.

Snow on the ground, and blossoms on the trees!  
A bitter wind sweeps madly 'cross the moor;  
The children shiver at the cottage door,  
And old men crouch beside the fire for ease.  
Yet still the happy lark disdains the breeze;  
The buds swell out, the primrose makes a floor  
Of sylvan beauty, though the frost be hoar,  
And ships are battling with tempestuous seas.  
'Tis April still, but April wrapt in cloud,—  
Month of sweet promise and of Nature's bliss,  
When Earth leaps up at Heaven's reviving kiss,  
And flouts at Winter lingering in her shroud.  
Haste swiftly, Spring, to banish drear decay,  
And welcome Summer with the smile of May.

JOHN DENNIS.

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